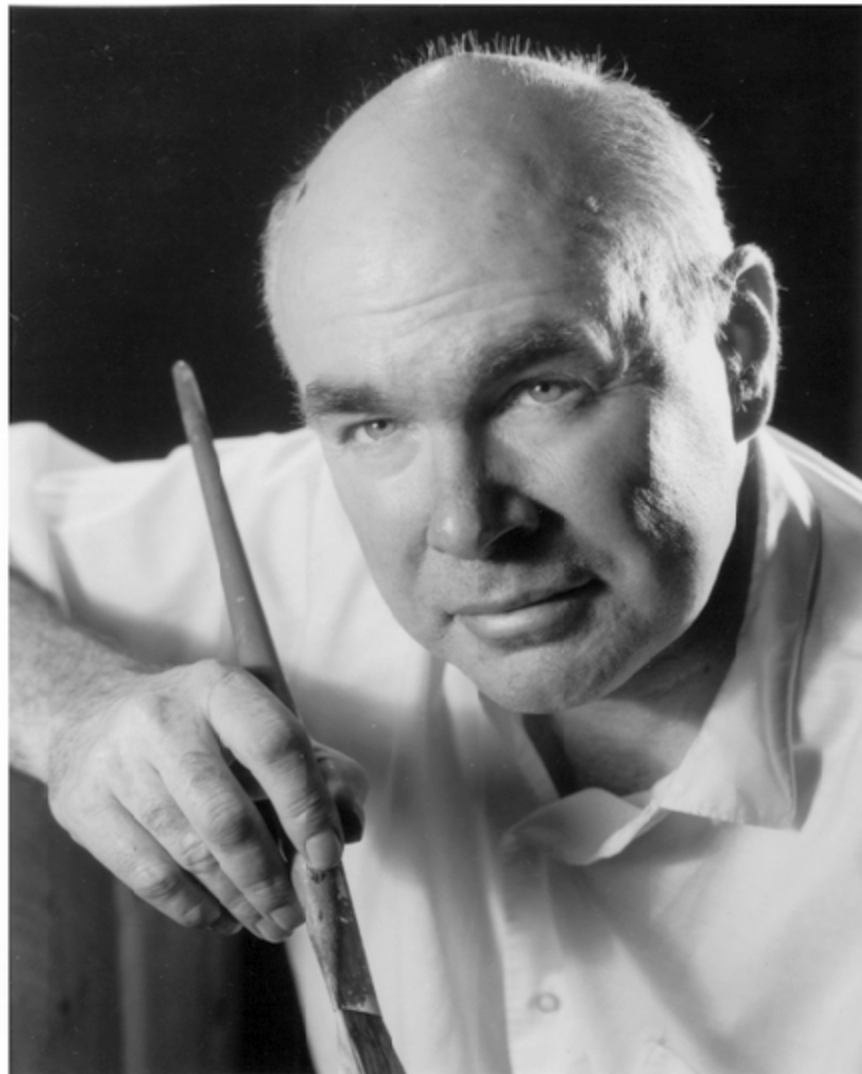


BRUSHES WITH LIFE

***The Unpublished Autobiography
of
California Artist***

Walton Craig Titus

1907-1978





Walton Craig Titus was born March 29, 1907 in Kansas City, Missouri, the son of Edwin C. Titus and Mary Emma Craig. He was a successful artist who painted portraits, landscapes, and nudes, signing his paintings as "Walton C. Titus." He was living in Colorado Springs, Colorado when at 18 he won a scholarship from the New York Art Student's League. He attended the National Academy of Design in New York and the Chouinards Art School in California. As a portrait artist he served New York society for years, and was a member of the Board of Governors of the National Arts Club of New York. During World War II he became an engineer and used his art in the war effort. After the war he found himself doing very little painting as he cared for his mother in his home. He had been a commercial artist in New York and then in California. He taught Commercial illustration at Frank Wiggins School in California. He enjoyed the friendship of actress-theatre director Joan Wilcoxson, and thought some of his finest work were a series of 15 paintings she commissioned for her long-running Nativity pageant, an annual event in Santa Monica, California. He was 57 when he married Mona Taylor. They settled in Cambria, California, where he and his wife Mona were active in local art circles. He was a member of the Valley Artists Guild, the Laguna Art Association, and the Painters and Sculptors Club. He frequently did public demonstrations of oil painting, and taught adult classes in oil portrait and landscape painting. Late in life he worked on an autobiography with the assistance of his friend Bradford Angier, a published author known for his numerous books on surviving in the wild. It remained unpublished when Walton died on October 16, 1978 in Riverside County, California. He is buried in Desert Memorial Park in Cathedral City, California.

Mona Louise Taylor Titus Hamson was born January 16, 1912 In Los Angeles, the daughter of Victor Oscar Geoffrion and Mona Lyda Waller. Her father was a law partner of Eliot Craig, an uncle-by-marriage who later became a prominent Los Angeles judge. But her father Victor soon decided that music was his calling and left both the legal profession and Mona's life. He would have a long career as an Orchestra Musician playing the double bass. Mona was still very young when her mother remarried to Edward L. Taylor, an architect, and Mona grew up as "Mona Louise Taylor." In early adulthood she appears to have been married a number of times, including a marriage to Robert Newlin, which ended after the tragic drowning of their seven-year-old son Elliot in 1950. She was 52 when she married Walton Craig Titus, a bachelor artist and art teacher. He was known for his landscape oil paintings, and was patronized as a portrait artist by Hollywood figures. Walton was very distantly related to Mona's beloved late uncle Eliot Craig. The couple settled into a home on the coast at Cambria, California, in a home and home and studio was situated on a picturesque outcropping in the coastline that is still known as "Titus Point." They became active in the artistic community at Cambria and under her husband's tutelage Mona became a respectable painter in her own right, signing her paintings as "Mona Titus." After Walton's death in 1978 Mona remarried again, to George Hamson, and remained married to him until his death in 1996. Mona died at her home of February 10, 2002 in Port Ludlow, Washington, survived by her last husband's children. She is buried in the Hamson plot of the Brigham City Cemetery in Brigham City, Utah.

Having no family relationship to Walton Titus, the Hamsons contacted me years ago because of my interest in Craig family genealogy and history, and sent me a box of Walton Titus materials, including the unpublished manuscript of his autobiography. I have scanned this autobiography in order to contribute it to The Internet Archive.

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P R E F A C E

"A perfect spot for a great love." That is what an English friend exclaimed at seeing our ocean-front home and studio. "Right from Thomas Hardy."

She knew how Mona and I found this rocky promontory on the California coast, with its picturesque Monterey cypress trees, quite accidentally on a trip to Carmel. It just happened. It was for sale, and it was standing there that morning under the greenery with the white surf breaking over the rocks right under the kitchen window. We knew almost at once that it was ours, although we drove ^{along the coast} ~~another~~ highway another before turning around and ~~twenty miles~~ ~~back~~ ~~and came~~ hurrying back. The fact that we already owned a large home in Malibu, that this house was run down and might have termites, didn't matter a bit. I guess we have always known what is ours; when I discovered painting, when Mona and I met! That is the way artists are. Mona and I are both artists.

I have made many painting demonstrations before various art clubs and groups, during which one becomes fully aware of what "The truth is now "right now" means. I always seem to be asked to do a portrait, usually of a subject prominent some way in the community. It must be completed in about an hour, be well painted for an audience fairly knowledgable about art, and often it needs be a reasonably

good likeness. Standing up before a blank canvas at such a time, one realizes that with every subject there is an essence or design that can be brought down to simple basic elements and principles and can be established with the first few large brush strokes.

In all my painting I have long since stopped using the usual method of drawing first on the canvas and later filling in the guide lines with paint. Rather, I block in an abstraction of this essence or feeling, with patterns, values, and colors out of which, in the case of a portrait, the head develops in planes of light and shadow as an integral part of the basic design. This gives a freedom to take advantage of happenings, those passages in paint that come from spontaneous creative excitement, giving the work vitality and life.

From the start, the audience at a demonstration always becomes involved in wondering how I am going to get anything out of the seemingly freely brushed-in ~~X~~ painting. I should say, "Almost always."

One night in Burbank my demonstration followed a boring, lengthy business meeting, and the room was hot and stuffy. I could feel after a short time the audience's going to sleep. They woke up with a start, though, when the flesh color on the head I was painting — this time the subject was a pretty girl with red hair — turned out to be a bright yellow green. The people stared at the painting and then at the subject. Of course, it was a simple matter to add another couple of colors that brought it out just right, but the effect seemed devastating originally.

"Green," I told them afterward, "was one of the colors ~~XXXX~~ I would have used to achieve that particular flesh color people with red hair usually have, and there was no reason why I had to mix it on the palette, was there?"

There is a sort of mystique about artists, shown usually by the questions asked at such a time, as if they are something unique. They are, sometimes, but not in the way most people think. They get whatever it takes to just paint by being themselves, like the little squirrel Mona pointed out to me one time, sitting on a rock, sunning himself, and having a wonderful time.

"Wouldn't it be great," she asked, "if we could simply be ourselves like that?"

That same afternoon a friend pointed out an orange tree laden with fruit, observing, "It gives of itself so abundantly being just what it was intended to be."

It is not a gift or a talent, as is so commonly imagined, that makes an artist, but rather an ability or determination one has been able to manifest and develop which is in all of us, but which is so rarely expressed. The number of books on do-it-yourself psychology show how many are asking, "Who am I?" or "What am I" and unfortunately not finding the answer. What they don't realize is what you are, you are already if you will only give yourself a chance to reveal yourself. Of course, this is an ideal and almost impossible because of the demands of the world. The person who continues painting, or any other self-expression, is in spite of everything that happens to him the one who is really unique.

I am often asked about artists I have known. This always makes me think of the lunchroom at the Art Students League in New York. A nondescript room on the third floor, with windows on the front looking across 57th Street at the gas company, it had long wooden tables and, in my early days, a wood-burning stove presided by a very black and very fat woman. Later, more modern equipment was added, but the quality of the food went down.

Through an open door at the back could be seen a classroom with a large etching press. There were no decorations except a row of spaces around the walls for hanging the best work of each class during the previous week. Many an artist whose work hangs in museums and galleries first showed his efforts in these spaces, and around these wooden tables have sat, taught, argued, been instructed, inspired, and discouraged for more than a century a procession of names that makes up American Art; Frank Duveneck, George Luke, George Bellows, and all the ash can school, Anshel Gorky, Robert Brackman — the list is endless.

I am often asked about the great drawing teacher George Bridgman whose books are still bibles to anyone who paints figures. Late one afternoon Frank Reilly, who later taught at the League, and I saw Mr. Bridgman coming out of the lunchroom. We had only been in his class a short time.

"Let's follow him," Frank whispered.

Bridgman was a short, very pompous man who always wore black suits, a derby hat, and spats. He had a heavy black ribbon that hung from his half-glasses which he wore on the end of his nose. The great man left the building and went east on 57th Street and then north of Seventh Avenue. We followed at a discreet distance, as he turned west again on 58th and ascended the brownstone stairs of a speakeasy. Frank and I looked at each other. Our hero!

Jackson Pollock, one of whose paintings I read sold recently for a fantastic amount, makes me remember another afternoon. I was sitting around one of the tables with a group from Thomas Benton's class, among them Pollock. He was extolling the merits of the WPA project which was paying him to make paintings.

"They let you alone, to paint anything you want, any way you want. It's wonderful. No more worries about money."

I had been brought up in a very Republican family, so I couldn't help putting in, "I would rather sell my paintings on their own merit," which brought sneers from around the table.

Actually, I was very fortunate in some ways and no so in others. We lived in a small Colorado town and had nothing that the average boy of high school age now takes for granted; new clothes, cars, dances, movies, or, of course, radio or TV — all of which things make him conform to the customs of a certain crowd, and to think about taking a job to maintain this way of life irregardless if he is fitted for that kind of job or not.

Rather, we had to rely on ourselves and to find interest in seemingly mundane things like going down to the station on a summer evening and see the train pull out. But I was quick to realize how interesting the engine was, what makes the valves work, etc. One night the engineer let me ride in the cab to the next town. That was a real thrill, although I forget how I got back home.

So it was with the arrival of a crew of surveyors, putting in a new road. Finding what amazing things could be done with the transit they were using, I built one out of wood on a combination jigsaw and lathe, run by a foot treadle. The telescope I found in a pawn shop. The transit worked perfectly from the leveling screws to the verniers on the vertical and horizontal scales and to the cross hairs in the scope. That really was a job. I think I used up all the spider webs in our shed before they came out square. Of course, everyone thought I was crazy.

"I don't want to hear anything more about that transit," was

the greeting I got everywhere.

Looking back, I realize that with all this I found something of myself and developed a confidence in my ability to accomplish that made me ready for the next event in my life, my working with Robert Reid.

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B R U S H E S W I T H L I F E

by Walton C. Titus with Bradford Angier

PART ONE

C O L O R A D O

Chapter One

MY FIRST NUDES

A cold wind was blowing across the mesa, as two figures trudged along single file. Black clouds behind them toward the mountains made the late winter afternoon darker than usual. They were an oddly assorted pair. The leader, a tall man, almost six feet six, was dressed entirely in gray, his erect carriage and pointed beard making him an imposing silhouette against the sky. Carrying a wet painting, he did not look his seventy years.

Behind him, following closely, a boy in his teens toted an assortment of artist's gear; sketching easel, paint box, and folding chair. Suddenly the older man stopped.

"What do you see?" he asked.

The boy, who had also stopped to keep from bumping into the other, said without hesitation, "Everything is lighted from this side," pointing over to the right, away from the mountains.

The older man nodded agreement.

"Why?" he asked.

The boy answered with conviction, "The light comes from the sky on this kind of a day, and more comes from the brighter side."

I was that boy, and, looking back now, I can understand I was learning something that I would use all my life. The rain began to come down, and we stopped under a nearby cottonwood tree.

"John Sargent and I," the elder man began, "were dining in Gibraltar at the old Cecil Hotel one night"

"Who's John Sargent?" I interrupted.

He looked at me, smiling. "A fine painter; there should be some of his reproductions in the public library." He continued while looking again at the sky, "Sargent talked of painting that night. What makes a painter," he said, "is his ability to see, whereas other people just look at things. You must get the living nature of things in your work.

"See that boulder over ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ there, for instance?" he pointed out to me. "See how the wind has shaped it. Get the idea?"

"I guess so," I answered, thinking more, as we started down the hill toward the town in the distance, that the rain was ~~XXXXXX~~ changing to snow.

Robert Reid had been a prominent New York artist exhibiting with a group calling themselves The Ten. He, like the others, painted mainly in the manner of the French Impressionists. His Manhattan, which he had been forced to leave because of a mild case of TB, had been full of new wealth; Clark, the Montan Copper King, Frick and Carnegie who had made fortunes in Pittsburg steel, and many others,

who'd lized Fifth Avenue with French chateaus, Italian villas, and Stanford White designs. One architect even drew up the plans for a mansion with the first floor French, the second Byzantine, and the third Spanish. Perhaps unfortunately for the history of architecture, it never got beyond the blueprint stage.

Redi had developed a unique style of doing portraits and figures, paintings, using unprimed burlap stretched like canvas. He started by making a fine charcoal drawing. Then very sparingly, using small dots of paint in just the right places, he produced a very beautiful effect of glowing color. His landscapes, done on canvas, had more of the Impressionist methods that he and others of the Ten, including Hassum and Weir, had learned in Paris.

Soon after Robert Reid's arrival in this small Colorado town a few of the ladies, the social leaders, had helped him, particularly one Mrs. Penrose, who had given him the use of a green house. By hanging drapes, they had made a rather comfortable studio in one half of this and a classroom in the other half, where he was to teach them to paint.

I met Mr. Reid in this way. The instructor in the high school mechanical drawing class, a Mr. Albrecht, had noticed my habit of making freehand sketches, usually of girls' heads, along the borders of my drawings. Hearing Mr. Reid was ~~X~~ looking for some boy to light his coal stove each morning on the way to school, by kindly insight my instructor thought that such a chore might help me in more ways than just the small fee involved. So each morning after kindling a fire in the old Franklin stove, I would look at the work on the easel and ask questions. This was my first contact with oil painting. In the classroom there were always a few unfinished paintings and

drawings standing around, and several times, with the assurance of youth, I commented that I could do better than that. Mr. Reid just smiled. Who knows whether it was by design or not that he asked me to drop by one particular evening to move a heavy cabinet.

Walking in that night, I found myself in the middle of a class. Blinking while becoming adjusted to the bright light, I heard a scurrying sound as the model jumped off the stand and hurried into a makeshift dressing room of drapes beside the stand. It was embarrassing to me, especially when a man laughed.

~~XXXX~~ Looking around, I blurted out the first thing that came into my head, "I could do better than that," and I pointed at a drawing.

I was immediately sorry for what I had said, as I could see the man working on it was not the one who had laughed. This man was taken a little aback and answered automatically in a very British accent, "I say, old boy, you are talking to a Slade man."

I found out later that Slade was a leading art school in London. Getting off his stool with a flamboyant gesture, ^{the man} ~~he~~ presented me with a piece of charcoal.

Mr. Reid, standing very tall and distinguished with his pointed beard, surveyed the scene with a benign smile. The model, whom I recognized as a girl in one of my high school classes, was sticking her head out of the drapes, holding them together with one hand and motioning to Mr. Reid with the other to get me out of there. My reaction was approximately the same, but the Englishman insisted, and a couple of others chimed in that I should attempt a drawing. Things probably had been a little dull, and this promised to be a welcome diversion.

Mr. Reid put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Go ahead, Titus, you can do it."

He then went over to the model and talked earnestly to her. Reluctantly she came out and took her position on the stand.

I had been drawing freehand for years. Now and then someone would pose for me, and I made many other sketches when people were not looking. The mechanical drawing class gave a good course in shades and shadows which I found very helpful in giving dimension to drawings. Often girls at school would fix up a picnic lunch, and X couples would go on a hike in the canyons west of town. I generally took along my sketch pad and charcoal, as I found the girls ~~XX~~ always enjoyed posing for a portrait.

One time the girl was a senior, who talked glibly about foing with college men, and ~~XX~~ she came right out and asked me to do a nude of her.

"A what?" I asked.

"A nude, dummy," she said, adding, "You are not very sophisticated, are you?" She looked at me with a provocative expression, "I mean me without any clothes on."

I reflected on this for a moment, then said, "You wouldn't do -that?"

She came right back with, "I would, and I'm going to. Get your pad and charcoal ready." Walking over to a large boulder, she went behind it and started undressing.

"Someone will see you," I objected.

"Nobody comes around here," she replied, laughing. "Why do you think I made you come so far up the mountain?"

She stepped out, stretching herself luxuriously, and walked

over to a little shady spot with ferns and some wild flowers. Posing herself gracefully, she ordered, "Draw me."

I picked up my pad and went to work. Strangely enough, I did not think of her then as a naked girl but as a wonderful subject to draw with beautiful flowing lines. I worked silently for some time before she broke the spell,

"Do you think I have a beautiful body?"

"Uh-huh," I replied, still drawing rapidly.

She persisted, "The most beautiful you have ever seen?"

"I guess so," I said.

She sumped up and ran around to look at my drawing.

"I bet you never saw a nude girl before," she accused, with a pleased laugh.

I did not answer. Drawing her figure had been a tremendous experience for me. I had always drawn heads with a keen sense of construction, spending hours studying a book in the library by George Bridgman and copying the interlocking forms and main planes in a head. I would watch people everywhere, in classrooms, and in stores, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ looking in real life for what I had learned. One time I was studying so intently a thin old man, whose bony face was almost a diagram of these forms, that suddenly he became very angry and stamped away.

Once this girl stretched out before me, the creative urge to get these beautiful lines and shapes down on paper, particularly how the light flowed over the forms and brought out the roundness with deep shadows in places and softly transparent in others, was so strong that I momentarily forgot about her as a very desirable girl. When she broke the pose and spoke, I had just put down a beautiful flowing

shadow on her leg, showing the roundness with a halftone, so I only half-heard what she said. By this time she was kneeling so close behind me that her hair brushed against the side of my face.

In a soft voice she whispered, "You have drawn me almost as beautiful as I am," and, leaning against me, pointed with a finger at the breasts. "Only I'm bigger here."

I added a little more modeling, making them fuller.
 begged,
 "Please,"/she/~~asked~~, putting her arm around my neck, "larger still."

This, I knew, would break the flow of line, but instinctively with the charcoal I strongly darkened the shadow between them/ and, using my thumb, softly rounded the halftones more. Then, defining the base softly with reflected light, I produced such a rich effect that I surprised myself. Unfortunately I had again momentarily forgotten about the girl who was leaning ~~xxx~~ against me.

She jumped up and, standing with her hands on her hips, eyes flashing with indignation, snapped, "Well!" and ran behind the rock.

Shortly afterward, she came out, dressed and combing her hair.

"Shall we go?" she said.

I picked up my pad with mixed feelings. Silently we walked down the steep trail.

Just before we came to the road, she asked ~~xxxixy~~ softly, "Did you want to make love to me?"

I said nothing for a moment.

"Did you want me to?" I said finally, trying to cover my chagrin.

"No," she said angrily, "of course not."

Another time I was with an attractive blonde going up the same

trail. Several places the girl wanted to stop, but each time I insisted on going up further. Finally we came to the same place I had made the drawing before.

As we sat down, she said with a sigh, "I'm glad you found a place that suits you."

Later I took out my pad and made a sketch of her in a large floppy hat she was wearing, which cast a shadow over her face with a beautiful effect.

"Oh, that's wonderful. Am I as beautiful as that?" she asked tremulously.

"More so," I assured her, watching her as she studied the drawing. She was tall and slender in a soft summer print dress. "How's ~~XXXXXX~~ about doing a nude of you?" I questioned, making my voice very casual.

"You mean without any clothes on?" she asked, startled. Then defiantly, "Of course not."

There was a long pause. "You are not very sophisticated, are you?" I asked.

"I'm just as sophisticated as you are," she retorted, again looking at the drawing.

"You would make a beautiful picture," I said softly.

"But someone will see us." ~~XXXXXX~~

She looked around. It was absolutely still except for some birds chirping. "Nobody comes up here," I replied, standing up. There was silence again for a few moments.

"Well, don't look at me while I undress," she said, going behind the same big boulder. After a while she called out nervously, "Where do you want me?"

Page 9 is missing from the manuscript

planes more apparent. After a while, standing up and surveying my work, I stepped forward and rounded off several hard edges with my thumb.

Meanwhile the girl with her dress in front of her again came around beside me, and we both looked at the drawing. Suddenly I reached out and, putting my arm around her bare shoulders, started to pull her to me. She jerked away and stood there with her eyes blazing.

Beginning to say something, she stopped and walked over behind the boulder and started putting on her clothes. We walked silently down the trail.

After a ways, she said softly, "You made a beautiful drawing. I'm glad I posed for you. I'm sorry I was angry, but you were going to spoil everything." She turned to me, her face radiant, "It was a day I will never forget. You are a real artist and art is the most important thing in the world, I think."

Leaning over, she kissed me lightly on the cheek. "You are not angry with me are you?"

I shook my head.

"You are a good model."

"I'm glad," she said softly.

So it was with a certain amount of confidence that I took the proffered stick of charcoal, as the Englishman pulled up a chair, and Mr. Reid stood watching, smiling to himself.

Chapter Two

THE ASHCAN SCHOOL

Colorado Springs' location, where the mountain rise out of high tableland, gives it a cool dry climate in the summer. During my boyhood the beautiful scenery was already beginning to draw visitors from the Middle West, particularly Oklahoma and Texas, with their unbearable seasonal heat. The oil fields there were making millionaires overnight from land ironically given by the government to the Indians, because it seemed to be the most unpromising they could find.

Traveling in those days was either a matter of going on the train or suffering bad roads in an automobile. In ~~XX~~ either case one came and stayed. There were several nice hotels, each with a bus that met every train.

It was decided by the Directors to enlarge and have an art school which would bring in a little income and add to the prestige of the town. They decided Mr. Reid's classroom was a perfect place. He could keep his studio. Without consulting him, the Directors
as instructors
hired/two artists ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ who happened to be in town looking for subjects to paint.~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Although Mr. Reid said nothing, he looked and acted very depressed one late spring evening. I knew why at the end of the session when he told me that a Mr. Stanley Stoner wanted to see me the next afternoon.

"He's the new Director.

I looked surprised. It was hard to imagine anyone but Mr. Reid running the class.

"You are not leaving?" I blurted out.

He smiled and said, "Oh, I'll be around. Don't you worry." Then to change the subject, he added, "When are you going to start painting?"

I laughed and said, "When I get some paints."

The weather had become warm. I'd stopped lighting Mr. Reid's stove and started going to class two evenings a week. An anonymous person paid the necessary tuition. ^{When} /I found out later it was the Englishman, he laughed, saying it was a little apology for putting me on the spot.

"You came through like a real Slade man, by Jove," he said.

Mr. Reid had fixed up a small gallery in a room in the main house, one opening off the court, and facing the greenhouse, which gave an opportunity for several well-known artists to exhibit their work there during the spring. One, a New York artist names J. W. Eggers, did small figures in red chalk with beautiful line quality which impressed me very much; his lines, thick in places, thin in others, and even disappearing here and there, gave an illusion of form and movement. I started working in class in this manner and also did a portrait of my father which Mrr. Reid liked very much. Too, he even allowed me to work from one of his models in exchange for stretching some canvases for him, which I did gladly.

One evening he brought a book of drawings, telling me to take it home and study it. In this way I met my first great enthusiasm in art, Prudhomme. They were beautiful studies in charcoal, right in form and tone. Mr. Reid said the Frenchman was one of the greatest

draftsmen of the nude that ever lived. Looking at these, I ~~XXXXXX~~ believed it and forgot all about Eggers and his red chalk, sticking to charcoal which always had been my favorite medium. I found, though, that I had learned a valuable lesson about expressive line from those red chalk drawings.

A suite of rooms in the main house had been turned into an office, with a pretty girl as receptionist. Mr. Stoner, when I went to him for my appointment, turned out to be a rather pompous man in his sixties. Motioning me to a leather chair, he sat down behind his desk and smiled in a stiff sort of way.

"I have heard quite a bit about you," he began, "about your X being our only scholarship student, for instance. He paused, and I waited. "We have great plans for this place, you know. By the way, the name is now Broadmoor Art Academy. How do you like that name?"

"Sounds fine," I replied.

"Also," he went on, "we have two new teachers besides Mr. Reid." He hesitated a moment, but I continued to say nothing. "They are both internationally famous artists, Randall Davey and Ernest Lawson. Do you know their work?"

I shook my head.

"Well," he continued, "you will like them, I know. That's what I wanted to speak to you about. We will not be able to continue your scholarship"

I interrupted, "It was not a scholarship given by the school. Mr. Darby paid it."

Stoner looked surprised. "Oh, no one told me that. Anyway, Mr. Davey is going to teach the evening class, so we thought while the class is building up you could continue, sort of to make it look

popular. You know what I mean." He smiled knowingly. "Then when it builds up, which I know it will, well, we will see what happens then."

I thought for a moment.

"I have a job," I said, "driving the bus up Pikes Peak this summer. I don't know when I will be off. It depends if I get the sunrise trip or the afternoon one."

Stoner looked surprised. "One of those Pierce Arrows?" he asked.

I nodded. Stoner looked at me with definitely more respect. At this moment the door was opened, and a short, very brisk man walked in. He had a wide face, his dark hair parted in the middle and combed back smoothly with lots of stay-comb. Stoner jumped up.

"Here is Mr. Davey now," he said, and introduced us, explaining about my coming to class.

Davey interrupted him, turning to me. "I hear you have made some good drawings. Come to our class." And without giving me time to reply, he turned to Stoner. "Fix him up with a scholarship."

Stoner started to object, then reconsidered, asking, "For the whole summer?"

"Of course," Davey barked at him, adding, "We'll need some passable drawings for the exhibition at the end of the summer, and if the class is what I imagine it will be, we will need his."

Turning to me, he smiled. "They better be good," he said, and turning on his heel, walked quickly out of the room. Just as he started through the door, he looked back with, "That's an order," and left.

Mr. Stoner, for something to say, smiled and remarked, "Well,

"that was Randall Davey." He put down a notation. "You have a scholarship now," he said, and added, "for the whole summer."

Then, acting more friendly, he ~~and~~ asked me, "Would you like to meet Mt. Lawson."

He led the way to the front of the house where there was a beautiful view of the mountains across the valley. A rather heavy-set man in his thirties, with white hair and a pleasant sunburned face, was standing up at an easel, painting. I was immediately interested to see that he held his palette in his hand, having set his sketch box on a stone fence. He smiled as Mr. Stoner introduced us. Keeping on painting, ~~XX~~ he talked, saying he was new to Colorado.

Pointing to the clouds forming over the mountains, he remarked, "Reminds one of Castile. They have storms every afternoon in the summer, too."

I had been so interested in the way he was using his palette knife, I guess he noticed I was not listening to what he was saying about Castile.

"That palette knife is different from Mr. Reid's," I said.

Smiling, Lawson held it out to me so I could examine it, saying, "This is a painting knife."

"It was small, diamond-shaped, and had a step down from the handle. He then showed how he used it by picking up three different colors off the palette, and, without mixing, applied them to the canvas. The result was three, different, short stripes of color, side my side.

"At a little distance, the eye blends them together. See," he said, as we stepped back a few feet.

Mr. Stoner had been silent through this conversation. "See,

you learned something," he said, adding, "We'd better be getting back."

Mr. Lawson waved good-by and squinted back at the mountains.

"A great painter," Stoner commented as he started back toward his office.

I walked over to Mr. Reid's greenhouse and was about to knock when a voice inside the door said, "You'll keep your studio, so don't worry."

Mr. Reid's voice said, "Lawson's all right, but Davey! Who picked M him?"

The visitor opened the door and, looking back, said "Mrs. P.," then walked out, apparently not seeing me. I recognized him as Mr. Smith, one of the richest men in town. Just the other night my mother had been speaking about the Smiths and how sad it was that their boy was not all there and that at fifteen he had to have someone with him all the time, generally a college student.

Mr. Reid motioned me to come in. He turned back to his painting on the easel, a beautiful nude surrounded with copper and brass pots, and a big ~~XXXX~~ rich green glass bottle as large as the model herself.

"Pull up a stool," he invited me, calling to the girl sitting behind the curtain, reading. "He has gone now. You can come back."

~~XXXX~~Reid worked silently for some time, painting the way he did his portraits at that time, on rough burlap with just touches of color. The charcoal lines were beautifully drawn, and I noticed he was keeping the flesh tones quite low in value, making the highlights on the metal really glow.

"You met Lawson and Davey?" he spoke at last.

I said I had. I watched him as he continued painting for a few more minutes. "Have you/ heard of the ashcan school?" Without

waiting for me to answer, he went on. "I guess every age has its traditions broken down by the new." Hesitating, he added, "More vital, they call it."

He scowled at me and went on.

"This group in New York paints backyards, saloons, the Bowery, anything they can find that breaks down the idea of what we think of as beautiful." He shook his head. "I guess I am just an old has-been because I like beautiful subjects like this.

He waved his cigarette at the model.

After a few moments I blurted out, "I was just thinking what a great artist you are and how I wish I could draw and paint like that."

The model, taking a break, walked around to look at the painting.

"It's beautiful, Mr. Reid," she said. He smiled, and one could see he felt much better.

Turning to me, he said, "I want you to go to that evening class this summer. Davey will be teaching it."

I started to ^{object} ~~say~~, "I wouldn't go if you were not teaching it"

But Mr. Reid was firm.

"You need the practice in drawing from the model, and you will learn from Davey. You will learn from everyone. So do as I say."

After a long pause, he added, "Maybe I have been unfair to Davey."

Chapter Three

PIKES PEAK

I started driving the sunrise shift up Pikes Peak. The early morning trip was generally uneventful, dark going up so the nervous passenger could not see down the mountain. The buses were large, nine-passenger Pierce Arrows with right-hand drives, putting the driver nearer the edge of the road which in many places was straight down a thousand feet, with usually no guard rail. The gear shift was outside the door, and for ordinary rains we raised the top. Should the rain be particularly heavy or if it was very windy, we had side curtains which the passengers helped put up.

The sunrise was almost always spectacular from the more than 14,000 feet elevation^{on}, with the plains stretching like the sea far out to the Kansas line. On the way down the passengers usually became a little nervous. The Pierce Arrows had brakes only on the back wheels and these could not be depended on if used continuously, being there~~for~~ more for an emergency. The braking for fifteen miles down steep switchbacks and hair^{pin} turns had to be done by the engine compression, the driver shifting all the way down. As there were no synchronized shifts, it was a bit nerve~~wracking~~ for passengers to go fast down a long grade, we didn't want to waste time on the straight stretches. Coming to a sharp curve with a loud roar, we speeded up the engine in those days, ~~and~~ with much clashing of gears down shifted to slow the big bus just in time to get around the curve.

We called this double-clutching, and after a long series of these, the badly shaken passengers would have a respite as they went through the little town of Cascade. I would usually wave to a few town characters, and then go directly into a mountain pass with the road hanging on the edge again. After a while we came into Manitou, ~~XXXXXX~~ and the road leveled out. One could hear audible sighs of relief.

The afternoon trip, with which I usually alternated with one of the other boys, started at noon. As the people boarded the big Pierce Arrow, only the more discerning would notice the clouds building up over the mountains. By the time we had covered the six miles of level road to Manitou, black clouds covered the sun, and lightning and thunder could be seen and heard in the west. As we entered the pass, the clouds were so dark that the lights sometimes had to be turned on, and often lightning would be striking all around.

One particular time it didn't start to rain until we were through the pass and had turned left ~~xx~~ at Cascade. We'd put up the curtains, as it had started to blow. At one place, ~~as~~ the road climbed a high rocky ridge, the wind was so strong that I had to shift back into low to get the heavy bus up the grade against it. We came presently to a sheltered group of pines with a couple of small buildings. Glen Cove was a halfway rest stop with a counter, a few tables, and the usual curios and postcards. The passengers climbed off the bus and crowded inside.

A girl with bright red ~~xx~~ hair yelled at me from behind the counter, "Who let you drive?"

I answered with an aside to the passengers, "Don't drink her coffee. It's terrible," sitting down at the end of the counter where she had a Coke waiting for me.

Leaning over the counter, she whispered, "I have next Wednesday

off. I'll be in town," and waiting for a moment, she added softly, "Maybe we could have a date."

I was about to say, "Sure" — she was a pretty girl and maybe ~~want~~ would be fun — when a middle-aged couple came up, the woman speaking, "Could we wait here and have you pick us up on the way down?"

The man looked rather apologetic, explaining, "We are from Kansas where it is flat, and we don't like these mountains."

"They are so pretty from a distance," the woman added.

I smiled and said reassuringly, "Nothing to be afraid of. It's like this every afternoon.

But the couple shook their heads, continuing, "We'll wait here."

The redhead had straightened up~~xxxxx~~ when I hadn't responded favorably to her offer right away, and, glaring at me, said, "Well!"

I had been going to say yes, but if that was her attitude, I was not so sure.

"I'll let you know," I temporized.

"Don't do me any favors," she retorted and swirled away.

I watched her go, looked at the clock, and called, "Everyone on the bus."

Surprisingly, the top of the mountain was quite flat with two buildings on it, some distance apart. Pulling up to one, I stopped. Again the passengers climbed down and hurried into the building where it was warm. Noting the thermometer on the side of the structure showed thirty degrees, I walked back to the Pierce Arrow, reached under the seat, pulled out a book I had taken from the public library, and looked at the cover: The Drawings of Ingres.

To the west one could look over range after range of snow-capped mountains. I sat on a bench made of a large boulder and

and opening the book to the first plate, a three-quarter-length portrait drawing of a woman in an old-fashioned dress, I studied it for a while, admiring the way Engres used the pencil. Pulling a pad from my pocket, I slowly started to copy the head.

Chapter Four

THE AMERICAN SCENE

The art classes were going to give a party, so everyone was busy decorating the place. I had cut a square hole in the center of a piece of illustration board, making it into a frame by adding some gold and raw umber. Sketching very freely, I made the brush form the scrolls at the corners and in the center of each side. It was a fun piece, and I didn't want to spend too much time on it. Mr. Davey was standing nearby, watching me.

Coming over, he nodded approval, saying, "I like the way you did that."

The Englishman and a girl sauntered up.

"I was saying," Davey went on, "the way our friend here ~~he~~ did that without preliminary drawing was great."

No one spoke for a moment.

"Unless you make a mistake," the Englishman finally commented.

Davey dropped his cigarette and ground it out with his foot.

"There are mistakes everywhere in it. That's what makes it interesting," he stated positively, as if it were a matter of principal, adding, "not stiff."

The Englishman nodded, observing, "This sort of reminds me of the difference between William Orpen and Augustus John."

"Exactly," Davey agreed.

I had been listening carefully. This art talk and names like Orpen and John were all new. I thought of what Mr. Reid had said.

"What's the ashcan school?" I asked suddenly.

Davey looked at me sharply.

"Who told you about that?" he demanded, and quickly followed the question with, "No, don't tell me."

He lit another cigarette and looked around at his audience. One of the girls who had just joined the group spoke up, "That's ~~XXXX~~ X painters like John Sloan and George Luke, isn't it?"

Davey held up his hand.

"It's this way." Looking at me, he went on, "I'm glad you asked. In a way it's tied up with what we were saying about your frame." After a moment he continued, "American art has always been a copy, and a poor one at that, of the Europeans. But when Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins came, they realized this and painted what America really is. Homer was a newspaper artist; went around picturing news events in his early days, as did John Sloan of whom we were speaking. Newspapers used drawings, not photographs, in those days. Eakins did some fine things of the life around him in Philadelphia and nearly starved."

Davey shook his head.

"The Pennsylvania Academy would only allow him to teach the anatomy class. Imagine not allowing Thomas Eakins to teach the painting class!" He let the irony of this sink in. "Eakins was a great individual, while most of the Americans returning from study in Europe did just what they were taught over there." He lit another cigarette. "Those that copied Impressionism are a good example."

The same girl broke in, "Weir, Twachman, Hassam"

Davey held up his hand.

"Stop right there." He smiled at the girl. "Impressionism

is French. It's wonderful for paintings of the Seine/ and Paris. But not for the Bowery." ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

I think Davey realized that these artists of the so-called ashcan school were all new to me.

"Today, he said, as if trying to explain, "certain painters like Sloan, George Bellows, and Everett Shinn are trying to paint the American scene in an American way."

He stopped for a moment. "Sloan did a painting of a bar, McSorleys in New York, and Bellows did one of a prize fight stag at Sharkeys. These artists liked that sort of thing and saw beauty in it, and so do I. You have to admit it's American. Some stupid art critic like Cortizos on the Tribune gave them the name ash can school."

A phone call for Mr. Davey interrupted the gathering, which broke up.

I was on the tennis team, and remembering we were having a match with Pueblo Central, I went off on my bike. My doubles partner in the match was Don Long, a senior, who was coming along fast as a fighter in the feather weight division.

What Davey had said about painting the world around us was a new idea to me. Paintings like A Reading from Homer, a black and white print of which was in our living room, the nudes of Prudonne in the book Mr. Reid had given me, and probably most strongly Mr. Reid's own work, had been my ideals. Now this new idea appealed to me, painting realism as I knew it. I began to think of subjects. I'd Davey had spoken of prize fights. /I watched Don train in the gym back of the poolroom and knew a lot about the ring. Don was on the court as I pulled up there.

"Come on, let's take these two," he called out, and we did.

Later, on the way home, I was still thinking of subjects around me. I decided to go down to the railroad station and ^{see} the old Rock Island pulling out. That certainly was American. I must go to the library and see if they had a reproduction of what was the name -- that Bellows fight picture that Davey had spoken of.

The boys at school had fights. In fact, there was one every noon hour back of the school. The neighbors complained, the principal objected, and the teachers were annoyed at always having the boys come in with bloody faces and torn clothes. I was fast and strong, but I got my share of black eyes and bruises.

My mother would cry out in despair, "Again!"

Maybe that would be a good American subject for realism. Thinking of compositions, I parked my bike in the shed back of the house. Actually, it was a fight that was responsible for my making my first painting.

Chapter Five

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY FIRST PAINTING

It was at a birthday party for one of the girls in my high school class that Blacksmith Rowe began needling me about going to art school. I guess I was a little touchy about the idea, anyway, and never spoke of it around high school. Somewhere Blacksmith had heard and was really giving me the works. It wasn't long before we were really at each other in the cellar.

This was not like the fights back of the school. Blacksmith had a shovel and I had an ax handle. The girls ran upstairs, calling to the father of the household, and he, getting a glimpse of the melee, went next door to get the neighbor to help. Blacksmith really let me have it on the side of my head with the flat part of that shovel, and I saw about a million stars. I also saw red. I have read about this in books, and it is true. A person sometimes really does see red, and luckily for everybody Blacksmith's arm got in the way of that ax handle. It just glanced off his head. Even so, he stood there with a glazed expression. By this time, the man got between us.

My mother was furious.

"Look at you. Look in the mirror," she cried.

I looked, and the whole side of my face was black except where it was blue. She made me put a large piece of beefsteak on it when I went to bed. What with this and a terrible headache, I didn't get much sleep that night and even less sympathy in the morning.

At high school the fight was the main topic of conversation with most opinion favoring Blacksmith, that art was a silly thing for me to be doing.

The side of my face was even more black and blue than it had been the night before, as was the ache, and as I sat in the algebra class wondering how Blacksmith felt, the girl in the ~~XXXXXX~~ seat next to me whispered softly, "I think it was wonderful for you to stick up for ~~the~~ painting."

Joyce was a very pretty girl but reserved, and several previous attempts on my part to talk to her had met with stony silence. I tried to smile but couldn't. My face hurt too much. She looked at me with compassion. "Don't talk. I know your face must be killing you. Why don't you ask to go home?"

I held up my hand and asked the teacher if I could be excused. The reply sarcastically hinted that it would be fine if I didn't come back. Joyce smiled again, as I got up to leave. "You will feel better tomorrow," she whispered.

She was right. The next day, although the black and blue still showed, I felt fine. Joyce smiled at me, as I took my seat.

After a while she leaned over and whispered, "Could you bring some of your drawings to my house tonight? I want to show them to my father. He is Frank Chase, the portrait painter."

~~fr~~ I was surprised but tried not to show it, promising I would be there. Later that afternoon I went to the greenhouse and asked Mr. Reid about Joyce's father.

"He is a fair portrait painter, gets a likeness, but he is no artist."

After a moment he went on. "He has a regular office for a

studio, like a dentist." He shook his head.

"Why are you shaking your head," I asked him.

Reid smiled.

"Joyce is a very pretty girl." he observed, and, looking out the window, observed half to himself, "Ah, to be young again!"

Chapter Six

MY FIRST OILS

One day the unexpected happened. Perhaps at Mr. Reid's suggestion, a wealthy southern woman, the subject of one of his portraits, have me some tubes of oil paints and five brushes. There was a tube of zinc white, yellow ochre, alizerin crimson, harrison red, and permanent blue and black. I was so grateful that I gave her one of my best drawings, which she announced she was going to have framed. The next day at school I told Joyce of my good fortune.

"But what are you going to paint on?" she asked. "You will need a canvas. After thinking a moment, she went on brightly, "I'll get you one from father, and" She looked at me in a tantalizing way. "You will paint my portrait on it."

I looked rather doubtful, but she didn't notice and continued enthusiastically.

"I have a beautiful blue negligee. You will love the color. I can pose in front of my dressing table, one of those with three mirrors. You know the kind." She held up her hands like the two sides folding. "It would make a beautiful painting."

I probably looked more doubtful than ever, I had only made drawings in Mr. Reid's class and now in Mr. Davey's, so this began to present a problem. I had never made a painting.

All I could say was, rather lamely, "Wouldn't your mother object? We would get paint on the rug."

"Nonsense," Joyce replied. "We can put down newspapers, and I'll take care of mother."

Tossing her head, she looked in the little mirror in her compact.

"I know how I will fix my hair." She smiled at me as if it were all set. "We will start tomorrow after school. All right?"

She was pusing her hair around looking in the little mirror.

There was a tennis match and a track meet that weekend for which I had to practice the next afternoon. Joyce, complaining bitterly, sondered why she bothered with me.

"Art is more important than sports," she informed me, her eyes flashing.

Actually I was glad of the excuse for a delay before the venture into oils. After the practice, I went to the greenhouse and told Mr. Reid about it.

"I'll give you some advice," he smiled. "First, make a complete drawing in line with charcoal, as accurate as you can get it. Take several days. Don't let the girl talk you into starting painting until you are sure you have the drawing right, and you know the proportions and placement."

He added, "Don't let her hurry you. She will enjoy posing as long as you want. They all do when they are young. When you are really satisfied with the drawing, blow fixative on it."

"And in the meantime," he said, stopping and going back to a corner where he kept his rolls of canvas and bringing out some loose ends, "Practice at home with the colors on these," he said, handing them to me. "Get the feel of putting the paint on canvas, not too thin and not too thick."

I mumbled my thanks.

He went on, "Let me know how it is progressing."

The next day Joyce complained again, "When do we start the painting?" and petulantly, "I don't know whether I want you to paint my portrait or not after all."

I am afraid I was thinking about the rain outside and if it would soften the ground. My best mark was 44 feet 5 inches in the shotput which was done on a dry warm day. Joyce stood up and stamped her foot.

"You are impossible," she said angrily.

The bell rang, ending the period. Suddenly, a student ran in the door, handing the teacher a note.

She read it slowly and looking up, called out, "Boys, wait a minute" to several who were bolting out the door. "I have an announcement from the principal. All boys in the school are asked to meet in the hall in front of the office immediately."

She looked puzzled and read it out loud again.

Mr. Roe stood up on a chair in the hall, while the boys gathered around with the usual pushing and horsing around. He held up his hand and began, "Boys," and stopped. Several boys were still talking loudly. After there was quiet, he tried again. "We have just heard that the Arkansas River is rising to a point where it will endanger Pueblo. I want all you boys to go down there and help. You are dismissed for the day." A couple of cheers, after which he went on, "Go home and put on your oldest clothes and be back here at three o'clock. Everyone understand?"

The boys all started talking at once, some complaining, others glad of any excuse to get the day off from school. Joyce caught my arm.

"What's it all about?"

"Nothing much," I replied. "We have to go to Pueblo this afternoon. The river's rising."

Joyce said nothing.

My mother was not to be put off so lightly. At first, she forbade me to go, but when she found out all the boys had to go she relented some.

"Be careful," she admonished several times.

Assuring her there was no danger, that the boys were only needed to carry sandbags, I was back at the school well before three. It was starting to rain very hard again. Mr. Roe and Mr. Graves, the history teacher, were herding the boys into three waiting, beat-up old buses. Knowing it was forty miles over rough roads to Pueblo, I was glad I was early as the buses were filling so rapidly that soon boys were standing in the aisles.

To complicate matters, the bus drivers, finding out where they were supposed to drive announced at once they were not about to go to Pueblo and get into that mess. After a considerable argument, they told Mr. Roe he could use the buses if someone else would drive. Bob Clark was standing nearby and volunteered, and with that the two Roman brothers allowed they could drive the other two. The road was badly washed in places but, except at the town of Fountain, passable. Here our back wheels skidded off the road, and we were stuck. Luckily, one of the other buses had a tow rope, and with all the boys pushing, we were back on the road in no time.

The Arkansas River flows through the lower part of Pueblo, and at one place when it is high spills out into the main part of town. We pulled up to a high spot and stopped. It was growing dark

and raining hard as we climbed out. Several trucks loaded with sandbags lumbered past. Dave Edstrom had a lighted tar torch, and I could see others along the bank.

Somebody yelled, "All right, get a sandbag and bring it over here,"

We each picked up a ninety-pounds bag and carried it up on the levee, wedged it in place, and went back for another. Dave stood with the torch, lighting the way for a while and then gave it to another boy who needed a rest.

Down the levee a group of colored boys were singing Old Man River. One of them laughed and said something in a deep southern accent that I couldn't quite make out from that distance. Mostly, it was quiet with just the sound of straining men and boys and the river lapping in the darkness. After what seemed hours, a small truck pulled up and two girls began giving out coffee and doughnuts.

Unfortunately no one knew there had been a ten-inch cloudburst west of town a short time before. Suddenly there were cries of dismay from along the line, as the water started to rise, surging over the tops of the sandbags.

I heard, "Everybody get out. The water is coming."

Three of us, including Dave and the boy who was carrying the torch, ran across an open lot toward the lights of Santa Fe Avenue. We could see there were railroad tracks when suddenly the lights went out. The boy with the torch turned to the left and ran along the tracks, the rest of us following, toward a string of freight cars. Without hesitating, he started to climb up the side, but Dave stopped and hesitated. The rest of us bumped into him, and at that moment the water came rushing around our feet.

He looked down and then grabbed the handholds that made a sort of ladder up the side of the car. In a few seconds we were sitting on top, breathing hard. The torch had gone out. All I could see was absolute black, with the sound of the water swirling around below. After a while one of the boys climbed down the ladder to see how far up the water had come.

"Count the number of steps down to it," somebody said.

"Three," came the answer.

An hour passed. We were wet, cold, and very uncomfortable. I thought of my father's telling about riding out of Kansas City on top of a freight car in the flood of 1903 and wondered if he had felt as miserable as I did at this moment. Dave found a dry box of matches in the inner pocket of his jacket and got the torch relighted, revealing five boys on the top of the car. For some reason I thought of Mr. Reid's telling me of the importance of light in painting.

"There is no color without light, he had said. "If you would paint the truth, paint the light effect."

There it was, the boys looking like the reproduction in the book of Rembrandt's paintings, all dark and obscure except for the glowing light on their heads. I realized I had learned to see the nature of things, as Mr. Reid called it, and I felt grateful to him, as I knew no one else up here had ever noticed this.

After a while somebody called out, "Check the water.

"Five," came up the answer.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. The water had crested and was receding.

With the first light in the east we could make ~~mx~~ out the tracks below. Stiff and cold, we all climbed down and made our way

to the buses which stood on the hill above where the water had been

My mother was furious, holding up a newspaper with big headlines: DISASTER IN PUEBLO, Hundreds Dead. Now that she had heard what had happened, she went to the school. Several other parents were already there, but Mr. Roe, after finding all the boys accounted for, told them, "Aw, it did them good."

Chapter Seven

MY FIRST SHOW

Joyce was true to her word and had a stretched canvas her father had given her, along with a tube of blue paint that matched the color of the dressing gown she intended to wear. The first sitting was devoted to getting the pose.

She was a very pretty girl with reddish brown hair which she called "titian," adding, "after the great Venitian painter, you know."

I nodded absently. The magnitude of the problem of getting all this down on the canvas was beginning to dawn on me.

Remembering Mr. Reid's advice, I determined to make a very accurate drawing. Gingerly applying the charcoal to the canvas, I found it didn't have the same feeling as paper, which I knew I couldn't afford to let bother me. Carefully dividing up the canvas so as to get in the whole mirror, Joyce, and all the bottles on the table, I drew in the outlines, checking and rechecking everything until I was at last pretty well satisfied.

Joyce announced she was tired and would like a cup of tea. Her mother dutifully went into the kitchen while Joyce patted down a stray hair and looked at herself in the mirror. Slowly she turned and walked haughtily over to a chair where she could see the canvas, sat down daintily crossing her legs, and surveyed the progress. Presently her mother came in, carrying a tray with a pot of tea, three

cups, and a plate of cookies.

I would have liked to have gone home and work on mixing colors, but instinctively I realized the necessity of staying so as not to break the illusion Joyce was building up about posing for this painting. She told me she had read that Lady Hamilton and the artist Romney always had tea ~~X~~ after each sitting. Anyway, I had worked so hard that I enjoyed the tea and cakes.

As soon as I could, I left and hurried home. Getting out my colors and one of the small pieces of canvas Mr. Reid had given me, I took a plate from my mother's kitchen cabinet for a palette and very carefully put a small dab of each of my colors around the edge. The tube of blue Joyce had given me was nearly the right color for her robe, but I could see it was too bright and too dark. Putting a little white into it I found it made it still too bright, not the soft blue I wanted. Looking at the different color ~~MMX~~ dabs on the plate, I wondered which would soften the blue without changing the color. The yellow ochre made it too green. The red made it a muddy brown. Without trying, I knew the alizerin crimson wouldn't work.

It was getting dark, but I jumped on my motorbike, and was soon at the greenhouse, to find Mr. Reid cooking his dinner. He laughed, seeing me carrying the plate with the colors on it.

"I can't think of a thing to say," was his only comment.

He smiled tolerantly when I explained my problem. Taking a brush, he mixed the blue with a little black and white, making a beautiful soft blue, exactly the color I wanted.

Surprised I blurted out, "I thoughtat you couldn't use black."

He ~~xxx~~ looked at me.

"Where did you get that idea?" Then he answered himself,

"I know; from some of the students. Don't pay any attention to what the students say. Now what color is her hair?"

"Reddish brown; Titian she called it," I answered.

Reid walked over to his easel and picked up a tube of paint and handed it to me. Verte Emeraude was on the ~~XXXX~~ label.

"That," he said, "is green in Italian." Then, picking up an old wooden palette from behind a cabinet, he went on. "Scrape off all this old paint. "and use this instead of that plate."

He looked at me seriously again. "Your mother probably needs it."

"Now watch," he went on, picking up some red and mixing it with a little green, ~~X~~ making a dull brown. With the addition of a little more red, it became exactly the color of Joyce's hair.

"Mixing red and green is as old as painting itself," he said, and adding some yellow ochre, he made it browner.

"That makes it warmer," he said, and then mixing some blue and white into it, he added, "Now this is cooler, see what I mean by warmer and cooler?"

I nodded, feeling the warmth in one and coolness in the other. He asked me about the other colors, letting me mix them. ~~SM~~ Soon I got the idea. He smiled approvingly.

"Think of the warmth or coolness of a color as much as the color itself."

As I left, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ carrying the palette, he came to ~~the~~ the door.

"Remember that both the reds and greens," he called, "can be either warm or cool."

Joyce and her mother were very patient. Every afternoon I

worked ver hard. In two weeks I had it all done. I liked the mirror with the reflections and the perfume bottles better than the painting of Joyce. I'd had enough mechanical drawing to be able to render objects like these fairly well, but the same method, I realized, made the painting of Joyce look hard.

Again Mr. Reid listened to my problem.

"The edges of the hair and dress? Are they sharp and hard like the other things?"

Thinking back, I admitted they were.

"Soften the edges. Paint one tone into the adjoining tone instead up against it." He added after a moment, seeing I understood, "You could do this in other places, too."

Bringing out a book of Italian paintings, reproductions, he thumbed through the pages. Coming to one of Giorgione's, "See how he paints one tone into another?" he said, pointing it out on the print.

It did the trick.

Joyce exclaimed, "Oh, I like that much better. It's finished now, isn't it?"

Without waiting for an answer, she ran into the kitchen, calling to her mother to see it. We sat around for a while, drinking tea and looking at the painting. It had turned out better than I had thought it would, and I knew whom I really had to thank.

At algebra class Joyce couldn't wait to tell me the news. Her father had liked the painting and had promised to bring home a frame.

"Now we can put it in the Greenwich Village," he announced.

This was put on every spring by the art and home economics classes and was really a hobby show. It was run by Miss Pansy Dawes, a fluttery little woman who taught both classes. I could imagine

what Blacksmith would say to this. I had already missed two weeks of track and tennis practice, working out in the back yard each morning before school on the shot put helped some.

Even so I knew that if my teammates saw the painting, I would hear "That's why you have been missing practice!"

My fears were not ungrounded. At the field I was met with snickers and ribbing. Yet I couldn't help feeling a sense of satisfaction about having done the painting.

My mother called from the kitchen, "Get cleaned up, and put your good shirt and tie on. Mr. Phillips is coming to dinner."

I had heard my father speak of him when he worked in Pueblo with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Silently I washed my face and looked in the mirror reflectively. The light fell on the side of my face from the open window, putting the front in shadow. Mr. Reid kept speaking of the big simple planes, front and side. This was a good illustration. My reflection took on a puzzled look. The division is not as simple as in a cube with a straight line. I tried to point with my finger just where the two planes met. This was easy to see around my forehead, but beside my eyes and along the cheek it was complicated, especially with the receding plane of the eye sockets.

My mother called irritably, "I want you to go to the grocery and then bring in a tub of coal. And polish those shoes." In the kitchen she handed me a list. "And don't stop on the way," she said, pushing me out of the door.

Mr. Phillips was a brisk man of about thirty-five, average in appearance. During dinner the conversation ranged from the high cost of living to politics.

"This roast cost me sixty-five cents," my mother complained.

Mr. Phillips complimented her on the way it was cooked.

My father spoke up, "What did you think of Coolidge refusing to run?" Mr. Phillips smiled.

"How much it is like everything else he has done," he said, "just a simple statement, 'I do not choose to run.'"

"I think it was because of his son's death," my mother commented, adding, "Such a simple thing, a blister."

Everyone was silent for a moment.

"My prediction," Mr. Phillips began, polishing his steel-rimmed glasses, "Is that the Republicans will persuade Mr. Hoover to run, and he will be elected." He went on with conviction, "The Democrats will undoubtedly put up Al Smith, and he hasn't a chance."

"How can you be so sure?" my mother asked.

"The times, mainly," Mr. Phillips said, adding, "Smith is a Catholic and not too well known except in New York."

"What about the high cost of living?" my mother said, speaking about a matter that was very much on her mind.

But Mr. Phillips did not answer her, continuing on a subject in which he obviously was very interested.

"We are going into a time of great development, particularly made for a man of Mr. Hoover's training and experience. He's an engineer, you know."

He paused and took a drink of water before continuing, "An era of tremendous opportunity," he said. He looked at me as if seeing me for the first time. "One that our young friend here should be able to capitalize on!" Speaking to me directly, he inquired, "What are your plans?"

My mother spoke up.

"We don't want him to go to college here," she said firmly.
Mr. Phillips nodded approvingly and looked at me again.

"What are your best subjects?" he asked.

Thinking over my grades, I answered, "I had an A in algebra and another in mechanical drawing."

Mr. Phillips smiled wisely and, ignoring me, said, "He should study engineering."

"Yes," my mother agreed. "We think so, too," adding ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
adding it casually, "I've always heard of Boston Tech."

"Massachusetts Institute of Technology," Mr. Phillips corrected her, "or M.I.T., as it's usually called."

He stopped to let this sink in, adding, "He couldn't get in there from the high school you have here, but he could get in R.P.I. That's ~~RPM~~ Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, my alma mater."

My father spoke up. "Where is it?"

"Troy, New York, one hundred and fifty miles north of New York City on the Hudson river." Mr. Phillips added, "It's the oldest engineering school in the country. It has had graduates like John Roebling, the builder of Brooklyn Bridge."

It sounded like the end of the world to me, but he did not notice and continued on his favorite subject. "As I have said before, we are at the beginning of a great era of prosperity. All kinds of labor saving devices will be developed." Turning to my mother, he said, "You will have a machine to do your washing."

She smiled incredulously.

"How soon?"

"Not as long as you think," he answered. "Henry Ford says he will have a car on the market for \$125." Turning again to my mother, he said, "You will drive to the grocery store in a car, and you," turning to my father, "will drive to work in a car."

My father shook his head.

"I wouldn't drive one of those contraptions."

Mr. Phillips ignored him and, speaking to me, added, "Five years from now, say 1932, you will be in a perfect position. I envy you."

Mr. Phillips held up his glass of near beer.

"To 1932," he toasted.

No one had mentioned either the portrait of Joyce of Mr. Reid during the evening.

Pansy Dawes was in a dither. The hobby show was opening this evening. Joyce and I had brought in the painting, which looked much better in the frame. Where to hang it was the question. The only oil painting in the show, it must have a place befitting an oil painting, Miss Dawes said with feeling. She went on at length in her flutter way about the paintings in great museums of Europe that she hoped to see some day, finally deciding on a spot between wood working and the cake exhibit.

"I didn't know you painted," she continued, talking a mile a minute while trying to drive a nail into the wall.

"Help her," Joyce whispered.

After we had the picture hung, Miss Dawes went on, "Why haven't you come to the meeting of our Greenwich Village? Of course we do only watercolor drawings. But be here tonight, both of you."

She rushed off but was back in a minute to add, "Mr. Roe and Mr. Potlickington are the judges. There is a five-dollar prize for

the best entry."

Joyce and I walked over to the ice cream parlor.

"I wonder," I ~~was~~ began, "if Potlickington will remember the time we let the snake loose?"

Joyce interrupted, "You were the one."

She looked at me and started to laugh.

"Well, Don and I," I began.

Joyce's smile had turned to a frown as she thought of a subject that had been on her mind for some time. "I wish you wouldn't go around with that prizefighter. It's not nice."

She looked at me pleadingly.

"Aw, Don's all right," I retorted.

There was silence for a minute, and then Joyce said, "Go on."

"This king snake — it was this long." I measured about four feet between my hands.

"I know how long a king snake it," Joyce interrupted.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Potlickington started walking up the aisle during the singing, as he always does and we started the snake down the aisle. About halfway he became aware of it coming down to ~~met~~ meet him. He stood frozen, his mouth wide open but no note coming out, his eyes popping out of his head. Suddenly he turned and ran back down the aisle.

"And," Joyce added, laughing, "his toupee came off."

"He won't recognize my name," I put in lamely.

"I hope not," Joyce exclaimed. "How could you have done such a thing in the first place?" she asked, adding, "I still wish you wouldn't go around with Don Long so much."

"We are playing doubles against Pueblo tomorrow," I reminded her of the forthcoming tennis match.

"I know," she said resignedly.

That evening the gala opening of the hobby show was a great success. Miss Dawes and her Greenwich Villagers had spent the afternoon decorating the cafeteria and fixing a large refreshment table with a borrowed samovar on one end and a silver coffee pot on the other. Several cakes were contributed by the home economics class and a couple of the mothers. Miss Dawes had bought enough ribbons so that everyone received at least an honorable mention. My painting received a blue ribbon for painting. After all, it was the only one there.

The crowd was mostly composed of participants and their families, while a few others came out of curiosity. Even a few athletes walked around majestically in their white sweaters and brown letters. My mother and father were there, as were Joyce's, her father squinting at the painting very professionally and mentioning values that nobody understood. Adding the frame had cost him four dollars, I learned, wholesale of course.

He was introduced to everyone as "The artist you all know." He made pertinent remarks such as, "Painting is not as easy as it looks," and one could see that everyone was much impressed.

Miss Dawes was flitting around everywhere, talking to this group and to that, checking with Mr. Roe and Mr. Potlickington on their decision. She was talking to Joyce when she stopped in the middle of a sentence with a look of amazement on her face.

"Look," she whispered excitedly, "There's Robert Reid, the famous artist."

Mr. Reid, as always an impressive figure, suddenly became the center of interest, with everyone turning to stare.

Excitedly, she went on, "He's the famous New York artist," and almost in a whisper she added, "I wonder why he is here?"

Answering for her I said casually, "I told him about it."

She looked at me incredulously.

"You know Robert Reid?" and without waiting for me to answer went on, "He has paintings in the Chicago Art Insititute!"

"And in the Metropolitan Museum in New York," I added.

Mr. Reid had gone over to look at my painting.

"Introduce us," my mother whispered. She knew Miss Dawes was too shaken to ask.

Walking over to Mr. Reid, I was followed by my mother and father, Joyce and her mother; her father remained standing, staring at Reid. "Hello, Mr. Reid," I began.

He turned and smiled and, looking back at the painting, said, "My boy, you did very well. See what softening those edges did. Yes, it's quite good."

After the introductions, he said to my mother, "I'm proud of him," and to Joyce, "So this is our pretty model?"

Miss Dawes for once was silent, slipping away to confer hastily with Mr. Roe. What transpired during this earnest conversation with was never divulged, but then Miss Dawes had a few moments conversation with Mr. Reid who nodded affirmatively. Miss Dawes then went over to a raised platform, leading Mr. Reid by the hand.

"~~QUIET~~ Quiet, please," she called. "It is time to thank, she began, "all of you for coming here tonight to see our show, which I think is very good." Applause. "Everyone," she continued, "connected with the show has worked very hard." More applause and a few laughs. "And now it's time to announce the grand prize winner."

She hesitated a moment for effect and then continued, "We have an unexpected honor tonight in having Mr. Robert Reid with us." There was a great deal of whispering and some applause. "Mr. Reid," she continued, "is an internationally famous artist."

She smiled up at him.

"Until recently he lived in New York where he was a member of the famous group The Ten. He studied painting in Paris where he was a personal friend of August Renoir and Claude Monet." I was surprised she knew so much about Reid. "He has paintings in many large museums and private collections."

Turning to Mr. Reid, she smiled and handed him an envelope. He took his X glasses out of a pocket and, putting them on, drew out a slip and a five-dollar bill. Looking at the slip of paper, he read my name, called me up to the platform, shook my hand and, with great aplomb, presented me with the five-dollar bill. There was some applause, and Joyce ran up on the platform and threw her arms around Mr. Reid. Everyone crowded around us, taling at once.

"I supplied the canvas and frame," I heard Joyce's father say. Two girls stood in front of me angrily.

"I think it's terrible," one of them sputtered. "Getting the prize that way. Bringing him in!" She pointed at Reid. "My cake should have won the prize."

She was so angry she had to stop.

Her frind added spitefully, "Who needs an old painting?" and they both walked off.

My mother tried to thank Mr. Reid for coming.

He smiled, saying, "I wouldn't have missed it."

Chapter Eight

FEEL NOT THIN

The class waited expectantly for the new teacher, Mr. Davey. The model's being late, one of the students brought out a small book of paintings by Robert Henri.

"This was Randall Davey's teacher," he explained as the group gathered around.

He thumbed through the black and white reproductions. An old man's head brought, "I like that," from several students. All Henri's work was very freely painted and had a great deal of vitality. I liked what I saw.

At this moment Mr. Stoner came in with Davey and introduced him to the class as the internationally famous artist. Davey took over immediately, looked around, and asked where the model was. Before anyone could answer, she arrived in a rush, going behind the screen. When she came out and stepped up on the model stand, Davey walked up and, standing feet apart, head on one side, sized up the girl. She was a rather heavy-set blonde with wide cheekbones and short legs.

"Are you from one of the northern sea countries?" Davey asked pleasantly.

She nodded.

"Lithuania," she said in a foreign accent.

Davey continued, "Riga is a great art center. Have you been there?"

She shook her head. "I come from a farm."

Davey turned to me, "An earthy pose; that's what we need."

I was puzzled and showed it, so he turned to the class.

"We must pose our model," he went on, "in a way that expresses her character." Picking up a dark green drape, he directed the model to sit on a chair and put the drape across her knees. "Now spread your legs apart."

She obeyed.

"Still more," he said, and then, "There. Now let this arm hang straight down. That's it."

He stepped back. The pose was squatty, the drape hanging in heavy folds between her knees. It was ~~quite~~ quite different from the graceful poses that Mr. Reid had wanted. Mr. Davey noted the confused look on some of our faces.

"Beauty has many meanings," he began. Then, seeing the Henri book, he opened it at the head of the old man. "See how there is beauty in age and character?" he said, holding up the book. He continued, "Have any of you seen those wonderful drawings Rembrandt made of the beggars of Amsterdam?"

Several of the students nodded.

He went on, "Sometimes we confuse prettiness, or the so-called classical forms, as the only kind of beauty. That's not true." He waited for a couple of moments and then said in an encouraging tone, "Let's see if you can get this particular kind of beauty here, showing her strength which is her heritage."

Looking at the girl again, he went on, "This strength comes from generations of working in the fields, of being close to the earth."

He walked to the back of the room, lighting a cigarette and inhaling deeply. I was thinking to myself that he was saying the same thing that Mr. Reid had taught — learn to see the nature of things — and yet I felt somehow this was different.

Mr. Davey started to move around the class, spending a short time with each student, talking in a low voice. When he came to me he stood for a moment in silence. His cigarette was so short he made a wry face from the smoke, or was it because of my drawing, I wondered. Actually, I know now, Davey was trying to find a basis of communication, a way to convey to me what he thought and not make me resent his criticism and close my mind, but rather to build on what was there.

From what he had seen of the class, he knew they were mainly the usual middle-age or elderly daubers that cluttered up art classes everywhere. He needed a good student show at the end of the summer, and only two, Russel Ishmal, a man in his early twenties, very eager but dull and heavy, and myself had any promise. Ishmal's drawing was clumsy, without feeling for the charcoal, with black, heavy, uncontrolled lines and masses. I think Davey remembered Cezanne who lacked any of the graces but who became a great painter. Maybe here was another Cezanne. Time would tell, and Davey was all for him, but this session was only ten weeks long, with pressure from the front office to produce.

He liked this set-up. It was a pleasant place to spend the summer with his family but, in short, he must produce a good student. As he looked at my drawing, he saw the start of good drawing already. Proportions were good as were the values. Just let him alone, Davey must have thought to himself.

"That's fine; coming along great," he said and passed on to

the next student, an old lady.

But as he did, his conscience bothered him, and he was thinking about my drawing as he talked to her. It was too careful, too studied, too precise, he knew. The feeling was there, but it was all for the medium, for producing an attractive drawing. What he could see was lacking was excitement, daring, accidental spontaneous quality, a lot of mistakes, and a drawing that really came off. But to get this idea across, he knew how much of Mr. Reid's thinking was in that drawing, and it was good, but what it really needed was a jolt.

He continued his criticism of each student's work, one by one, pointing out obvious mistakes, head too large, leg too long, encouraging when a student was ready to give up, usually by picking up the charcoal and getting the drawing started. If he went too far, the student would be apt to say, "I wouldn't touch it. Please sign it 'Mr. Davey.'"

He came to a middle-aged woman who looked up helplessly from a drawing that was so bad he shuddered.

"I don't have any idea what I'm doing," she complained.

Davey started to pick up the charcoal.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said suddenly to the woman and walked quickly over to my drawing. "Let me have the charcoal," he said sharply.

I handed it to him with a surprised look and watched him as with the side of the charcoal he made a heavy dark line, defining the side of the leg and drape. Then with more darkness he put in the fold in the drape.

"See! Put some feeling into it, some excitement."

He covered the side plane of the carefully drawn hair with a single stroke of the side of the charcoal and made the top with another. That went too far, but he left it, saying, "Make mistakes and leave them. They are interesting."

He stopped ~~xxxxxx~~ as suddenly as he had begun and ~~xxx~~ looked at me and then at a group of students that had gathered around. There was complete silence.

The woman whose drawing was so bad spoke up, "That's the way I want to learn to draw."

Davey, hesitating for a moment, turned to her, saying, "Lady, you don't learn this way. You feel this ~~xxxxx~~ way."

And to me, as if wondering what effect his outburst had had, he said, "See what I mean?"

Slowly I said, "I think so," and then more positively, "Yes, I do."

"Feel, not think," Davey admonished. Walking away, he looked back, smiling. "It may get you into a lot of trouble, but it's more fun."

Chapter Nine

HAYSTACK

The next morning, walking to school, I soon found myself going over what had happened in the class. Mr. Davey's demonstration had made me want to try again. I had ruined my drawing, putting in heavy darks as Davey had done. At first, I felt resentful. Usually I brought my drawing home, showing it to my mother, but this one I disgustedly crumpled up and threw in the wastebasket.

But there was something about the way Davey had spoken and drawn that intrigued me ~~XXXXXXX~~ with its vitality. It was like the first time a boy takes a girl up in the hayloft. He senses something he didn't know was there. Someone came up behind me on a bicycle, jumped off, and fell into step. Turning, I saw it was Dave Edstrom.

"Hi," he smiled cheerfully. "You and Don all set for this afternoon?"

I looked at him rather blankly, then suddenly remembered the doubles tennis match with Pueblo Central High.

Dave went on, "That Joe Wallace is pretty good. He beat Ray Mosely yesterday afternoon. Where were you?"

"Oh, around," I answered vaguely. "I didn't have to be there. I beat Jack Henry in my singles."

"I know," Dave allowed, "but since Bray and Mosely lost, you and Don have got to win this afternoon." I didn't answer. Dave swung

his leg over his bike and peddled off. "I'll be there," he called back.

In the chemistry class later that morning Al Hopkins leaned forward from his seat behind me and whispered, "I hear you are going to drive the Peak again this year."

I nodded absently, not being able to get Mr. Davey's idea out of my head. Davey really had just emphasized things that I knew, things like just indicating the top and side of the head instead of drawing the outline and showing the way the hair is combed. Mr. Reid suggested the top and side, while Davey thought about it more as a cube.

"It's the difference between painting and drawing," he had said, stressing the idea that one should paint with charcoal, not draw.

Looking at Mr. Willis, the chemistry instructor, I saw the strong light on his face from the side window in the room. The front plane was in shadow with the nose sticking out into the light. Its narrow front plane was in shadow. Last night, I realized, the drawing had been ruined because I was trying to copy Davey instead of understanding what he was really doing. Mr. Willis chose this moment to ask me a question.

"What's the equation to make sulphuric acid?" he said.

"H Cl," I stammered.

Mr. Willis called on Al who didn't know either, I guess he was thinking about driving that old Pierce Arrow. Mr. Willis finally ~~MX~~ found someone who knew the answer, as the bell sounded.

The tennis match this afternoon was important. If Don and I won, we both would get our letters. We played well together, Don was short and very fast on his feet. He could return anything, while I was tall, had a strong serve, and was good at the net. The boys from Pueblo had good ground strokes, but I met them at the net angling the ball at

impossible tangents. The ones I missed, Don returned and kept the ball in play until I could get back in position to finish the point. Don's serve was our weak point, but by winning it a couple times and always holding mine, we won easily in straight sets.

Don pounded me on the back. "We got our letters," he exulted.

Dave was very happy. He didn't play anything, but the school athletics were his whole life. He gathered up my two rackets, putting them in the canvas bags of his bike.

"I'll see you over at the soda ~~xxx~~ shop," he called and peddled off.

Don had a new car, an Essex, and Helen, his girl friend, pulled me down the street a ways to see it, with Don following. It was bright and shiny. Don was the only boy in school with a car. Even Mr. Roe, the principal, rode to school on a bicycle. Don opened up the hood so we could see the engine. Helen was more excited with the windows that went up and down.

"It's great," I said.

"Come for a ride," he offered, getting behind the wheel.

"Some other time," I answered, seeing Don really wanted to go off with Helen.

As they drove off, another car, this one with the top down, pulled up to the curb. The driver, a very pretty girl, beckoned me to get in. Feeling rather reckless because none of the girls I knew had cars, I opened the door and slid into the seat.

"I watched the match. You were wonderful," she enthused, giving me a big smile. "I'm Gloria Matson," she went on, pulling around and passing another car. We were driving up Nevada Avenue toward the college, her hair blowing in the wind.

"You're pretty," I blurted out. It's what I was thinking.

"Thank you, sir," she ^{came} ~~gave~~ back quickly.

I began to feel more at ease.

"Like a soda?" I asked.

We were passing the College Shop. Students were standing around in the doorway and on the sidewalk. One group waved at Gloria, and she waved back.

"Let's not," she replied and continued north past the college.

I was considerably relieved, as the price of a soda had recently gone up to fifteen cents. As Mr. Phillips had said, a man needed money in his pocket. This great prosperity that the county was experiencing might be all right for some, but the thirty-five cents I had in my pocket was shrinking fast. Gloria kept on going and turned into the Denver road. She kept turning and talking to me so that she twice almost ran off the road. Suddenly, she pulled the car to a stop.

"You drive," she ordered.

She only moved over to the center of the seat, so I had to press against her a little to run the car. A scent of perfume and her nearness intoxicated me no end. It was a beautiful afternoon. Things had never looked so bright and clear.

"Turn left here," she said softly.

Floating on air, I did not question where we were going. ~~XXXX~~
A long ranchlike house stood on a hill ahead, but Gloria motioned me to bear to the left. The road ran along white fences. Driving slowly, I enjoyed the beautiful pastures in which horses were grazing. We came to a horse close to the fence.

Gloria cried, "Let's stop here," and jumped out of the car.

She ran to the horse, talking to him. I thought what a beautiful

picture she would make there, stroking the horse and looking back at me smiling.

"Isn't he nice? He's mine." She hugged him possessively. "Let's walk," she said, taking my hand and crossing the road.

After climbing the fence, we walked across the field close together. I had an uncontrollable desire to kiss her and I suddenly stopped and pulled her toward me. She pulled away as quickly.

"Beat you to that haystack," she laughed and started to run.

I'd just about caught her, as she dived into the hay. We were both young and strong, and the new mown hay was warm and fragrant in the sun. Every painter from Bruegel to Picasso has painted a boy and a girl in a haystack. It was growing dark when Gloria sat up and straightened her hair, looking down at ~~my~~ me lying on my back with a straw in my mouth gazing at the sky.

"I will drive you home," she said softly.

Never had anything looked so beautiful, I thought.

"Look at that tree against the warm sky," I pointed, and, "Look how violet the mountains are."

She turned to me with a serious look.

"I never had any^{one} show me those things before," she said after a while.

With a twinge of guilt I thought of my folks eating supper at home, and I suddenly remembered this was drawing-class night. We drove to the greenhouse.

"Are you an artist?"

She looked surprised.

"No," I replied, "but I'm going to be one."

"How wonderful," she said. "Will you draw my picture? And

before I could ~~XXX~~ answer, she asked, "When will I see you again?"

I couldn't wait to get a piece of charcoal in my hand. Tonight I'll make a good drawing, I thought. I waved to her, as I went in the door. She waved back uncertainly.

Chapter Ten

LETTER FROM ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Parking the motor bike in the alley behind the Gazette and Telegraph Building, I walked along Pikes Peak Avenue to where it crossed Tejon Street. These were the only paved streets in town and were lined with a mixture of one-story stores and Victorian two-and-three story office buildings. On the northeast corner of the intersection was a drug store called the Busy Corner. A group of high school boys was usually standing around the entrance, loafing and whistling at the girls who passed.

A couple of boys called to me but I did not join them, going directly to the magazine stand. Picking up a Saturday Evening Post, I looked at the cover design, a picture of a very handsome young man in evening dress, carrying a bouquet of flowers. He was at that critical moment just ~~was~~ before his girl appeared, checking his appearance for the last time in a mirror. Studying this with more than casual interest, I liked the way the artist had told this story by making the ornate mirror the large pattern on the white page and instead of showing the boy himself, the artist had used his reflection and over his shoulder, very small, coming down the stairs was the girl in a white evening dress.

The idea of making a design instead of a realistic picture appealed to me, that and the way the artist had made his shadows. They, too, were patterns painted flat with diagonal, wide brush strokes,

leaving a gap between the strokes. Studying the frame of the mirror, I noted it was quite ornate and made of brush strokes put down strongly and left there. Even the signature was a design, with three old English letters, J. C. L. I knew who it was, J. C. Lyendecker.

Looking at the cover again, I thought Mr. Davey wouldn't like this; too stiff and precisely painted, he would say. Yet, somehow, I liked it, not knowing exactly why. Thumbing through the pages, I looked at the illustrations until I came to one spreading across two pages. I did not need to look at the signature lettered boldly across the bottom, Arthur William Brown to recognize my favorite.

His pretty girls and handsome men were done with a pencil technique, precise yet free, that had been my first models. Standing there, I went over every line with appreciation, how he drew the girl's face without any shading except for a strong shadow under the chin and the men's heads with a tone washed on before the pencil lines. I had tried to copy his illustrations but after several efforts I realized I was not using the right kind of pencil. Finally I wrote the Post, asking what kind of pencil he used. After several weeks of waiting for a reply, one came, a letter from Brown himself. He used Woolf carbon pencils, the note said, and to my delight added two sketches, one showing how he laid in a wash with lamp black first. Then he had made a half-completed head showing, he noted on the side, how the direction of the lines indicated the form.

I showed the note and sketches to my mother, saying excitedly, "Let's frame them," looking around the living room for a picture with a frame. "Here's one," I said, taking down a rather dark picture.

"That's a painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones," she said scoldingly, but added, "All right, but don't break the glass."

She quietly put the print in a drawer and suggested I write a note, thanking Brown. "His address is on the envelope," she said. I read, "33 West 67th Street, New York City." I wondered what his studio looked like. New York seemed a long way off.

Turning the pages I looked at the other illustrations, none of which excited me like Brown's; but since studying with Davey I'd begun to see there were qualities in others which I had not seen before.

I stopped at one by Henry Releigh, very freely done, which I knew Mr. Davey would have liked, along with one by Mowat.

After class each evening Mr. Davey liked a cup of coffee, which he brewed in a tin pot on an old gas burner. One of the girls would generally bring some cookies or doughnuts. Davey would sit on a high stool, the class gathering around on the edge of the model stand or pulling up chairs.

Usually someone started the conversation off by ^{asking} ~~making~~ a question, or perhaps Davey would bring a book or print. I liked these sessions, Davey's having lived in Europe toured Spain with Robert Henri where he had developed a great admiration for the Spanish artist Goya. This particular evening he had brought several reproductions of drawings by Goya in red sanguine⁴.

"See how strongly he brings this arm ~~fix~~ forward," he enthused, and in this hand you feel the way he grasps the club." I could see what Davey was talking about. Goya put more into the drawing than just an accurate reproduction of appearance. Looking back at the drawing I had made that evening, I could see I had not drawn a hand, just a collection of fingers. I ran my thumb across the fingers, smearing them together.

"That's better already," Davey commented, sipping his coffee.

The conversation later got to Andrew Mellon, who reportedly had paid a half a million dollars for a small painting of a head by the Dutch artist Jan Vermeer. Davey grimaced.

"Ironical," he began. "After Vermeer died his widow paid the baker's bill with five paintings."

He lit a cigarette.

"The Mellons and the rich bergers of Holland in Vermeer's day," he went on, "paid high prices for Italian paintings." One could see this was a subject he felt very strongly about. "If today as then they would really learn something about painting," he went on, "they would find it more interesting and rewarding to discover at home an unknown, perhaps another Vermeer."

He smiled confidently.

"Last year I saw a painting in Paris which I liked somehow, so I bought it for sixty-eight francs. That's about seventeen dollars. The painter's name is Pierre Bonnard. I don't know if it will increase in value. I think it will. I just like it."

There was a long silence.

"Sir Joseph won't like you," the Englishman said laughingly.

Davey smiled and turned to him.

"Did you ever walk past his Gallery? No paintings in the window like other galleries, just the big Ming vases."

"Then the covered canopy across the sidewalk with just one word on it, Duveen," the Englishman added.

"Did you ever go in?" Davey asked.

"No," came the answer. "I never had the nerve."

"Well, I did," Davey retorted.

"Yes?" asked the Englishman. "What was it like?"

"Not too much," Davey replied. "A very dignified Britisher

greeted you with a 'How many millions have you?' expression. He was probably alerted by the doorman outside that I didn't come in a Rolls." He stopped, lit another cigarette, and continued, "I braved it through, just said I wanted to see the paintings." 'Of course,' was the reply. "The man even bowed slightly. Actually there were only a few, a very dark landscape by Hobbema, a small Renoir — a head of a girl — and a portrait by Laszlo, very slick. That was all."

There was a long pause. Davey had been watching me fix up the other hand while he was talking.

"Still more," he told me. "Here, look at the Goya. See how much more simply, more directly he does it?"

I blocked it in more strongly. "That's it, much better." Sliding off the stool, Davey walked briskly to the door. "Good night, everybody," he said and departed. The girls gathered up what was left of the cookies and washed the coffee pot. I turned out the light as we left.

Chapter Eleven

ANOTHER SPEICHER?

Mr. Reid's health had been failing all summer. The altitude was bad for him, his doctor told him ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to leave, recommending Lake Saranac in New York State. Actually, Mr. Reid had been far from happy in Colorado and welcomed the idea of getting closer to his beloved Manhattan. I had been stopping regularly to see the old man, and bring him some groceries, and get some paints for him. He was still painting fairly regularly and doing some beautiful things, I thought. After my contact with Davey I was looking at things differently, but I still admired Reid's work as much as ever. Even so it came with somewhat of a shock when late one afternoon he told me he was leaving the end of the week. I was silent for a time. "What about all this?" I asked, pointing to the contents of the room. HH

He seemed more relaxed than I had seen him for a long time.

"A carpenter is coming tomorrow to crate up all my paintings," he said. "I am sending them to my New York agent, and all my supplies are going to Saranac. Great subjects to [paint there." He looked around and continued. "And, oh yes, my easel I'm giving it to you," he added with a smile.

The evening Mr. Reid was to leave I rode my motor bike down to the greenhouse and found Mr. Reid very agitated, on the phone trying to get a taxicab.

"I thought Mr. Stoner was driving you to the station," I said. He shook his head resignedly.

"He found he had to go someplace at the last moment."

I wondered why Smiths and some of his society friends were not there.

"Wait," I said, "you have just that one bag?" He nodded. "You can ride on the back seat of my bike, like the girls do, and I'll put the bag on the handlebars."

He followed me outdoors, and I showed him how to sit on the seat which was quite comfortable. Picking up the suitcase, I climbed in front of him. Before stepping on the starter I turned around and asked him, "Got your ticket?"

He nodded. The engine started with a roar, and we were off. I went very slowly so his hat wouldn't blow off.

At the station he said laughingly, "I always wanted to ride on one of these things," and in a more serious voice, "I'm glad it was you who came to the station with me."

We stood in silence beside the train for a while. Finally he spoke.

"I wish you would do me a favor." After a long pause, he went on. "Some day you will go to Paris, and on your first evening I want you to walk down the Boulevard Des Invalides and think of me." I said I would. "You will find there why we suffer so much to be artists."

Smiling sadly, he climbed up the steps and disappeared into the coach. As the train pulled out, I caught a glimpse of his profile with his pointed beard. Starting my bike, I rode slowly up the hill into the town.

One evening I noticed at dinner an uneasiness between my mother and father. They kept looking at each other and saying nothing. My mother had served my favorites, breaded veal cutlets, and chocolate ice cream. Finally, after several helpings of the latter, my father in a high nervous voice blurted out, "We are going to have to sell

your motorcycle. He looked at my mother for confirmation.

"Yes," she said, "and I'll be glad." After a moment she continued, "We found a buyer, and we need the money." Looking at me, she said softly, "I'm sorry," reaching over and putting her hand on mine, an unusual show of affection in those days. I smiled back, saying it was all right. She worked so hard those days and was worried about money and my father's health. He and his boss, a Mr. Hilton, wanted to go to West Texas and work in the oil fields, and she disapproved. My father was a sensitive man who loved drawing and photography, in both of which he had excelled as a young man, but his natural lack of aggressiveness in a land where this quality was in far greater demand than culture or the appreciation of it had condemned him to the slavery of being a bookkeeper all his life.

Mr. Hilton was a waspish, miserly, Simon Legree who couldn't drive a car more than a few moments without getting a terrible headache. How were these two even going to get to Texas? I supposed I would have to drive them down there. My thoughts were interrupted by someone's banging on the front door.

Two men wheeled the motor bike out and put it on a truck, after counting out the pitifully small amount of money to my mother. Something died in me, as I watched that truck drive off. It was a beat-up old bike with no back mudguard, so in rainy weather the water went down the back of my neck. It needed painting and a new muffler, but I had kept it serviced religiously, and it ran beautifully most of the time. I'd driven it as if we were one, fast but surely with a flow and smoothness around turns and past cars that was beautiful to watch. Of my passengers only Joyce had appreciated it. She would hang on, with her hair flying, and call to go faster. Other girls would either disdain

to ride on it at all, or would scream to stop when we went fast.

My mother hated the noise. I was always saying I would get a new muffler, but she was afraid I would get hurt, everyone telling her motorcycles were so dangerous. She didn't realize I had loved that bike and that when I rode my thoughts were entirely on driving, that I was never careless.

I didn't go back into the house but walked dejectedly down the street. There was a class in drawing that evening. Davey would be expecting me, I knew, but I continued walking toward town. Yesterday I would have looked at the soft beauty of the evening light, but tonight I saw only the drab dreariness of the rows of false-front stores stretching down the street. Turning in the pool hall, half-~~h~~ hearing the clicking of the balls and the rough drone of conversation, I walked toward the back, stopping briefly at the board giving the day's baseball scores. I was not particularly interested in baseball, unlike some of the boys I knew who could ~~g~~ tell you every player's batting average and the like. Dazzy Vance had shut out Cincinnati, and both the Giants and Yanks had won.

A door back there opened to a scene of considerable activity. In the center of the large room, raised somewhat, was a boxing ring with two boys in trunks, large boxing gloves, and football helmets, slugging it out. Around the sides of the room other boys were punching the bag, skipping rope, and exercising. A strong smell of sweat and liniment pervaded the place. At the ~~SW~~ corner of the ring, a group in old pants and sweatshirts were talking animatedly, one of them looking up, beckoned me to join them.

"Hi, Art," I said casually.

Art omitted any greeting.

"Don wants you to handle the towel in his corner Friday night. All right?"

"Sure," I replied, watching the two in the ring.

One was pounding at the other who backed into a corner and clinched. Art looked at his watch, leaned over, and rang a bell. Both boys stopped boxing and looked around. Art motioned them to quit. Walking across the ring, one good-naturedly took a swing at the other which he ducked. They both laughed.

As they climbed through the ropes, Art said to me, "Don's in great shape. He should take Bramer,"

Both boys walked over to the door marked Showers. I started punching one of the bats against the wall, and by deft work with my arm and fists I made it sound for several minutes like a machine gun.

Art touched me on the shoulder, noting, "You are pretty good at that. Come on, let's to to the corner. Don will be along in a while."

We walked into a typical small town drug store with a fountain and tables in the back. It was almost empty, as we chose a table and sat down. After a bit, Helen entered and looked around. Art stood up motioning to her.

"Hi," she greeted us, sitting down next to me and leaving an empty seat beside ~~XXXX~~ who assumed a nobody-loves-me-look so comically that we both laughed.

Helen turned to me, "Don says you are an artist now. That's wonderful."

I shrugged depreciatingly, but reached into my pocket and pulled out a letter, taking it out of the envelope. Davey had written his old friend Robert Henri to get me a scholarship at the Art Students League

in New York. I handed it to Helen to read.

"New York City," she began and looked at me with wide open eyes. "Are you going to New York City?" she asked incredulously.

I shook my head.

She continued, "Dear Frank," and looked confused. ["That's Frank Du Mond, one of the famous art teachers in New York," I filled in.

Helen read on, "Randall Davey, one of my boys — I don't know if he studied with you or not — has a boy out in Colorado who he thinks could be another Speicher. How about getting him a scholarship at the League, perhaps make him a monitor or something with free tuition? You know, Frank, I get the credit, but it was in your class my boys really learned the trade. Say 'hello' to Helen."

"That's me," Helen said.

"That's his wife," I corrected.

Helen finished, "Your old friend, Robert Henri."

Helen looked at me.

"Why, that's wonderful," she exclaimed, adding, "I don't know what it's all about, but it sounds wonderful."

Laughing, I put the letter back in the envelope and into my pocket, as Don and the boy with whom he had been sparring walked up to the table. Don was a little fellow, very dapper. He was making good money as a fighter in the 125-pound division. He walked with a springy, on-the-toes alertness of a fine athlete in training. He sat down beside Helen, while the other boy found a place by Art.

The latter was older than Don and was beginning to show around his eyes the effect of the beatings he had taken. It was obvious that Helen did not care for either him or Art, and when one of them told a crude joke she stood up.

"We must go," she said sweetly to Don.

He rose dutifully, and they left. After a few moments of silence, we all got up.

"See you Friday night," Art reminded me.

Out on the street I looked again at the dark, deserted buildings. New York seemed a long ways off. Luckily I didn't know then that I wouldn't pick up a piece of charcoal or a paintbrush for almost two years.

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BRUSHES WITH LIFE

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PART TWO

N E W Y O R K

Chapter Eleven

FIRST NIGHT IN MANHATTAN

The city was much as I had pictured it, everyone in a hurry. My suitcase was heavy in the hot September sun. Across 57th Street I noticed an old red building, through one of whose very high windows could be seen an easel. Sherwood Studios was carved in red stone over the entrance. I crossed Sixth Avenue and, starting up the hill, I saw the Great Northern Hotel had a sign advertising reasonable rates.

At the corner of Seventh Avenue a dingy old brown building with a square tower had small, dirty gold letters across the front reading, Music Hall Donated by Andrew Carnegie. A poster announced that Fritz Kreisler would soon give a violin recital, making me think of his records that we had at home.

I was looking for No. 215, which proved to be in the middle of the next block. It turned out to be a building with a wide front

entrance and a brass plate saying, American Fine Arts Society, Architectural League. An elderly man, standing beside the door and holding a large gold frame, told me that the Art Students League was next door west, pointing to a smaller door I had not noticed, further on in the same building. Sure enough there was a sign, Art Students League of New York.

The smallness of the entrance surprised me. I stood there before going in, thinking to myself, this is the League about which I had heard so much and where, according to Mr. Davey, ninety-five per cent of all successful American artists had studied. A very pleasant, white haired lady, sitting in a small reception window, smiled at me as I showed her the letter I still had from Henri, having kept it all this time. She replied that Mr. Du Mond might come in on Monday or Tuesday.

"You should register," she went on, "in the Du Mond life class, I imagine," handing me a form to fill out.

"I also want to go into the Bridgman class," I added.

She hesitated, calling back to someone in the rear who answered, "He will have to take the test."

She turned back to me.

"Mr. Bridgman has far too many applicants for that class, so Monday afternoon everyone will make a drawing from the model, then he will pick out the thirty he wants in the class."

Did I have materials? I shook my head.

"The store is upstairs."

After a moment's pause I asked, "Where does one live around here."

She answered immediately, "We generally send the boys over to

the YMCA. That's across the street in the middle of the next block west."

She pointed in the direction I had been walking. At the next intersection I was surprised to see the name of the street was Broadway. It made me think of George M. Cohan, somehow.

"We have no vacancies now," the clerk at the Y informed me pleasantly, "but Mrs. Dunn has some rooms a block west, across the street, at 421."

Crossing under the elevated tracks at Ninth Avenue, I found a row of old buildings that looked like, and I soon found to be, tenements, one of which was No. 421. Mrs. Dunn was a motherly, middle-aged person. She looked at me with an appraising smile.

"Yes, I have a room," she said, half to me and half to herself, adding, "I can give you one on the front."

Then, looking me up and down more critically, she finally told me to come in. She opened a door off a long hallway, and we went into a dark, musty smelling room. Pulling up the shade showed busy 57th Street.

"Do you know how to light a gas mantle?" she asked, pointing to an old-fashioned-looking light on the wall. I guess I looked a little confused, as we'd always had electricity in Colorado. Finding a match in her apron, she lit the mantle which gave a soft light. "I sleep directly over this room, so don't blow me out of bed by leaving the gas on."

I promised I wouldn't.

Leading me down the hall, she added, "I'll show you the bath. We only have hot water here Saturday nights. You will get to know someone over at the Y and use their showers. That's what the boys do."

Back in the room she told me the rent was \$10 a month, in advance, and then asked kindly if I were a student at the League. I admitted I was.

"Maybe you are a little short at the start. Give me \$5 now and another \$5 in two weeks."

I handed her five one-dollar bills, and as she turned to go she said, "I have a beautiful painting by George Bellows. He gave it to me when he lived here and studied at the League. Do you know his work?"

I told her I did.

"I will show it to you some time. I also have an Everett Shinn, but now I know you will want to get settled."

She closed the door behind her, leaving me looking at my battered suitcase on the bed. It was hot and stuffy in the room. Walking over, I opened the window wide. It would stay that way until I left the room the following June.

Suddenly I found I was very hungry. On Eighth Avenue around the corner from 57th I found a cafeteria. As I walked back to the room, the growing dusk silhouetted the elevated tracks darkly against a bright red sky. There were no screens in any of the windows which were open on this warm September evening, men leaning out in their shirt sleeves and mothers calling to children playing on the sidewalks below. In some of the windows girls, holding up keys, sat waving modestly at any passing man who was alone. One a little ahead of me evidently had smiled back, as a key bounced on the sidewalk. He picked it up and walked up the stone steps quickly.

Back in the room I smiled at myself. Here it was, my first night in New York, and I wanted to be alone. At least in a small way

I was a New Yorker now. I did not light the gas light but sat in the dark, my thoughts full of the events that had brought me here. It had been a big decision to leave Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. After two years of hard work there, I thought grimly of that first term. The High School in Colorado had not prepared me for a school like Rensselaer, no matter what Mr. Phillips had said. He had been right in one thing. They allowed me to enter, and then it was up to me to stay in. Study, study, study, every night usually until 2 a.m., then an 8 a.m. class.

There was that physics exam, four hours long, two hours of which were oral questions. Dr. Patterson had taken groups of six or seven and literally threw the book at us. The first two hours had been a problem and a topic, each taking an hour and done on the blackboard. I had done both right and knew that Dr. Patterson — no one would ever think of him as just Patterson — had these grades before him when the oral quiz started. At the end of an hour and a half I was the only one in our group that had not missed a question, so for the last half hour he concentrated on me. He was a West Pointer and never let anyone forget it; a perfectionist who could be exceedingly sarcastic if a student was ambiguous. But when the bell sounded the end of the period I still had answered every question to his satisfaction. As we filed out silently he did an unheard of thing for him, motioning me to his desk.

"You did well," he said with a stiff sort of smile.

Outside in the hall the others congratulated me. "He said you did good," every one said in amazement.

Rising, I walked to the open window and looked for a long time at the traffic on 57th Street. My thoughts went back to the

shop on Eighth Street in Troy where we had a summer class. My first job there was to take an inch off a block of iron. The instructor had handed to each of us a heavy mallet and steel chisel. To cut that inch off took me two eight-hour days, a sore shoulder, and a left hand that was swollen for over a week.

"Just to make you appreciate the machine," the instructor had smiled, taking in the milling machines and the lathes meaningly with a sweep of his hand.

I did well at Rensselaer for two years. I guess it was the lack of color that I really missed, that and the absence of individuality and creativity. We had been sent out to work at jobs as part of our training. I had worked as a lathe operator in a machine shop, in a rolling mill, and as a draftsman in an engineering department of a valve company. Engineers, I discovered, for the most part did everything by the book; tables, tables, for everything.

About the end of my second year I went into the public library for a book, and there by chance was an exhibition of oil paintings; not very good ones, but bright. It was spring, and after a long Upper New York State winter with grayness everywhere, the colors and striving for beauty of even those mediocre paintings hit me with tremendous impact. Suddenly I saw that the world of mills and shops, of grayness and details, was not for me, well as I had been doing in it.

Lighting the gas, I read the letter to Du Mond again and listened to the sound of the city outside the open window. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. A tall handsome man in his early twenties stood in the hallway. Dressed in a tuxedo, he had shoes of gleaming black.

"I am Feodor Illiawicki," he announced, bowing slightly and clicking his heels. Relaxing slightly, he smiled and added, "Your next door neighbor," indicating a doorway toward the rear. "May I come in a moment?"

I nodded, indicating the single chair. He sat down, carefully pulling up his trousers by the creases, saying, "I see you have just arrived in New York," indicating the open suitcase. "Where do you come from?"

Before I could reply, he added, "This is a wonderful city. Everyone comes from some interesting place to do interesting things. Me, I come from Riga," he continued, "Latvia on the Baltic Sea. I was born in Kiev in White Russia. My father was a professor in the university. When the revolution came I was eleven, and we escaped to Estonia where we lived for a short while and then went to Riga. My father is a professor in the university there now."

He hesitated, but seeing I was listening intently, continued.

"I go to Columbia. I'm getting my Ph.D. in mathematics next spring." He rose and said, "Now I go to work," and moved around as if he was dancing with a girl.

He laughed at my puzzled look.

"You do not understand," he said quickly. "I am what you call a gigolo. I am earning my way by taking rich women dancing; mostly older ones, they have the most money." He laughed again. "I kiss their hand and flatter them, and they love it. Their husbands?" He smiled broadly. "They are too busy making money. They make the money, and I get it from their wives." He laughed once more and then, as if he had forgotten something, asked "What do you do?"

"I am an art student," I replied.

"At the League?"

I nodded, and he continued, "Art is a wonderful thing. Do you know the work of Savely Sorine? I will introduce you to him."

Turning and clicking his heels again, he left with an "Au 'voir."

Standing, looking at his back as he proceeded briskly down the hall, I thought to myself, New York City is not like Colorado, or Troy either.

Chapter Twelve

ARTISTS AND MODELS

Monday morning at the Art Students League I climbed three flights of stairs to a landing crowded with boys, milling around. Some one told me to sign a list tacked on the wall. The boys were impatient, and I saw the door into the classroom was closed.

"He's posing the model," one of them told me. Standing near the wall I noticed a framed charcoal drawing of a standing nude man, very finely completed down to the knees, where the finish graded off so the feet were just blocked in. I was studying it when suddenly the door was pulled open. It stuck a little, and a very harassed young man with bright red hair came out, calling, "Number One."

Holding up his hand, a rather heavy-set boy shoved his way through the crowd. When my number on the list was called, I went into a large high-ceilinged room. A skylight stretched the full width of one side and halfway down from the ceiling. The walls of the room were rough with dry paint where generations of art students, cleaning their palettes with palette knives, had wiped the knives on the wall.

On a gray wooden stand in about the middle of the room a nude model stood leaning against a high stool. Around her was a forest of easels and chairs. The redheaded boy told me to find a place. I saw most of the students had a black portfolio onto which, using it as a drawing board, they had clipped a sheet of charcoal paper. One of the boys told me, after I had my place, to go down stairs to the store

and get one and some paper and charcoal.

"Joe here has some dry bread," he added.

Joe, a dark-haired Italian boy, handed me a small hunk of stale bread to use as an eraser.

When I returned with my supplies, the redhaired boy was standing by the door. He turned to me. "What's your name?"

I told him.

"Mine's Robert Reid."

Surprised, I told him about the Robert Reid I had known in Colorado.

"I know his work. Very fine," he answered enthusiastically.

"He died not long ago?"

I told him, "Last spring."

By 12:30 the class was over, and Mr. Du Mond had not appeared. In the lunch room on the floor below, a fat colored woman tended an old-fashioned coal stove. A sandwich was enough for me, as I wanted to get to where Mr. Bridgman was giving his test that afternoon for admittance to his class. I found it was to be in the same room as the Du Mond morning class and that all the easels had been removed and put on top of the lockers so only chairs remained. It was good that I was a little early, as by one o'clock about sixty boys were in the room, and some of them had no places to sit.

The monitor finally appeared with the model, a strongly built man carrying a large cheesecake which he set on the model stand, taking a pose with his hip thrown way out and his head twisted the other way. The monitor introduced himself as Frank Reilly, saying each of us should draw the model, using a half sheet of paper. Mr. Bridgman would personally choose the first thirty, which would make up the

class. We would have until 4:30, when all drawings must be fixed and turned in.

I had studied and made copies from Mr. Bridgman's very popular books even before I knew Mr. Reid, and recognized in the model's pose the definite characteristics of a Bridgman drawing; the action side and the inert side, the angle of the head opposite that of the shoulders, and the hips repeating the angle of the head. These points with the alternate spotting of the shading were so much a part of the Bridgman way of drawing that by the end of the period I felt secure, only hoping not too many of the others had also studied the books.

The model ate a large piece of the cheesecake at each rest period, never offering any to the hungry-looking boys in the front row. By the end of the class he had eaten the whole cake. I blew fixative on my drawing out on the landing, as the others were doing, and handed it to Reilly and then went out into the late afternoon sunshine.

At Seventh Avenue, Central Park could be seen two blocks away. At 59th Street there was an open street car with a step running its length, giving access to long seats across its width. It clanged loudly at a pushcart.

Crossing 59th, I found that side of the Park had continuous benches lining both sides of the walks, most of the seats being filled, while children played on the grass. The south side of the street was lined with rows of brownstone houses almost to Fifth Avenue where there were several large buildings, unquestionably studios from the way their tall windows were silhouetted against the sky. What a place for a studio, I thought, looking across the park.

Strolling further on east, I came to a large hotel with no name on it that I could see, until I noticed on the doorman's cap, "The Plaza." Soon I realized that I actually had been looking at the side of the hotel and that there was a more impressive front entrance facing a small plaza. This had stone benches around a circular fountain with a statue of a nude woman. Across 59th Street, facing the plaza, was a large equestrian statue of a woman in flowing robes, leading a soldier on horseback. I was impressed by the beautiful flowing lines and the power of the horse and man. Yet there was something missing, I felt, looking a long time at it, trying to put into words this feeling. A bronze plaque told me the sculptor was Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Suddenly I remembered, once on the trip to Troy, stopping in Chicago and seeing another Saint-Gaudens statue. I had thought at the time that Davey would have objected to the emphasis on the folds of the coat.

"There is no arm under it," I knew he would have said.

Saint-Gaudens had obviously attempted to make a monumental figure. It stood in a park bearing Lincoln's name but lost the whole, in my estimation, by emphasis on the details. I knew now I felt the same way about this group. It had a too photographic quality to be good sculpture. A lot of what I had learned in Colorado had had time to sink in, and one of these lessons was the value of emphasis.

As I walked down the Avenue, at 54th an old house to the west caught my eye. It was a large four-story red brick house, standing alone on a wide lot with an ugly austere feeling to it, particularly in the long narrow windows with white trim. It had, I realized, the feeling of the Middle West about it, making me think of old houses

in Cincinnati which I had seen while visiting my mother's family there. On each side of the house, instead of grass were large areas of concrete with raised borders framing the slabs. That was it, I realized; it was definitely Ohio. Further down the street a handsome five-story mansion was surrounded by a high stone wall with an ornate gate, with a lot of brasswork which a man was polishing. I inquired about the old house.

He replied in a very Irish brogue, "Why, now, sonny, you should know that's John D. Rockefeller's house. And this one" — he pointed to the gate — "is John D., Jr.'s." He looked at me with great satisfaction. "I guess now you would know who they are, eh? Just the two richest men in the world."

He went back to polishing for a minute while I stood looking at the old house. "And let me tell you something." He became very confidential. "Did you notice all that concrete on each side? Well, now, when the children were young the old man, he wasn't so old then, used to flood them and skate there in the winter." He hesitated a moment and continued, "He's a great man. People have the wrong idea about him." And without another word he went back to his polishing.

When the model climbed on the stand the next morning I was all ready, knowing I must make this my best work for Mr. Du Mond's approval.

Reid, the monitor, standing behind me, observed, "I think you have the head a little too small." Stooping to make his eyes line up with mine, he continued, "You are looking up so much at her it makes the head look smaller, but you shouldn't let this happen as it makes her look in the drawing to be falling over backward." Reid straightened up and added casually, "The old man is going to be here this

morning."

The head was easy to correct, and I admitted to myself the effect was better. Starting to shade, working very lightly, I built up the tones so as not to lose any of the drawing. Davey wouldn't like this, I realized.

It was not long before I was very conscious of someone's coming into the room and talking in a low voice. Glancing over to the side, I saw a tall man, with a round face and receding dark hair, leaning over and talking earnestly to a student, looking at the boy more than at his drawing. Several of the other boys stopped working and quietly went over to listen to his criticism.

I wanted to get my drawing a little further along, so I continued working, at the same time thinking about Frank Vincent Du Mond, how much I had heard about him, how he had taught in this room over forty-five years with students like Eugene Speicher, Dmitri Romanovsky, and others who later became famous. At the same time I realized the opinion of him was mixed. Davey had not liked him and had been surprised at Henri's letters. Reid had spoken of him in a belittling tone of voice, as just an illustrator.

Suddenly I realized he was looking over my shoulder at my drawing. After a moment's silence, in which he sat down beside me, he asked in a not unkindly voice, "What do you think of it?"

As I still hesitated, he went on, "You see, you learn different things and apply them well. Then you think you should get approval."

He looked at me rather sharply to see if what he had said penetrated, and, seeing I was a little confused, continued. "In this class we have a point of view, a way of looking at things," and point-

ing at the arm and shoulder I had spent considerable time modeling and thought quite well done, said, "See!" Taking his thumb, he smeared out all the muscles and forms I had defined so carefully.

"Now," he went on, "you have a whole form. Understand?"

I slowly shook my head.

"Where is the form?" I asked, pointing at the elbow he had almost completely wiped out.

He shook his head vigorously.

"That's not the form. That's just one of the little forms." Putting his hand on my shoulder, smiling, he said, "You will do well when you begin to see things our way," and turned to the next boy.

When he came to Reid, who was doing a small painting, he looked around and, seeing I had joined the group, spoke directly to me. "See, Red makes the arm as one piece," and, picking up a brush, dipping it in white and alizarin crimson, added, "well, almost," and started brushing out the form of the deltoid that Reid has so carefully modeled. Then taking the pointed handle of the brush, he drew in the wet paint two concave lines at the point of the elbow. "This we call counterpoint."

I admit I was a little confused but said nothing. Mr. Du Mond then handed the brush back to Reid, smiling "You are doing fine, Red," and moved on to the next student.

Cleaning his palette at the end of the class, Reid turned to me and asked, "How do you like him?"

When I hesitated he went on, "He's really got something to teach. You will see."

The results of the Bridgman test the day before were posted on the classroom door. The boys were milling around, trying to read

them, and with some pushing I saw my name was number three. I went down to the end of the hall to look at the framed charcoal drawing again. It didn't have the pipelike arms and round heads that Mr. Du Mond had made this morning.

A Jewish boy with slightly crossed eyes and heavy glasses, standing beside me, blurted out unhappily, "Just one. That's how close I came. What number did you get?" Before I could answer, he went on, "I got 31, and they are only going to take 30. How do you like that?"

I tried to think of something to say, but the door was yanked open; it seemed always to stick a little, probably because it was always kept open except on Mondays when the monitor was posing the model. One of the students remarked it was a tradition carried over from the Paris art schools that the monitor poses the model alone with the door shut. I could see the sense of this, remembering Davey's class where everyone tried to pose the model. The monitor now stood in the doorway, calling out "Number One" in a loud voice, and a tall thin boy pushed through the crowd and into the room. The monitor watched him find a place, then called, "Number Two." When he called "Number Three," I went in and took a place next to the first two.

The model was the same man who had posed for the test, only he was in different pose and had a fresh cheesecake. I found out later he was a baker by trade and posed as an outlet for his aesthetic feelings. He somehow was able to pose and look exactly like a Bridgman drawing. He even knew where Mr. Bridgman had derived his distinctive method — from Giovanni Tiepolo. He would tell a student whom he though had promise, "Eighteenth Century Venitian. There's a book in the library about him."

Starting to draw, I blocked in the proportions of the standing figure. I felt more secure than I had been in the morning class; at least I had a good idea of what Mr. Bridgman wanted, I thought. At three o'clock the monitor called the usual break of fifteen minutes. Going down to the lunch room, I found Mr. Du Mond was just getting up from one of the tables with a group of students that had been listening to him.

I walked over and said, "Mr. Du Mond, could I show you a letter I have here?"

He smiled and motioned to a table against the wall. I followed, handing him the letter. He smiled as he read it and commented, "Too bad about Henri. He was a fine man." He rose immediately, putting the letter in his pocket. "I'll work out something for you," he said and left.

Mr. Bridgman did not appear that afternoon, and during one of the model's rests, I opened the door into the adjoining room just a little as I had seen several of the other students do. Mr. Du Mond had a portrait class in there and was busy with one of the students.

"There's Hunter. He is a very famous model," a boy whispered, glancing over my shoulder. I looked at the model. He had a strongly molded face and almost coal-black skin and was in a picturesque costume. I also noticed there were girls in this class, working away in brightly colored smocks.

"The girls' life class is in this room in the mornings," the boy back of me went on, still whispering. "In the old days they all had to leave the room when Mr. Du Mond went in to criticize, and he would write what he thought on their drawings and then he would leave and ~~they would leave and~~ they would come back in. That was because

they had a life model."

He saw I was interested, so he went on, as I closed the door.

"In the boys' life class when they had a female model, she had to wear a paper sack over her head with holes for her eyes." He laughed and then answered the question in my mind, how did he know all this? "My father studied here with Mr. Du Mond. He is Charles E. Chambers, the magazine illustrator. You have probably seen his work in Cosmopolitan and other magazines."

"I have," I told him. "He is one of my favorite illustrators."

This pleased him, I could see.

After class I walked slowly west on 57th Street. It had been a hot sultry day, and the room would be stuffy and unbearable even with the open window. At Ninth Avenue I crossed under the elevated tracks and stood on the corner. People hurried past, cars and trucks were an unending stream, moving as the lights changed. Every once in a while there was a deafening sound of the train passing over head. I kept standing, looking around but not really seeing anything and feeling more alone than I had ever felt in my life.

I thought I had gotten over being homesick at Troy where for a few days at first I couldn't eat. But that was different. There were students all around. I was a freshman, and the school stood up on top of the hill, and I felt a part of it, whereas here the students all disappeared right after class. Where they went I didn't know. And everything here was so busy. No one seemed aware I existed. Aimlessly, I walked slowly down Ninth, a most depressing neighborhood. The noise of the trains, the traffic, and particularly of the people sitting on the steps and yelling out windows and the babies crying was actually painful. At the next corner I turned down the side street.

The buildings here were more dilapidated and crumbling than on Ninth Avenue.

I could see the river ahead as the street went down the hill, but the way was so depressing I decided to turn back. Suddenly I ducked instinctively, as a dark object crashed into the steps beside me. Recovering, I looked up, only to see another coming at me. This I also ducked and could see now they were bricks. A couple of boys across the street, about twelve years old, were making me a target. I walked backwards toward the corner watching them, as an old man sitting on a broken step laughed loudly.

"We don't take to strangers much here in Hell's Kitchen," he said in a cracked voice and laughed again.

Crossing under the elevated tracks, I walked toward Eighth Avenue, this time keeping a wary eye open. On Eighth at 59th I found a large open circle with a tall central column which turned out to be a monument to Christopher Columbus. At the entrance to the park I noticed a large sculpture group, with beautiful figures carved in stone. Walking around it, I admired the fine modeling and the way one of the heads was turned on its shoulders. Sculpture, I said to myself, is really drawing in stone; in fact many drawings, one from every angle with forms overlapping one another, having a constantly changing contour.

Mr. Bridgman was a short bald man who wore halfglasses out on the end of his turned-up nose. These [?] ~~spectacles~~ were attached to a black ribbon, the other end of which he wore in the buttonhole of his dark suit. Neatly dressed with a vest and spats, he was the sartorial opposite to Mr. Du Mond in his dirty blue smock.

He had a large drawing board attached permanently to the wall,

at an angle and high enough so the whole class could see it. The monitor fastened several pieces of blank newsprint to this and also attached a piece of charcoal to the end of a long stick with which Mr. Bridgman could draw on the board. ^{HE} Mr. Bridgman began by adjusting his glasses, then putting two marks, one at the top and one at the bottom of the paper.

"Always place the limits of your figure first," he said, pointing to the marks. Stopping for a moment, he added a little aside. "There was a fellow named Joe who came to this class." His expression implied that Joe might now be sweeping out speakeasies. "He was pretty good, only he couldn't keep the drawing on the page. One day I asked him where the feet were on his drawing. He picked up the bottom of his drawing and showed me the ankles and feet drawn on the underside, fitting perfectly around the edge."

Everyone laughed. Then assuming a threatening manner, he warned, "Don't let this happen to you."

Turning back to his drawing, he amazed me at the dexterity he achieved with the seemingly clumsy stick. He concentrated his first lecture on blocking out the figure, about which I and perhaps several others had already read in his book. After about half an hour of this, he turned to criticize the students' drawings.

Each student had been directed by the monitor to have a piece of chamois, and I observed that Mr. Bridgman's method of teaching was to move along the rows from student to student, usually without a word, hold out his hand for the chamois, and rub out the student's entire drawing, then quickly draw in its place his stock-drawing — no matter how good the original drawing had been — and then move on to the next student. Obviously, the students did not follow him as

they had done in Mr. Du Mond's class.

It was rather disconcerting to me to have my drawing on which I had worked hard all the previous afternoon rubbed out so summarily and to have a drawing the same as one could see in his books drawn in its place; one that had very little relation to the model except that they were both standing on the same leg. At the end of the afternoon I was confused and a little disappointed at both Mr. Du Mond and Mr. Bridgman, as teachers. But I told myself they both had been teaching here at the League in these very rooms for over fifty years.

Chapter Thirteen

I FIND MYSELF

The month of November began to bring cold weather. A few mornings it went down to 20°. The window was still wide open, as I found it was usually a little warmer outside than in. Actually, I did not suffer at first living in that unheated room as much as might be imagined, having spent the previous two winters in Troy where 8° and 10° above was average. There I had a Franklin Stove in the furnished room, buying charcoal in a paper sack at the grocery and making it possible to study at night. I found here in New York that by wrapping my feet in a blanket and keeping them off the floor, I could read in considerable comfort. The library loaned me Of Human Bondage and I suffered with Phillip and Mildred.

After a month in the Bridgman class, I changed to the afternoon portrait class, Mr. Du Mond fixing me up with a scholarship. Anything else I wanted I could get from the Bridgman books, and, besides, Mr. Du Mond had started me in Painting. I began to understand what he was talking about, and on my last couple of paintings, he had affixed a small D in the upper corner. I was uncertain about what this meant until Reid told me not to paint over those particular canvases. We generally did, making about six paintings over the same canvas before it became too slick to use. The public showings were at the end of the year, Reid said, and Mr. Du Mond wanted some work to choose from, hence the little D's.

Sunday was a bad day usually. The League was not open. The

couple of friends I had at the Y, whose showers I used, were usually away at home over the weekends, and it became too cold to sit in the room all day. This particular Sunday I was more discouraged than usual. It wasn't the first time I had felt my inability to suit myself with my work. Like so many students I had accomplished in a small way what I'd wanted to do, then found I didn't like the results. It made me restless, as I walked rather aimlessly down 57th Street after breakfast.

Crossing Seventh Avenue, I walked down the hill past the Russian Tearoom and looked in Fredrick's window at an easel. It had a crank that raised or lowered the painting without the lot of fuss that most easels required. By twisting around, I could read the price tag; \$95.00, an enormous sum to me. Looking up at the two studio buildings above me, numbers 130 and 140, with their awnings across the sidewalk and their uniformed doormen, I somehow pictured myself in a studio with those large skylights I could see above me and with an easel that cranked up. This particular morning it all seemed a long way off.

Turning north at Sixth Avenue, I walked north to Central Park, then east on 59th. I guess this was my favorite block in Manhattan. A building was going up at the corner, with a big sign advertising suites in the ^{San} ~~San~~ Moritz-to-be. Then there was a long row of brown-stone houses, dusty and dignified in appearance, stretching to the far end of the block and ending with a couple of tall apartment buildings, the first having a big window on the top floor. I had been told this was McClelland Barclay's studio. Anyway, it represented the dream studio to me, with that big north window looking out over the park. I had no idea how much it cost, but that meant the ultimate of success as an artist to me.

I was deep in my thoughts of that studio, which represented a release from the grinding poverty and discomfort of my present existence, as I strolled north on the park side of Fifth Avenue. It was a cold, gray, windy day with only a few people walking on that side. I had no destination; only my thoughts. The paintings I had been doing lately had been realistically good. Mr. Du Mond had complimented me on these. He had been right; by overdoing the small forms at the expense of the larger ones, I had lost the whole. Now that I had the idea, I realized how confused I had been at first. Even so, I was not exactly happy about what I was doing, and I couldn't explain exactly why.

Walking along with my head down against the cold wind, it began to dawn on me that the idea I had believed in so strongly — that nature is beautiful, and so if you realistically reproduced it faithfully, the painting would be beautiful — was not true. The models we'd had recently were unusually good for a change; the last girl in the life class had had a beautiful figure, and Hunter had been in the portrait class with a picturesque costume. I had really worked getting them down perfect to the last detail. But when I looked at them on Saturday I had a terrible let down. Why didn't I like them?

The only painting I had done lately that I liked was that old lady with the dirty old hat. I had done it in a single afternoon, and at the suggestion of several students had not worked any more on it. Puzzled, I remembered what Davey used to say: a person's esthetic or artistic feeling had no connections with his rational common sense. It gave me a strong feeling that I had been painting like a bookkeeper lately, probably with success and with those warm expensive studios more in my mind than they should be.

A large gray shape loomed up on my left — looking up, I saw it was the familiar front of the Metropolitan Museum. I had not realized I had walked this far. Suddenly I realized how cold and hungry I was and that the Museum cafeteria had an excellent roast beef sandwich. I realized I had reached a milestone in my work, there had been truth in what Davey had said in his talks in that old greenhouse, when he'd told me of Spain with Henri, and of Goya and El Greco.

Walking up the great stairway, I went directly to the portrait of Alfonso d'Este by Titian. I always thrilled at this painting done in the grand manner. Here was an artist truly expressing himself and his times. I had read about Venice of that period, of its power and opulence and color. Looking again at this painting, I felt this magnificent portrait truly expressed all this.

In the center of the same wall was a very large portrait of three sisters all in white, expressed in a very different way by another artist in another era. Sargent also had, in another gallery, a portrait of a woman standing in a low-cut black dress with her head turned to show her profile. Mr. Reid spoke of Sargent, I remember. I could see his portraits had a vital quality; they looked as if the subjects were about to speak. This feeling of animation was achieved, I thought, by the flowing lines such as Mr. Du Mond was always talking about. But I knew it was more than that. It was the work of a very vital painter who seemed to be able to condense a painting, which had doubtlessly taken days to complete, into one burst of enthusiasm.

A painting by Daumier was very different from the Sargent. Here again was an artist expressing himself and his times.

Leaving the building some time later, I stopped at the bottom of the steps to buy a sack of chestnuts from one of the little carts

that were always there with their fragrant smoke. A painter must, in order to express himself, come to the conclusion: what is himself and his times. On the other side of the Avenue, the great marble palaces were being torn down to make way for apartment buildings. One had only to read the papers to know that this was the day of the common man.

I wondered what I really was and where I would fit in; a Middle Westerner living in a cold dark room and hating my surroundings and wishing for success to lift myself out of this into the world of the Plaza and Park Avenue. But something told me there was no basis of truth in this desire. Abruptly, one painting stood out from this day's walk through the Museum, an old lady with a parrot on her shoulder. I had recognized the name Frans Hals as one Davey had spoken of several times. Somehow this painting made me feel I could paint like that.

A quotation from Emerson came to me in which he spoke of greatness as making lesser people say to themselves, "Why didn't I think of that?" I knew Hals was no Titian living in a Venetian palace nor a Sargent in Paris and London society. These painters grew up in, and were a part of, that grand manner of living which I realized was now collapsing. But Hals! Suddenly I turned and walked quickly back into the Museum, up the stairs, and through the galleries to this painting. Nothing about this painting was quite like any other. You didn't feel as if it was composed as a job for some great church or palace like the Rubens, or done with any theory like the impressionists'. It was more as if Hals had told you about this old lady himself in his intimate style. My thoughts were interrupted by a very distinguished looking, gray haired man standing beside me.

"Did you know?" he began and then apologized for speaking to me by saying, "You stood there looking at it so long, I wondered what you were thinking about." But before I could answer, he continued, "As I was saying, did you know that this painting was the first 'old master' to come to America?"

"No," I answered slowly. "That's interesting, I didn't know that."

The old man continued, "They, I mean a group of men including Horace Greeley, rented a second floor of an old building down on Fifth Avenue near St. Patrick's. It had been a dancing academy, and they called it the Metropolitan Museum although they had no paintings. They then sent one of their group to Europe with considerable money they had raised among themselves to buy paintings. He bought this in Holland and sent it back home, the first of over two hundred."

He hesitated a moment, seeing I was reading the brass plate on the frame. "Actually," he began again, "it was painted by the son of the great Frans Hals, whose name also was Frans and who painted very much like his father."

He stopped and looked at me, "Are you an art student?"

I nodded.

"I could tell by the way you were studying it," he went on. I started to thank him for the information, but he smiled and said, "I always wanted to be an artist, but conditions prevailed. I won't bore you with them, but when I saw you studying that picture so intently it reminded me of myself, when I was your age. I'm retired now and paint a little myself. With whom do you study?"

I told him Mr. Du Mond.

"Of course, I know him. I live in the National Arts Club in

Gramercy Park. Do you know Adrian Lamb?"

I nodded. Lamb had been in the class the year before and was one of the many former students that occasionally visited with Mr. Du Mond in the lunchroom, often bringing a painting to show him.

"Let me introduce myself," he went on. "I'm Walter Clark."

I told him my name. After a few pleasantries he walked away. I would make it a point to inquire about Walter Clark.

I left the museum in a much better frame of mind. The artists whose works I had been looking at were, I realized, human beings too, and some of them had been cold and hungry. At least, I wasn't hungry. All had done the best they could with what they had, and the one that impressed me most, the old lady with the parrot, whether Hals' son had painted it or not, was a fine painting of a subject available to anyone. Its greatness was in what the artist created, not in the subject.

Chapter Fourteen

JULIA

The Museum was warm and quiet on weekday afternoons. I stepped back, looking at the copy I was making for Sloanes on Fifth Avenue, of Mrs. Biddle by Thomas Sully. Comparing it with the original showed I had much to do. The Museum supplied the easel and drop cloth and even had an attendant carrying them for you.

Adrian Lamb had been in the lunchroom with Mr. Du Mond not long after my encounter with Walter Clark, whom they both knew. He had been the chief engineer, Lamb had said, for the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad for the Czar and recently had founded the Grand Central Galleries for American Artists, in the top floor of that station. Lamb, with Mr. Du Mond concurring, suggested copying in the Museum for a while. They realized, I guess, that I was running short of money. He suggested I do the pair Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, by Sully.

The Museum encouraged copying, I found out, the only restriction being that the painting must not be exactly the same size as the original. Only an inch or so difference was sufficient. I saw the face on my copy was too long. I could widen the face, but that would make the head too big for the body. I then thought of shortening the chin, but that would make the nose too long.

"Oh, well," I said to myself, taking the palette knife and scraping the whole head out, while a rather distinguished looking man, watching me with his hands clasped behind him, smiled consolingly.

"Art is long, etcetera," he quoted and walked on.

A couple with a little girl, obviously from the Middle West, gathered around so closely I was afraid they would get in the paint.

"Are these real, genuine (with the accent on the wine) oil paintings?" the husband asked me, motioning to the paintings in the Gallery.

"Sure," I answered.

"See, Alley," he said to his wife, "I told you so."

"Well, I do declare," she answered and turned to me confidentially. "We never done seen no oil paintings before; that is, genuine ones."

She went over close to the aristocratic Mrs. Biddle. I could almost see that lady cringe.

"Don't touch, Alley," her husband warned. Reading out loud from the brass plate on the frame, "Mrs. Francis Biddle, by Thomas Sully, 1741-1795." She then turned, looking at me questioningly, "Well, I do declare, almost two hundred years ago. Did they know how to do oil painting that long ago?"

"Don't be ignorant, Alley," her husband admonished.

"Well, you didn't know that," she said and turned to me. "We come from Richmond, Indiana, and here you all are making a genuine oil painting. "Look, Joe, at all them colors."

"I see them," he answered, a little embarrassed. "Come on, Alley, don't take up any more of the man's time."

But Alley was not stopped that easily.

"Are you going to hang your painting here?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"Well, why Linda Bell!" she yelled.

The little girl had been watching with wide-open eyes and dipping her finger in the orange paint and putting it in her mouth. Her mother pulled the finger out of her mouth and looked at her daughter, all covered over with orange paint.

"Joe, do something. It's in her mouth," she said in an anguished voice.

I dipped a rag in turpentine and handed it to her father who wiped her face and inside her mouth. It must have tasted bad, as the little girl started to yell. A guard who had been observing all this walked over.

"Take her through that door and down the stairs to the wash-room," he directed, "and wash her mouth out with a lot of soap and water."

As they left, the little girl still yelling, the guard turned to me, looking down his nose, I thought.

"Culture is hard to come by for some people," he said and walked away.

By the end of the week I thought Mrs. Biddle looked fairly good. I strengthened the highlight on the cheek a little, then, standing back, compared it with the original. I had become used to people asking questions, some silly and some showing considerable knowledge of painting.

Adrian Lamb was painting in another gallery. He had come to see my first effort and was complimentary.

"Now do the one of Mr. Biddle and take them to Sloanes together," he advised. "Some real characters come through here, don't they?"

He laughed, as he left. I smiled, thinking of some of them.

At that particular moment one walked into the gallery that made the tired guards straighten up and stare, even at 4:30 in the afternoon. She was tall and graceful, wearing a tight-fitting sweater and a pair of man's levi pants. I guess I had never seen a girl wearing pants before, and I guess the guards hadn't either, at least not one that looked like this. She walked over to my easel and stopped, looking at the painting. I had been staring so hard at her sweater, and those tight-fitting pants, that it came as a shock that she also had a beautiful face and warm copper-colored hair. She made a face, as if something smelled bad.

"I don't like that," she said, pointing at my painting. I was a little taken back, and before I could think of anything to say, she moved closer to me.

"I like you," she said in a husky voice. I still said nothing and just stared at her.

The guards also stared at her until one looked at his watch and came over toward me, his eyes still on her, announcing, "Closing time will be in fifteen minutes. You better get packed up."

"Here, I will help you," she said, her voice somehow tinkling as she took the painting off the easel. "With your talent you shouldn't be making copies of other people's painting."

She held the painting out distastefully. Automatically I put my brushes and palette in the sketch box, finding myself unable to keep my eyes off of her. Despite this outlandish outfit, I appreciated the beauty of her figure and the grace of her movements. The guard also couldn't stop looking at her, as he picked up the easel and drop cloth. The three of us walked through the galleries to the stairway and down to the storeroom where I took the painting from her

and put in a rack for that purpose. I kept the paint box.

"I'll need it for class tomorrow."

It was the first words I had spoken since she came in.

"Oh, I like your voice!" she exclaimed.

I was still a little taken back, never having met any one quite like this before. I thanked the guard who was still staring at her as we walked toward the front door.

"I must get my coat."

Her voice had a musical quality, I thought, suddenly remembering I also had a coat. Outside we stopped on the Museum's broad front steps and looked down onto busy Fifth Avenue.

"Oh, look, it's been snowing," she cried gleefully. "Let's get some chestnuts."

Grabbing my hand, she pulled me toward the little chestnut cart which was smoking in the cold air. I bought a couple of sacks, handing her one.

"Let's walk a ways," she cried, turning around a couple of times like a dance step.

We walked down the Avenue, munching our chestnuts.

"What's your name?" I began hesitatingly.

"You're right." She laughed gaily. I thought, what a beautiful laugh she had. "As long as we are going to live together, we better know each other's name. Mine's Julia, Julia Powers. What's yours?"

I told her.

"Oh, that's a good name for an artist. I like that." She came close, looking into my eyes. Her eyes were lavender now, I realized. "I like you," she announced, and then in a hesitating voice,

she asked, "Do you like me?"

"Yes," I answered a bit ^t more strongly than I had meant to, adding, "I'm afraid I do."

"Afraid?" she said questioningly, "what are you afraid of?"

"I don't know," I answered myself more than her, "I don't know," I repeated.

"I know," she said firmly, "you are afraid I'll interfere with your precious painting. Isn't that it?"

She waited for an answer, but I didn't say anything.

"I promise I won't," she went on in a pleading voice. "In fact, I will help you with it. Look at me." She whirled around again a couple of times.

"Wouldn't I make a good model? I'll pose any time you wish. I'll pose nude for you. I have a beautiful figure." She laughed at me for looking at her in a dazed sort of way. "Don't you believe it? I'll show you when we get home."

She turned and faced me squarely.

"Now what is there to be afraid of?" She had a halo of snowflakes in her hair that shone in the street light.

Rallying my common sense, I said, "You don't know anything about me. I may be married for all you know."

Her gay laugh made several passersby stop and look at her. She glanced at me and started laughing again. Finally she stopped, seeing I was embarrassed.

Then she said, still gaily, "I'm sorry, but you are the most unmarried looking man I have ever seen. Your hair hasn't been combed in weeks, and look at those shoes." And then, more softly, "I'm sorry I laughed. Nobody cares about you, now, do they?"

The way she said it brought tears into my eyes. I remembered how lonely I had been the last few months.

"But I do now," she said. Now very softly, taking my arm, she whispered, "Let's go home."

I looked at her uncertainly.

"Where?"

"To your apartment or room, silly. You do have some place that has a roof over your head, don't you?"

"I have a room," I admitted. "It's not"

But she interrupted, "Let's go there."

"You see, it's not much," I said apologetically, as I lit the gas mantel.

Julia walked around, looking at the drawings and a couple of paintings which I had hung on the wall. She pointed at one nude figure drawing.

"You should see how much better my figure is than that."

She started to take off her coat but turned, looking questioningly at the open window. I followed her glance.

"It lets the warm air in."

We both laughed, as large snowflakes drifted in. Throwing her arms around me, she exclaimed, "You need me more than I thought you did."

I felt warm all over, just looking at her.

"Let's go eat," I said, deciding to splurge on her.

We went to a little Italian restaurant down a couple of steps, with soft lights, checkered red and white tablecloth, and a glass of bread sticks in the center of the table. We both ordered spaghetti and meat balls, and the owner, straight from the south of Italy, brought

a bottle of red wine covered with a napkin, with an air of great secrecy.

"To love," he whispered.

"Isn't it stupid," Julia exclaimed, "that we can't even have a glass of wine without hiding it? Let's go to Italy. It's warmer there."

The owner was hovering nearby.

"We are going to Italy," Julia confided to him jokingly.

"No, no," he said, using his hands dramatically. "Everybody starve there." And then, as he looked at the dirty windows that were almost covered with snow, a faraway look came over his face, as he leaned over and said softly to Julia, "How I miss my sunny Italy. How beautiful it is this time of year in Calabria."

We sat for a long while after finishing, warm with the food and wine, and looked across the table into each other's eyes, saying nothing.

It was only when we were back on the street again that the icy air brought me back to reality. What was I going to do with her?

"Where do you live?" I started. "I'll take"

She interrupted, "Why, with you. I thought that was all settled." She waited for a moment. "Of course, if you don't want me"

A hundred doubts went through my head. What would Mrs. Dunn say? She would probably throw me out. But, turning, I saw her beautiful profile lighted against a dark building.

"Come on," I said, taking her arm.

While I was looking in the drawer for a pair of pajamas for her, she slipped out of her clothes and into bed, pulling the covers

up under her chin.

"Don't you want a pair of pajamas?" I asked.

"Never sleep in anything," she laughed.

I went down the hall, brushed my teeth, and got into my pajamas. Back in the room, she said in her low husky voice, "Come on, get in bed. You will freeze out there."

Doubts again assailed me. I'd had lots of girls, but always outdoors, in haystacks and barn lofts, never in bed. It didn't seem right. Sensing my hesitation, she threw off the covers, showing her body. It was more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I stared at her for a moment.

"No, I'm not going to pose now. You come here." And she reached up, putting her hands behind my neck and pulled me down to her.

The next morning at class I could not keep my mind on painting. I kept seeing Julia in that sweater, her profile, her violet eyes. Angry at myself, I tried harder to concentrate but only succeeded in ruining the painting. The harder I tried, the stiffer and worse it became. Finally, quitting, I left the building and walked over to Columbus Circle to gather my thoughts. Something pulled me toward the room, but I resisted and sat down on a bench.

I wondered if Julia were still in the room. She had been fast asleep when I left. I wanted her to be gone, but I didn't really, and I knew it. Finally, without deciding anything, I walked over to the house, entering the front door. I realized Mrs. Dunn had stepped out and was wagging her finger at me, as much as to say that I had been a bad boy.

"I don't mind you bringing her up for one night. But no more,"

she said severely, adding, "She is a very pretty girl, I'll admit." She smiled, shaking her finger at me again, "But not tonight."

I walked to my door. Julia was there all right. I could hear her singing a little song in her husky voice. I opened the door. She jumped up and, running to me, threw her arms around my neck, kissing me on the mouth.

"Did you have a good class this morning? Look what I have done around here. See how clean it is." She was standing very close to me, her arm around my waist. I pulled her closer, and she whispered how happy she was. "Look how I arranged your drawings. All even now."

She turned me around, and I had to admit the place looked much neater, and my drawings showed off better. She walked to one, a back of a girl in a twisted pose.

"This one is really great," she said seriously.

I was proud of that drawing. I remembered how hard I had worked, getting the muscles to stand out to show the strain of the pose. Also how the model had suffered, trying to keep it.

"You can almost feel the pull in that shoulder, the way the muscles stand out," Julia exclaimed.

"Trapezeius, latissimus dorsi, external oblique," I said, laughing as she looked puzzled, feeling as I had last evening. "The names of the muscles."

She wrinkled her nose and moved to another drawing, a reclining pose with parts of the figure modestly covered with a drape.

"That's the way I want you to paint me." She hesitated. "I don't mind you seeing me without anything on, but hanging on the wall for everybody to see, I'd be too bashful."

I said nothing.

"Of course," she grabbed my arm, "if it helped your study, I would pose that way, but then we could keep the drawing in that portfolio just for ourselves, couldn't we?"

"Of course," I answered.

"And that lady who came in to straighten up the room this morning, she sure looked at me in a funny way," she said in a subdued voice.

"Mrs. Dunn," I said. "What did she say?"

"Nothing," Julia said, "but I could see she was hurt. "She just walked in without knocking, looked at me, and looked around the room. But I had made the bed and straightened up, so she just walked out without saying a word. I felt, well, funny." She hesitated. "Like I was a tramp."

She was facing me now, looking at me searchingly. All I could think about was how beautiful were her violet eyes.

"I'm not a tramp," she began with emphasis. "I wouldn't live with a man like she thinks. But you are an artist. That makes it right, doesn't it? If I can pose for you and live with you and help you make great paintings, that's more important than what she thinks, isn't it? Tell me, isn't it?"

She looked at me so appealingly that I couldn't bring myself to say what I knew I must say, that she could not stay tonight. I shook my head slowly, "I don't know."

She put her arms around me, clinging for a while.

Suddenly she stepped back, wiping her eyes, and said gaily, "What are we going to do this afternoon? Finish the copy at the Museum? I'll carry it up and watch you paint, I'll inspire you."

Realizing that in my state of mind I would only ruin what I had already started well, I wanted to get things straight, one way or the other. I couldn't even think, the way things were.

"Mrs. Dunn says you can't stay here tonight," I blurted out. Julia looked horrified.

"You saw her this morning? She spoke to you? Oh, I've made trouble for you. I'm sorry, I'll get out right now." She started for the door. I caught her arm.

"Wait," I said, walking over to the bed and sitting down. "Come over her and sit down."

My voice was casual even if I didn't feel that way. She hesitated, started slowly for the first few steps, then came with a rush, and bounced down beside me with an expectant smile.

"Let's not work up there this afternoon," I began. "Let's enjoy ourselves."

Julia giggled and pressed close to me. I took her hand, the first real sign of affection I had shown for her since we met. She responded by clasping mine in both of hers and returned my gaze. Those violet eyes! I realized I must be strong.

"Where do you live here?" I asked, speaking as matter of factly as I could.

"Here?" Her eyes were questioning.

"In New York?" I kept prodding.

"Oh," she answered, dropping her eyes, "I don't live in New York. I live in Rahway. That's over in New Jersey near Elizabeth."

Puzzled, I asked, "What were you doing at the Museum?"

She laughed again, looking at me, "It's so dull over in Rahway." She began, "You don't know what a town like that is like"

— hesitating — "to a person like me."

"Yes, I do," I interrupted. "Sorry, go on."

"Well, yesterday morning," she continued, "I just got on the train and came to New York, and the first place I went was to the Museum. I love art." She looked at me again. "And artists. That is, I know just one artist and I Tell me," she said, half-hopefully and half-sadly, "that I have just been a silly girl. I don't know why I did it."

There was a long silence.

"What about your folks? Won't they worry?" I asked finally.

"No," she said slowly and stopped.

"How come?" I persisted. "They must love you."

"Well," she still hesitated. "I'll bore you with all this."

"No," I insisted.

She smiled weakly and began, "My mother is dead, and I live with my father and a housekeeper, and they" She hesitated as if it were very painful. "They go off and get drunk quite often. That's where they are now. They probably won't be back for a week."

She bent her head and said nothing.

"That's terrible," I exclaimed. "There's no one else?"

Julia replied slowly, "Aunt Betsy. She lives down the street."

"Is she kind to you?" I asked.

"No," Julia replied angrily. Then she said slowly, "But I would hate to worry her. I guess she means all right. She has a job in the dime store. I did it for a month. I hated it and quit. She was very angry. I guess she loves me in her own way."

A long pause.

"But," she started, crying a little. "I love art, and this."

She looked at the open window. "Even that."

I also looked at the window. It was dark and gloomy outside, half-raining and half-snowing. She pulled her coat around her more tightly and laughed.

"Well, not exactly. But you know what I mean."

She threw her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek. We were silent for a while, just sitting there close together. Abruptly I stood up. She looked at me in surprise.

"Get in bed," I ordered, almost briskly.

She rose and started taking off her coat.

"No," I said, "leave them on."

She obeyed, and I pulled the covers up to her chin. "You stay there and keep warm. I'm going out." I went to the door and looked back. She waved and smiled. I closed the door behind me and hurried to the subway station. At 14th Street, I got off and walked around the movie theatre to where Bank Street started. After about a block and a half I saw a very dirty sign, To Let, stuck in the door of a dingy tenement. Someone with a pencil had added an "i" between the "o" and the "l". A hatchet-faced woman answered my ring.

"You have a furnished apartment for rent?" I asked politely.

The woman turned without speaking and started up the stairs. I assumed she expected me to follow. The stairs creaked mournfully as we went up flight after flight. When we came to the fifth floor, a large rat was sitting on the top step as if to welcome us.

"Scat." The old woman stamped her foot, and the rat scampered down the hall.

She opened the door and entered a dark room which proved to be the kitchen, after she had raised the dirty shade on the single

window. It looked out onto another window about four feet away. There was a filthy stove and a sink along the wall, but what really caught my eye was an old-fashioned bathtub right in the middle of the room. I looked around it and sure enough it was hooked up with pipes. The old woman had meanwhile gone into the other room and raised another shade. This window looked into a brick wall, also about four feet away. This room turned out to be a combination living room and bedroom, as the sofa became a bed. It was stained and full of holes.

"Any heat or hot water?" I asked.

From her expression, I got the answer. The place was dirty and musty smelling, and the building was sagging so that the walls and ceiling slanted in a cockeyed, drunken sort of way.

"How much?" I asked.

"How many?"

"Two."

She answered immediately, "Eighteen dollars a month," adding very severely, "in advance."

I knew I had seven dollars in my pocket; no, now it was six: ninety-five after the subway fare.

"Can I pay by the week?"

"No," the old woman said flatly, walking back into the kitchen. I stared at the bathtub, and thought of Julia; that would really make a painting. The old woman turned to me. "I'll take two weeks," she offered with a wave of generosity, and then amending it with, "not as a regular thing, you understand."

"I can give you six," I offered, "and the rest next week."

Where I was going to get it I didn't think about right then. The old woman did not answer but walked to the door and held it open,

and on the way down I heard her muttering about making an old lady walk up all those stairs.

Out on the street, I stood in the rain for a time, uncertainly. I knew this part of the West Village to be cheap and fairly respectable, having visited students with rooms around here and in the Abington Square section on Hudson Street. To the south below Houston Street I knew was Italian, and east of Washington Square a jungle of rotting tenements stretched along the Bowery and into the lower East Side, an unknown and frightening place.

"Three dollars," I said to myself, walking along, "is all I need."

I knew a student who lived nearby, but, thinking of Angelo, I laughed. He would try to borrow money from me. As I walked west, the cold rain began to turn to sleet that cut my face, adding to my discomfort. The dark miserable day made me feel very discouraged. At Hudson Street a sign caught my eye, Vacancy.

A little girl opened the door and called back to someone in the rear. After a while a man with a hard evil face appeared out of the darkness of the hall.

"You have a flat to rent?"

"A room," he replied sullenly, looking me over. "You bringing a girl with you?"

I hesitated. He must have seen enough because he slammed the door in my face. I walked back again toward Seventh Avenue and the subway, asking myself bitterly, "How did I get into this? I'm a dope. Everything was coming along fine, and now look at me."

A painting in a tiny shop window caught my eye. It was a small nude, very poorly painted. Again I thought of the bathtub and

of Julia. Oh, well, it was too cold now. We would have had to wait until spring, anyway. I got on the subway and looked around at the people, all dripping on the floor. The clamor depressed me terribly.

At 42nd Street I could stand it no longer. Walking along Broadway, I passed the Capitol that other times had seemed so glamorous. Now everything looked drab and gray.

As I approached my room, it was with conflicting emotions. Wishing she would be gone, I found myself hurrying with anticipation, almost ran the last few steps to the front door, and, going in, flung open the door of my room. The place was empty. I looked around wildly and then, realizing she was not there, sat down, the water dripping from my wet clothes, my head in my hands. How long I stayed that way I did not know. Finally straightening up, slowly and stiffly from the cold, I noticed it had grown dark outside.

I lit the gas mantle and pulled out my pad, sketching her profile and then the way she had looked up at me. Suddenly tearing it off, I started one of her lying nude on the bed, as I had seen her the night before. So engrossed was I with this drawing that I hardly heard soft foot steps, as the door closed and her hair brushed the side of my face. With a low laugh, she saw my drawing.

Quickly she peeled off her coat and sweater, loosened her belt so her levis dropped to the floor, and stood there nude, looking down at me. I stared at her for a long time. What a beautiful figure she had. Then I took my overcoat and put it around her.

"You will freeze," I said, and we both laughed.

She dressed quickly, and we left the room, going to a coffee shop on the corner. She made no comment.

The next morning was a beautiful day, one of those rare days

in New York when the sky is intensely blue and everything sparkles. We had quietly slipped out of the room early, so Mrs. Dunn would not be up. After we had breakfast at the corner coffee shop, Julia took my hand and started up Ninth Avenue. Generally I crossed under the elevated tracks and went down 57th Street, but this morning I followed her. The sunlight filtered through the L tracks, and even the dirty little shops lost their drab appearance. At 59th she turned east. Almost where it entered the Circle I saw what she wanted me to see, an employment agency. I had noticed it in passing a couple of times.

It had a large blackboard hanging on the front, listing jobs. I read a few; cooks, a chauffeur uptown. Finally I saw why she had brought me here.

She read out softly, "Filling station attendant, \$80 a month." She squeezed my arm. "I could buy gas from you when we get a car."

I read a couple more, "Waiter, dishwasher."

She took her hand from my arm and started walking on. I realized this was it, that in walking on with her was in reality walking away from her. We crossed the Circle in silence and stood facing the entrance to the Park.

"Let's walk through here," she said gaily, adding, "Look at that little boy."

We came to a miniature lake that reflected the tall buildings on Fifth Avenue.

She exclaimed, "Isn't that beautiful?"

We continued walking until we came to some formal steps leading down to a large circular fountain. As we strolled around it, Julia exclaimed, "Isn't this a romantic place?" and touching the stone

edge with her fingertips, added, "What a story all this could tell if it could speak."

The water was rippled by a small boy, sailing his boat on the other side.

She went on, "How many lovers have met and sat here? Look how worn the edge is." She rubbed her finger along the stones and looked into the water. "And how many have parted here?"

She pulled her hand back. I remained standing, looking down at her.

"Let's go," I said finally, turned, and stepped away.

She smiled and followed. We walked to Fifth Avenue in silence.

Suddenly she said, "Would you buy me a ticket to Rahway?"

"Yes, I guess so," I answered. "There's a bus now. It goes to Penn Station."

She said, "Let's get it."

On the ride down I was struggling with my feelings, and Julia said nothing, just kept looking out of the window of the bus. At the station we walked down the wide stairway and into the waiting room. It was crowded with people, hurrying in every direction.

Looking around for the ticket windows, I finally located them and said, "Over there," and looked where she had been standing, but she was gone. After a few moments, I realized that finding her in this crowd would be impossible. Even so, I walked over to the row of ticket windows and waited for about fifteen minutes, but no Julia.

Finally, I walked through the station and up the steps to Eighth Avenue. Looking back at the thronged station, I knew I would not see her again. Slowly I walked uptown along the Avenue. It was lunch time, but I was not hungry. Knowing I couldn't go back to the

room, I just walked on and on, not noticing anything.

At Columbus Circle I continued up the Park side. It had clouded up now, and the wind was cold and raw. Finally I came to where the Elevated made a great sweeping curve six or seven stories above the street. I had never been in the neighborhood before. A street went diagonally up to a great church. I followed it. Finally at 116th Street I crossed over to Broadway through the University Campus.

I was so tired I sat down on a bench in the center parkway, between the streetcar tracks. No wonder I am tired, I thought. I have walked 83 blocks. It was too cold to sit long, so, getting up stiffly, I walked down Broadway a ways until I saw a movie house with the unlikely name of Nemo. It would be warm inside, and I had to sit down. The picture was a comedy and took my mind off that terrible empty feeling. The next feature was a bore, but I sat through it, going to sleep a couple of times. Finally my eyes and head hurt so much I had to go. Stepping into the lobby, I saw a group of people clustered around, waiting.

It was raining hard outside. I ran across the street to the downtown subway station. At the Automat I got a cup of hot chocolate and a sweet roll. After I had finished these, I sat there for a long time, dreading going back to that cold empty room. Finally I went out wearily into the rain.

Mrs. Dunn was in the hall, as I went in the front door. She looked at me with a combination of "I told you so" and pity.

"You know the old saying," she said, shaking her head. "Lie down with the dogs, and you are sure to get fleas."

I looked at ^{her} _^uncomprehendingly.

"Go in and see," she said grimly.

I couldn't believe my eyes at first, as I lit the mantle and turned up the gas. All my drawings had been torn off the wall, ripped into shreds, and scattered over the floor. My two canvases had big holes punched in them and had been thrown on the bed. In disbelief I looked at myself in the mirror, suddenly making out the word "Goodby" in lipstick across it.

I had forgotten to close the door after I had turned up the light, and now a man's voice laughed from the hall, "Looks like you have had a visitor," and after a pause, "a woman, it looks to me."

I nodded. It was the Russian from next door.

"Come into my room. I'll give you a drink. It will do you good."

I followed him and sat down on a chair. He poured out a small glassful of liquor and handed it to me. I sipped it slowly. It was very strong and warmed me all the way through. "That's real Vodka, from the banks of the Volga."

"It's quite strong," I commented, "makes me feel better already."

"Strong, like the people who make it," the Russian replied.

Finishing my glass, I rose, thanking him. "That's what I really needed," I said gratefully.

"Anytime, my friend, anytime," he smiled.

I went into my room and went to bed without bothering to clean up the mess.

Chapter Fifteen

ACQUIRING A POINT OF VIEW

I had found that it was useless to ask Mr. Du Mond how to do anything. He would give a little grimace, like how can you be so trivial, and start on his favorite topic: students were in class to get his point of view, which to my way of thinking was a rather vague idea that unity was the all-important consideration. His usual criticism of drawings was to take out all the anatomy of an arm or leg and make a tube, as he had done on my first drawing. On the head or torso he drew a lot of lines around like bands. With a painting he always took a brush, dipping it in white and alizerin to make a bluish pink, and painted out all the carefully modeled halftones so that it gave a flat posterlike effect.

This he called, "The effect."

When I first started painting in the class Reid had shown me what the class called light control, a mixture of black and white forming a gray that was to be the highest light on the flesh, like the highlight on the forehead. The darkness or lightness of this gray, or light control, was mainly dependent on the distance one was back in the room from the large skylight. Reid pointed this out by walking backwards away from the skylight to show how the light on his face dropped off. He kept placing the model in different positions in the room each week to make the students change their light controls. He also loved to pose the model with shiny metallic surfaces, like copper and brass, that were much more reflective and hence gave

brighter highlights than the flesh to which the light controls were adjusted.

I admitted to myself that mixing up this gray to start with was a good idea, although some of the students couldn't be bothered. Mr. Du Mond would tell about the painter Whistler, whom he had known very well, mixing a large amount of the gray when he started a portrait, putting it in a tube, and labeling it with the sitter's name, such as Miss Alexander or Rosa Corder.

My first painting trying it I thought too dark and dull, but Mr. Du Mond smiled and, taking a white envelope out of his pocket, had had me hold it up so I could just see the model over it. The result, I had to admit, was surprising; the model looked grayer and darker than my painting.

"Next time you go to the Museum, hold a white card up against the highlight on any of the great paintings and you will find how low in key they really are."

Going to the next student, he spoke to me over his shoulder, "Most people think those paintings have turned dark with age. They have a little, to be sure, but very little. They were painted that way."

Asking Reid for the class tube of Harrison red, he motioned me to watch; then put two small squares of it on the boy's palette, one of which he surrounded with black and the other with white.

"What do you see?" he asked me.

I looked at the two spots.

"The red on the white background looks dark and dull," I began, "whereas the red on the black looks rich and brilliant."

Mr. Du Mond nodded, and smiled wisely, and without further

comment went on with his criticism of the students' work.

I joined the group, as I always wanted to see what he would say about Reid's painting which was next. It was excellent, I felt, and I hoped Mr. Du Mond would not put that pinkish white all over it. Finally he handed the boy his brush and patted him on the shoulder as was his habit, concluding with, "It's all a matter of the point of view," and turned away. The boy smiled weakly while looking at the havoc wrought on all the hard work he had done modeling the forms in halftones. I had found out how hard it was to get rid of that alizerin; everything it touched became mud.

Mr. Du Mond stood in front of Reid's painting and looked at it for a long time. The crowd waited expectantly. Finally, taking a brush, he dipped it in some color and marked a D in the upper corner.

"You are doing very well, Red," he said, moving on.

I looked at Reid's painting. It had a lot of modeling in the halftones, too, but suddenly I could see how it was all very subtly done, keeping it all in the effect of the light, whereas the others had over-modeled so as to break up the simplicity of the light pattern, making the viewer see the modeling instead of the pattern.

That noon, seeing Reid eating alone in the lunchroom, I brought my tray over to his table.

"Sit down," he said, continuing to eat. "I have to beat it in a few minutes. I got to go to work." He shook his head. "Retouching; terrible work," and as if to change the subject, "It must be great out in Colorado."

I agreed, answering a few questions about the country, and brought the conversation back to his painting, but Reid brushed off my praise, asking me if I was busy this evening late.

I said, "No."

He hesitated and then went on, "Well, my brother and I live down in the Murray Hill section. Know where that is?"

I said I did.

"We want to move out of our room," he continued, "and we have a trunk that we have to get out without the landlady's knowing about it."

I must have had a funny expression, as he laughed.

"It's our trunk, all right. My brother works in Brooklyn all night, so if you could help me, we would sure appreciate it." He added, "The landlady is an old so and so and claims we owe her some money which we do not."

I interrupted, "Of course, I will help you. Where do you want me to meet you?"

Reid thought a moment. "I'll be through work at twelve. Meet me at the Automat on 42nd Street, across from the Station. All right?"

"I'll be there."

He looked at the clock. "I have to get going. See you at midnight."

"That wasn't so bad," Reid laughed. We were in a cab with the trunk in the back. "Those creaky stairs . . . I thought any minute she would stick her head out of her door."

We both laughed. The cab pulled up to a brownstone house on a dark street.

"This is on the first floor," Reid said, as we carried the trunk up the front steps and into a large high-ceiling room in front, with a large window looking out on the street. I looked at the big white marble fireplace.

"Is it real?"

"Yes," he replied, "most are not, but this one really burns! It's great! Sit down," he invited enthusiastically, pointing to one of the stuffed chairs. He sat on the sofa. "This turns into a bed." We talked about the class and Mr. Du Mond, and after a while he brought out a stack of drawings. "I did these back in Buffalo."

I was amazed. They were excellent studies of head and costume figures. The light and shade were strong and sure, and the drawing showed a really good knowledge of construction.

"You did these in high school?" I said, thinking incredulously of my high school in Colorado. "We didn't have anything like this."

"We had good models and instruction," Reid allowed.

I could see why the Eastern boys were so far ahead of those from the Middle West.

"Why don't you go to evening class here?" Reid said suddenly. "You usually get the best students and teachers at night classes. They are more serious. I wish I could go."

"Where?" I asked.

"The National Academy is very good. And it's free if you can get in, and I'm sure you could. It's up on Amsterdam, near 110th, I think."

"That's a good idea," I agreed.

Walking home through the dark streets, I decided to see about it the next evening. It had been almost a month since Julia had left. I'd finished both Mr. and Mrs. Biddle. Working afternoons, I sometimes wondered if she would come by. As angry as I was with her for what she had done, I found myself sitting home in the evenings, and while I didn't like to admit it I was waiting for a soft footstep

which never came.

"I'll get out and use my evenings," I said half-aloud and half to myself, opening my door, still with a feeling of expectancy. Nobody was there.

That next afternoon I took Mr. and Mrs. Biddle to Sloanes and was given a check for \$150, a prodigious sum to me. I even started a bank account, and drew out ten one-dollar bills. Out on the street I took the money from my pocket, and separated three dollars from the rest, and looked at it. What it would have meant to have had it just — weeks ago! I made myself believe that all had happened for the best.

"Painting is what I came to New York to do," I told myself, "and I'm going to do it."

But it was quite a long time before I was able to hold loose dollar bills in my hand without a twinge of sadness over the loss of something beautiful, until one day much later I happened to be walking down Bank Street. It was a magnificent spring day with little to — remind me of that miserable time. I passed that old tenement, where I had tried to rent an apartment, and found myself staring incredulously at the burned-out hulk of the building, the sky showing through holes that were once windows. I took three one-dollar bills out of my pocket again and stared at them with mixed feelings.

I found that the National Academy of Design was, as Reid had said, on Amsterdam at 109th Street. Taking the bus up Riverside Drive, — I got off at 106th Street. Facing the Drive on the corner, ~~it~~ was an impressive, large, marble palace of a house. As I walked past it, a door opened, and three girls carrying suitcases rushed out to a waiting cab. As they crossed the sidewalk, one of the suitcases opened, spilling all the contents right beside me. Both the girl and I stooped

to pick up the things, she laughing embarrassedly. I noticed she was a beautiful blonde, and as I fastened the lock, our faces were close together. We looked into each other's eyes for a long time. Hers were beautiful blue.

Finally, one of the girls in the car called, "Come on, Florence. We are late now."

As we both rose, still looking at each other, I said, "Hi," breaking the spell.

"Come on, Florence," they called again.

Starting, she stopped long enough to turn back to me, saying breathlessly, "I'm Florence Morgan. This is the Semple School. Call me. Please do," and ran to the cab, waving as it drove off. I would meet Florence Morgan again under very different conditions, at a party at the Plaza.

The Academy I found to be in a section of very poor tenements. It was a long barracklike brick building with a large sign painted on the Amsterdam Avenue end, National Academy of Design, Free Art Schools. The entrances were on 109th Street.

Walking to the first door, I found a very tall colored man with a flat straw hat sweeping the steps. He pointed to the next door and gave me a big grin with the advice, "Ring the bell."

There I was greeted by the loud barking of a dog inside. The door was opened by a coarse-looking man with a very long nose. Swearing loudly at the dog, which turned out to be a chow, he demanded what I wanted.

"I would like to enroll in the school's evening drawing class."

The man laughed scornfully. "Can you draw?"

I nodded, but he still looked doubtful. The dog started

barking again, and he kicked at it which made it bark all the more.

"Come back Friday night at eight o'clock," he yelled above the noise of the dog, "and bring some drawings."

Swearing at the dog again, he slammed the door.

Back in my room I looked at the empty walls and thought of those drawings on which I had worked so hard, which were what I needed now. Once again I felt very depressed and what was worse, cold. Except when I was at the League and eating in restaurants I was always cold. From the calendar I saw it was December tenth; winter had not even started yet. Turning, I saw my Russian neighbor standing in the doorway. He must have read my mind.

"You think this is cold?" He laughed good naturedly. "You should live through a Russian winter."

He walked in and sat on the ^{скамья} ~~cahir~~. I liked this Russian. He was a rich, warm personality.

"As a boy," he was saying, "we used to walk across the Volga! This," he mentioned to the open window, "is springlike weather in Russia."

Opening a book of drawing I had on the desk by Prud'hon, he thumbed through the illustrations, stopping here and there with, "That's nice," and "I like that." He looked up.

"Prud'hon was the most romantic of the classical school. Am I not right?" I nodded, and he continued, "I like his drawings much better than his paintings." My expression must have shown my thoughts. "You are surprised I know Prud'hon's work? In Riga we have a great deal of art and fine libraries."

He continued, "Do you know Savely Sorine's work? I think I asked you that before. I want to introduce you to this fabulous person."

He is here in New York, doing portraits. He and Feodor Chaliapin roomed together in their early days in Paris." Laughing, he added. They were cold, too."

I laughed a little grimly.

The Russian said suddenly, "As your poet says, 'If winter comes . . .'. He stopped, waiting for me to finish, but unfortunately I did not know it.

Getting up, he clicked his heels together. "'Can spring be far behind?', or something like that," and he laughed. "I was always taught in school that America was the greatest in everything, but since coming to New York I found it was usually the Europeans that knew about painting, literature, and music."

Promptly at eight o'clock the next Friday I knocked again on the Academy's door, and the same sour-faced man let me in. For some reason the dog was quiet.

Grumbling, he remarked, "Where are your drawings?"

I had only one, done during the last few mornings, which I brought out of my portfolio.

"Only one?" he said skeptically, putting it on the kitchen table, shaking his head with finality.

As I didn't seem too upset by his verdict, he said, "Come in here," leading the way down a hall and into a large room with some book shelves and tables, obviously a library. The striking thing about this room, I realized immediately, were the paintings. They covered every square inch of the walls between the shelves. I looked around and then walked over to the wall to look more closely.

"This is the Academy's diploma gallery," the man said.

At this moment a very strong-faced man entered briskly. I

felt I was being observed more closely than my drawing, which he just glanced at.

"Where are you from?" he asked in a very pleasant voice.

"Colorado," I replied.

"I'm from San Francisco," and without waiting for me to answer, he turned quickly. "All right, Joe. Sign him up for Olinsky's class."

Joe blinked a little. "The Antique, Mr. Aitken?"

"No," Aitken replied, "he is ready to go into the life class."

Offering me his hand with a "Good luck," he turned on his heel and left so quickly I did not have time to thank him.

"He hardly looked at my drawing," I said, half to myself.

Joe pushed a card at me. "Robert Aitken doesn't need to look at a drawing a long time. Here, fill this out and be here at seven next Monday, with your drawing materials."

I had walked over to the wall to look at the paintings, and Joe, now much more affable, followed.

"That's a William M. Chase." He would name the artist, as I went from painting to painting. "Look," he said, obviously enjoying showing off his knowledge, "at this Thomas Eakins. And here is a George De Forest Brush."

I studied a head by Duvaneck, with Joe telling me, "Duvaneck taught here for a while but went back to Cincinnati. He didn't like the beer." When I came to a Sargent, Joe said simply, "He was great, wasn't he?"

As I left, even the chow was wagging his tail. I guess he knew I was now a student at the Academy; anyway, I felt good about getting in.

Mr. Du Mond seemed pleased with the news about my starting the

evening class.

"Ivan Olinsky is a very good painter and I hear a good teacher. How is the work at the Museum?" he asked kindly.

"I've sold two paintings already." He smiled broadly. 'That's wonderful, I'm glad Adrian told you about it. But,' he looked very serious, 'don't do it too long. Adrian's a good boy and has so much talent of his own I wish he would use it.'

I could see he was telling me something.

"A student has so many ideas and personalities pushed on him, sometimes he gets mixed up. Bridgman, Olinsky, and myself — we all originally went to the Beaux Arts in Paris and even had the same teachers, Lefebvre and Constant." He hesitated a moment, "A student must work not to accumulate knowledge but to acquire a point of view, a way of looking at things. The truth of the matter is in the nature of things. You understand this, and you don't need any more. So many students come here and go to the Academy, trying to find out how to paint, and most teachers tell them how they paint, so the student becomes a little copy of his teacher. All you have to do is look around here and see all the little Kenneth Hayes Millers and the little John Sloans."

He stopped, looking at me. "Who did Rembrandt or Frans Hals copy? Then every artist was supposed to go to Italy. But did they? No, they stayed in Holland and realized the truth about nature was right there all around them. So what do you see when you look at a Rembrandt? A copy of Raphael or that wonderful Dutch light?"

Walking up to the museum, I kept thinking of what Mr. Du Mond had said, and how it was much the same that Mr. Reid had tried to teach me out in Colorado. I went over to the Altman room before

picking up my gear. It was filled with Rembrandts, all glowing with light.

Going over to a painting of an old lady with a white cap and ruff collar that glowed so brilliantly, I took a white card out of my pocket and held it close to the brightest part of the white cap. A guard glowered at me but said nothing. The white of the cap looked like a middle-tone gray compared with the card. Stepping back, I looked at the whole painting, and the white cap glowed as if a brilliant light were falling on it.

The guard walked over to me. "Now I've seen everything. Why did you do that?"

I held the card close to the cap again.

"See?" I said. The guard still looked blank, so I said, "See how much lighter the card is?"

The guard shook his head as if I was slightly off.

"That painting is three hundred years old — look on the plate — and it's darkened with age." He stopped looking at me. "Everyone knows that," he said and walked off.

I looked at the painting again, thinking to myself of the spots of Harrison Red that Mr. Du Mond had put on the black and white grounds. I could see Rembrandt could not have put the rich color of the reds in the cheeks and mouth if the flesh tone had been lighter, nor made them as rich as they are.

The guard was back again for the last word.

"You know he glazed the color on?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know that," and to myself, "He still couldn't have made it that bright otherwise, even with glazing." I concluded, "It's the values that are so important in painting."

Setting up my painting (I was doing a Stuart now) I looked at the date, 1781. It, too, had darkened a little, but in doing so, I could see, the reds had become a dull grayish color. In places I knew it had been bright and not rich in color like the Rembrandt. Walking back to the Altman room, I saw an elderly man making a copy of a self-portrait. It was an excellent copy except that he was not getting that glow of the original because, I could see immediately, he was too high in key, too light. Going back to my work, I decided to make a copy of one in there and see if I could make it glow.

I liked the evening class at the Academy. There was a spirit about these boys, most of whom worked during the day, that the day classes didn't have. The building was old and drafty and so very cold some nights that my hand got so stiff I could hardly hold the charcoal. But it was the poor models who really suffered, some in silence, some audibly, complaining about this old barn of a building and life in general.

Every Monday evening, though, there was a group hopefully waiting to make the thirty-five cents an hour the school paid for life models. The monitor was supposed to pick one, but a few times to liven things up he made all of them undress and walk across the stand, letting the students select one by the applause or catcalls. Actually, there was not much to choose from. They were all a sorry lot.

One of the students was a dark-haired man in his late twenties, named Trubach. He was good, unquestionably so. Someone told me this was his fifth year in the class. He would come in and sit down at his board without even looking at the model, sharpen his pieces of charcoal, each to a needle point. Next he would roll two or three pieces of paper into stumps, being careful to keep them long and thin.

Then, holding the sharpened charcoal poised, he would look up at the model. He used the model's rest period to flex his cold hands.

I had to admit he made a beautiful drawing, and at the end of the week all the other students would come around and admire it, which pleased Trubach no end. He told me he had a very boring job in a stock room somewhere and looked forward all day to coming to class.

I noticed that Mr. Olinsky left him alone. I couldn't help thinking back to Davey with his "get that feeling" idea. None of these teachers spoke of such things, and I began to understand I was getting a sound foundation that Henri had spoken of in his letter to Mr. Du Mond. I knew that Trubach's type of drawing was a dead-end road and that Trubach had reached that end. He had never taken up painting. There was a class in the evenings he could have attended. I wondered why Olinsky had let him stagnate.

* * * * *

On 57th Street an old colored man was pushing a broken-down cart up the hill. Through the window, I stood watching his efforts on the icy street. He would have made a wonderful drawing, worthy of Rembrandt, only my hands were too cold to draw even if I had felt like it.

This Sunday afternoon was particularly gloomy and cold, with an icy wind right off the river coming through the open window. In desperation I left the room and started walking up Ninth Avenue, under the elevated tracks. Kids were playing ball in the street. One wondered how they survived all those trucks, cabs, and street-cars. I thought of the warm and sunny park out in Colorado where we used to play ball. Women with their hands covered with black shawls hurried into the large Catholic Church.

At 72nd Street I thought of an Automat over at Broadway. Dropping a nickel in the slot, I cranked out a cup of hot chocolate, with another nickel bought a sweet roll, and turned and looked for a place to sit. Many other people must have had the same idea. It was always crowded on a cold day. I finally found a place over in the corner and sat down gratefully, soaking up the warmth of the room and sipping the hot drink slowly. Out the window I could see it was beginning to snow, the wind blowing the flakes almost horizontally.

An old man at the next table, his feet wrapped in gunny sacks, had been sitting there without moving for quite a while. I got out my pad and made a very complete little sketch. It would make a nice etching, I thought, looking at the pad at arms' length. He was the short of subject Rembrandt used in so many etchings and drawings.

Next a pretty Jewish woman with large eyes and dark hair caught my eye. I only got some rough outlines, as she finished her meal and quickly left. I sat there for a while, trying to picture her as she had been, but I couldn't. I realized I hadn't truly observed, just copied what I saw. Mr. Reid had told me to really look and observe, and again I thought of Trubach and how he would really be lost at this kind of drawing.

I tried once more, this time taking someone at random, on this occasion an old Jewish lady. I made myself observe the way the scarf went around her head, the way her long nose went almost down over her mouth, and how her chin was buried in her coat. Then, forcing myself not to look at her again, I drew these ideas the best I could, then ^{looked} ~~gazed~~ at the subject and then back at the sketch critically. It wasn't quite as well drawn as the old man but had more vitality, and I liked it better.

I tried another this way and found I was seeing more each time. Satisfied, I put my pad in my pocket. I felt more and more I was getting close to something if I could put all the ideas together.

Clifford Oaks was another regular in the evening class. He was thin, with dark hair and wore horn-rimmed glasses. His clothes were always clean and well pressed. He worked more urgently than most, and his attitude was of one who was out to make a success of this business. It was as a business that he treated it. His drawings had a sharp, hard, commercial look. Working next to him one week, I was surprised to find him bringing clippings of well-known magazine illustrators which he placed along the bottom of his drawings, to look at for reference and for style while doing the sketch. He was not the slightest self-conscious about using them to copy.

"It's a good way to learn how to do what they want," he volunteered during a break.

I had forgotten about the commercial aspects since I had come to New York, although I had followed the work of certain illustrators before closely. Mr. Du Mond and Olinsky and the Metropolitan had made me more conscious of the fine-arts side, but Oaks recalled memories of when I, too, had saved illustrations.

"Whose work do you like?" Oaks asked me one evening.

I had to think for a moment.

"C. E. Chambers and Pruett Carter," I said slowly.

"I like C. D. Mitchell and Gruger," Oaks stated. "I'll trade you some Chambers for any Grugers you have."

I shook my head. "I haven't been saving illustrations lately."

"Better start clipping," he admonished, "not only illustrations but get together a good swipe file." He added, "All the big

boys do."

I said nothing. We drew in silence for a while, until the break. We walked out of the door for a breath of fresh air, but a cold rain was falling, so we moved into the library with several other groups. I came in here often to study the paintings.

The word diploma, I found, meant at the time that when a painter was made a member of the Academy, he was required to give a painting to hang in this gallery. This custom, I learned, had been copied from the Royal Academy in London.

"You will starve on this kind of painting," Oaks said with a wide gesture of his hand to take in the whole gallery. "Look at Du Mond and Olinsky. They both must teach to get by. Do you know how much a good commercial artist makes?"

He waited for a moment, but I said nothing.

"Plenty," he continued, "and I'm not speaking of the top illustrators. They really clean up."

On the way back to the classroom, he stated flatly, "I have to have money and a lot of it to live the way I want to, and I'm going to make it?"

He sat down, picking up a clipping by John La Gatta. I looked at his drawing, wondering to myself if perhaps he wasn't right. Maybe John La Gatta did the same thing when he was studying, copying perhaps Henry Raleigh. Standing up, I saw the back of Trubach's head. Where had being so good at drawing gotten him. Maybe I was in just as much a dead end as he. I went home that evening full of unanswered questions. Sitting in that icy room, I allowed the one thing Oaks was right about. A person was just stupid to stay poor.

The next day at noon I saw Mr. Du Mond with his usual circle in

the lunchroom. Pulling up a chair, I waited for a break in the conversation.

"Mr. Du Mond," I finally had the chance to ask, "why are we trying to copy the model?"

He turned and looked at me with a humorous expression and chuckled, "I didn't know we were trying to copy anything."

I tried to make myself clearer.

"I mean, making a realistic painting without developing a technique or salable style."

"Oh," Mr. Du Mond said slowly. "We come to the crux of the matter, making money."

He looked at me for a long time and then asked, "Why did you take up painting? You could make a lot more money in a lot of other ways."

He paused, waiting for an answer.

"I guess I like to do it," I said slowly.

"Exactly," he replied. "Now let me ask you another question. You speak of technique. What kind of technique?"

I thought for a moment, "A commercial technique like the top illustrators."

"Ah," Mr. Du Mond smiled again, this time, I thought, a little bitterly. "That old dog money enters again."

He reached for his coffee, taking a sip, still looking at me over his glasses.

"Let me ask you another question. Do you like the work at the Museum, with its fine paintings, better than the present-day illustrations with their pretty girls and silly situations?"

I thought for a moment.

"Yes, I guess I do," I admitted.

Du Mond chuckled again.

"Doesn't that answer your questions?"

But I still wasn't convinced.

"They still have a technique I like."

Mr. Du Mond snorted and waved his hand annoyedly. I knew I should not have mentioned that word technique. That was a sort of red flag to him. I wondered why. I knew now that if I wanted a technique or style, I would have to develop it on my own. I liked particularly Walter Biggs'. His was very painterly and free.

Mr. Du Mond addressed me again.

"What we" He paused as if to amend his statement.

"We are trying to get you to understand in this class that we are all trying to acquire a point of view."

He paused, having spoken the last words slowly and clearly.

"A point of view," he repeated "that will enable each to see nature truthfully, so that I and that fellow across the street will believe the painting. If you make us do that, you can use any technique you wish. You can stand on your head while painting it if you want."

He stood up as if to terminate the conversation, and the others followed. Putting his hand on my shoulder, he spoke earnestly.

"Make me believe what you paint. That's all I ask. Understand?"

Without waiting for me to answer, he walked out of the room. Some of the students followed him, and some just sat there, looking at me in a shocked kind of way. I had done the unpardonable, questioning Mr. Du Mond. Had he answered my question? I wasn't sure.

I sat there thinking. It had much more than that, or did it?

Actually, I found during the next few months that all the ideas had little effect on my work. As soon as I picked up a brush, I forgot about ways to do it and simply became involved in what each subject had to give me pictorially and in getting that down as best I could. I started literally with a blank canvas on each new subject.

"The League wants to put on a show in the Gallery," Reid announced one morning in the class. "One painting from each class. Bring in all your best work Friday afternoon. Mr. Du Mond will decide which one from all his classes then. Everyone hear that?"

There was a general murmur of assent.

Late Friday afternoon the paintings were lined against the wall, the class standing around silently and expectantly. There were about twenty canvases in all, each with a D in the corner. Mr. Du Mond came in and looked at them silently. He had never mentioned my outburst in the lunchroom, even lately praising my efforts quite often and regularly putting his D in the corner. I'm sure he sensed I was finding myself without actually realizing it, and accepting the cold and discomfort of being an art student in New York as my lot. Selling a couple more copies from the Museum kept money in my pocket, which also helped. He did not comment that I had brought only one this afternoon.

At the last moment I saw glaring mistakes in all but this one — a head of a colored girl, with a dull red dress and dark background. This painting, which I had done in a couple of afternoons, seemed to have been one of those rare times when I was really with it. Everything went right. I had an uncanny feeling it had painted itself.

As Mr. Du Mond continued to walk back and forth, the tension among the students mounted. Finally, Finkel spoke to him, taking his

arm and turning him slightly.

Mr. Du Mond looked at him silently for a long time.

"You, Finkel," he said, "you pick the best one."

Finkel was nonplussed and stammered, "I didn't mean"

Mr. Du Mond answered, "You know which is the best one here."

Finkel still hesitated, but Mr. Du Mond would not let him off the hook.

"Pick the one you think best."

Still hesitating, Finkel looked a long time at his group, then went over and picked up mine. There was a general murmur of assent from the students.

"Finkel has spoken," Mr. Du Mond spoke. Turning to Finkel at the same time, he put his hand on his arm. "you are a good boy," he said seriously.

After several had congratulated me on the painting, Mr. Du Mond put his arm around my shoulder, an unusual display for him, and spoke up in a rather impersonal voice. "This fellow could be a great painter." The boys waited expectantly. Mr. Du Mond continued rather sadly, "But he won't be."

"Why do you say that?" Finkel replied after thinking this last statement over.

Mr. Du Mond kept on in a matter-of-fact voice, "We won't let him. I mean, society won't." We were all silent. "Demands will drag him down. You remember our conversation the other day about money. He can't escape it."

The group around us waited for him to continue, but I interrupted.

"Everyone wants money and success these days. You have to have it."

Du Mond nodded agreement and continued, picking his words carefully.

"This country is not a great country — yet. That takes time, centuries even, to have a society in which true greatness can develop. And for us that is a long time off, never perhaps."

Someone spoke up, "We have the highest living standard in the world. I read it in the paper."

Du Mond looked at him, saying slowly, "A high standard of living doesn't build a Chartres Cathedral or paint a Sistine Chapel."

He looked around at our serious faces.

"As I see it, this country is moving fast into a middle-class country, one that will solve some of the terrible conditions and hunger of the peasants of the past. But it also will eliminate the wealth and power and culture that foster a Lorenzo de Medici, A Michelangelo, or a Raphael. This middle-class society has been tried before and only breeds mediocrity. Remember the French Revolution. Soon someone strong comes along and takes over. They always do."

A boy broke in, "My father is a Republican, and he says all Republicans are great."

Everyone laughed, including Mr. Du Mond. He went on. "We don't just learn to paint," he said slowly. "We become part of a great tradition. I didn't pick — I mean Finkel didn't pick — this painting as a good example of what we learn here in class. Not really. What Finkel likes about it wasn't learned in class."

This last statement caused a mixed reaction among the group, Reynolds and Graves waiting, knowing that Mr. Du Mond was trying to tell them something. But a couple of boys spoke together.

Purine demanded, "What do we come here for?"

Mr. Du Mond turned toward them and smiled. Then he turned to me. "You have haunted that Museum since you have come to New York. Isn't that right?"

"I've been up there a lot," I admitted. "Yes."

Du Mond continued, "You went up there and walked around, and certain things attracted you. I can just about tell you which painters they were. Degas and Renoir^R did the same thing in the Louvre, and it isn't hard from their early work to tell who it was; Ingres and Rubens. Renoir's work is full of Rubens."

"Velasquez?" someone put in half-questioningly and waited.

"No," Mr. Du Mond turned to them. "You say that because we talk a lot about Velasquez here."

His eyes sort of sparkled.

"That proves the point I was making. Velasquez is one of the most objective of painters and could give a lesson in painting to most anyone. That's why Manet and Sargent spent so much time in Madrid, but the Museum does not have a really good example of his work. Hearne and Altman didn't like Spain, I guess."

I spoke up, "There are two good Velasquez in the Hispanic Museum."

Mr. Du Mond turned back to me.

"I know, a portrait of a little girl and the Cardinal." He shook his head a little. "They are fine, but you really have to go to the Prado to know Velasquez."

Du Mond went over and picked up my painting.

"See the soft edges and the rich color."

"Giorgione," Reynolds put in.

"Good boy." Du Mond smiled at him. "That small head in the

fancy frame up there?"

He looked at me questionably. I nodded.

"That's one of my favorites," I admitted, adding, "I always stop and look at it each time I go there."

Du Mond looked around at the crowd.

"Good night, boys," he said and left.

Finkel walked over and picked up my painting. He held it between his fingertips, both arms outstretched, moving his head from side to side.

Still looking at it, he asked me, "Next time you go to the Museum, let me know and I'll go with you. O.K.?"

"Sure," I said.

Reid came over.

"I'll take it," he said. Then with a quizzical expression, he asked, "What do you think of the old man now?"

Chapter Sixteen

I GET A STUDIO

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" This quotation from my Russian neighbor echoed in my mind. I couldn't forget it through the last couple of cold, dark months, and then suddenly spring was everywhere. I thought of the scene in the first act of *Die Walküre*, *Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond — In Mildem Lichte leuchtet Der Lenz*.

I should get a studio.

It was a beautiful spring day. I walked into the Park at noon to find the forsythia blooming. Someone had given me, a long time before, an address of a Mr. Strunsky at 460 Sixth Avenue. The weather spurred my enthusiasm. The BMT let me off at 14th Street.

Strunsky was a genial round-faced man, living in a first-floor front apartment. I explained I had heard he had some studios for rent.

"You are an artist, yes?" he said in broken English.

I admitted I was.

"Come in, come in," he said genially, ushering me into a dark, very cluttered living room. "Mama, Mama, come here."

A short, stout woman appeared.

Strunsky continued enthusiastically, "This young man is an artist and wants a studio." Turning to me, he asked, "What's your name?"

I told him. A strong aroma of European cooking filled the room.

"That Japanese painter is leaving," Mrs. Strunsky volunteered.

"That's right," her husband agreed. "That's a nice studio, real nice." He stopped and looked at me questioningly. "Fifty dollars a month. Is that too much?" He added, "You can live there, too."

It was more than I had in mind. Strunsky, seeing my indecision, put on his hat.

"Let's go see it," he suggested, then hesitated, perhaps feeling he had rushed me. "Would you like to see my paintings?"

He pulled aside the heavy drape from the front window, flooding the room with light.

"Come look at them." He pointed to a small street scene. "That's a John Sloan. Do you recognize the women's prison tower across the street? Yes? And look. Edward Hopper. And here," he really glowed, "is a George Bellows."

It was a beautiful little head of a girl with blonde hair in very simple patterns. He let me admire the Bellows before pointing to a lithograph by Stow Wengenroth.

"They all lived in my buildings, and sometimes they had a hard time paying the rent." He looked at me roguishly out of the corner of his eye. "You got to paint good not to pay the rent in my buildings."

I guess I looked a little confused, as he burst out laughing.

"Come, let's see the studio." He called back to the kitchen, "Mama, we are going."

A voice answered, "Abraham, you see that Japanese man gets out. He hasn't paid his rent for three months."

Strunsky put on a sad expression, and she appeared at the kit-

chen door with a large cooking spoon.

"Ah, Mama, he has to finish the portrait he is working on."

Mama waved the spoon angrily. "He's been painting that portrait for three months now."

"Come," he said, opening the door.

Out on Sixth Avenue he was himself again, pointing at the old tower Sloan had painted, with Greenwich Avenue diagonally to the left. At Fourth Street we turned east, passing the Pepper Pot, and came to a park on the north side of the street.

"Washington Square," Strunsky said reverently, in a tone indicating it was his own park.

I didn't say anything, knowing this part of town quite well.

"See the arch through the trees," he went on. "Sloan made a painting of that and also of the church ahead there."

He paused for breath a moment.

"Americans don't appreciate art the way Europeans do. Mama — and I come from Hungary. She comes from Buda and I from Pest~~h~~, the two cities on the Danube, one on each side. They make the beautiful city of Budapest. In here . . .," he interrupted himself.

We went through a small passageway into a well-kept garden. It all had a foreign picturesqueness that was new to me, and very appealing. Crossing the garden, Strunsky knocked on one of the doors on the south side. We waited a couple of minutes. He knocked again. The door opened very slightly, just enough to show a Japanese man, very perturbed about being interrupted. Strunsky apologized, profusely saying he wanted me to see the studio.

"You will be leaving any day now, and my friend here," indicating me, "wants to rent it."

The Japanese mumbled something about interrupting his painting, but opened the door. A narrow hallway led into a large studio room whose ceiling appeared about fifteen feet high. On the right a stairway went up to a long balcony which extended along the whole back wall, with a couple of Japanese shawls thrown over the railing. Walking in the room, I had been immediately impressed with a large skylight the width of the room, opposite the balcony.

The Japanese went back to his painting, a portrait of a pretty red-headed girl in a Mandarin costume. She stepped down off the model stand the moment we walked in, disappearing into a room under the balcony. Strunsky walked over to the painting, looking at it critically. I thought it very good.

"Looks finished to me," Strunsky began.

The Japanese was rather surly. He pointed to the mouth. He wasn't satisfied. Also the hand needed fixing, he said.

"All right, two days," Strunsky said resignedly. "You should have it finished then."

The Japanese made out he wasn't sure.

"Come," Strunsky said, turning to me. "I'll show you the rest."

We walked up the stairs to the balcony. Looking back down on the studio, I saw the beautiful soft shadows on objects around the room. Strunsky opened the door off the balcony, revealing a disheveled bedroom. The sun made shadows on the curtains from a fire escape outside the window. The bathroom door was open, showing it to be as sloppy as the bedroom.

I started to speak, but a rumble started building up until my voice was drowned out in a loud roar. The windows rattled, and a shadow crept over the glass with sunlight flickering at regular

intervals. Suddenly the noise began to diminish, quieting as quickly as it began. Strunsky laughed at my expression, pulling aside the curtains to show the elevated tracks right outside the window. One could almost touch them from the fire escape.

"You will get used to it. I've lived under the L for twenty-five years now, and I never notice it."

I said nothing but walked back out on the balcony. The red-headed girl had started posing again, and, strolling down the stairs, I thought again what a beautiful light it was, just perfect for painting. The skylight was dirty enough to make the light rather low and diffused, giving soft lights and shadows on the girl's face. I decided right then and there that I must have this studio. Strunsky meanwhile had motioned me under the balcony to see the kitchen.

"You're not married," he asked.

I shook my head and he shrugged, walking back into the studio. We left, the Japanese still painting, calling out good-by without turning around.

Strunsky had no sooner closed the door when he burst out angrily, "He's not painting her portrait. They are living together, those two, and, how you say it, stringing me along."

He walked along in silence, and I could hear him muttering to himself. At the corner he suddenly excused himself. "I must go now. They will be out day after tomorrow, I'll see to that. You move in next week, I'll have it cleaned up for you."

He started to leave but turned back. "I hope you are a good painter, and," he looked at me sharply, "pay your rent." I was going to answer, but Strunsky continued. "Mama wants fifty dollars in advance," he said, hanging his head apologetically.

I said immediately, "I'll have it."

He brightened up and, grabbing my hand in both of his, pumped it enthusiastically, then without another word turned and walked briskly down the street.

Watching him go, a squat waddling figure, I smiled and turned, deciding to walk through the park. There was a quiet peaceful feeling around this park, women with baby carriages sitting in the sun, and some children playing with a small dog. I came to the buildings of New York University on the east side of the square. A metal plaque stated that on this spot Samuel Morse had invented the telegraph. He was an artist, I knew, remembering his portraits in the Metropolitan; the first president of the Academy, as I recalled.

On the north side was a row of beautiful houses, all looking very well kept up and sedate. A butler was out, polishing a brass railing. Down McDougal Street, the Provincetown Playhouse was playing The Hairy Ape by Eugene O'Neill, directed by the author. I walked back to the arch where I had seen some double-decked Fifth Avenue buses. It was not a day to ride the subway.

The next week I knocked on Strunsky's door.

"The Jap's out," he greeted me with a tone of Victory.

I wondered how much Mama had prodded him but said nothing. I pulled out my billfold and carefully counted our five ten-dollar bills. Another copy at the Museum had gone down to Sloanes before it was even dry. We walked over to the studio. Strunsky unlocked the door, handed me the key with a smile.

"Paint some great pictures. I must go now. Will you excuse me?"

I nodded, and he left, closing the door behind him quietly.

The day had grown dark, and the single light made the room seem very large and empty. The heat had been turned off for several days, so everything had that damp, cold, New York feel. But I felt a warm glow of ownership, my eyes moving to the skylight, now dark, and to the balcony that almost was obscure in the shadows. An elevated train passed, but in the curtained studio there was only a muffled sound.

"I'll need an easel," I said to myself, remembering there was a second-hand furniture store on Sixth Avenue.

I looked again at the skylight and around the room. Then I left, closing the door behind me. Crossing the court, I walked out onto the sidewalk and looked around. There was a magical quality to everything that only those who have lived in the Village will appreciate. It's as if the whole place had the intimacy of a stage waiting for the play to start. The Pepper Pot was gaily lighted. Laughing people were getting out of cabs. In the warm spring evening I walked north on Sixth Avenue, the dark tower of the prison ahead. I had a studio in the Village! I felt a warm glow of satisfaction because of what a wonderful place New York was.

The first thing in the morning I was back and had hardly looked around when I heard a knock on the door. Mr. Strunsky smiled broadly at me.

"Would you like anything?" He went around, turning on the radiators, checking things. Coming out of the bedroom, he called down, "Do you have a bed?"

I shook my head.

"I can get you one. You will need a double." He looked over his shoulder with a knowing expression. "There is a second-hand

furniture store on Sixth Avenue, just past Eighth, on this side of the street. You can get some things there."

I found the place, a narrow dirty hole in the wall, with furniture standing out on the sidewalk and piled up inside in great disorder. A very sturdy wooden table and four chairs, painted white, all caught my eye.

"Four dollars," the owner said. He had a very long nose and wore thick eyeglasses. "Here is a nice buy in a rocker."

He pointed to a maple chair, hanging from the ceiling. Climbing up, he brought it down and set it out in the middle of the sidewalk, as there was no room inside. "Try it," he invited.

I sat down and rocked a little self-consciously, the sidewalk being crowded with hurrying people who had to walk around me.

"Three dollars," the owner said.

I hesitated, my money was going at an alarming rate. "Twenty-five," the owner said, "and that's the lowest."

I knew I needed a chair.

"All right," I said, paying the man and asking, "How am I going to get it to my place?"

The owner looked a little incredulously at me. "Live far from here?" he asked.

"Fourth and Sullivan," I replied.

"That's no distance. Take one at a time. I'll watch the rest," he volunteered.

Turning, I almost bumped into Mr. Strunsky.

"Ah, I see you have found some furniture," he said, looking at my purchases. "Very nice. How much did you pay?"

"Six-fifty," I said.

Strunsky made a clucking noise and shook his head.

"Artists should be protected. That's too much. Five would have been plenty." Shaking his head, he went on, "Is he going to deliver them?"

"No," I admitted.

Strunsky said nothing but went into the store. There were some heated words in a language I did not understand, with Strunsky waving his hands up and down and the store owner glaring belligerently at him. Strunsky suddenly turned back and walked out of the shop to where I was standing.

"He will bring them over and include that bed." He pointed to a bed up on a pile of furniture. I thanked him profusely, and Strunsky seemed pleased. "You go back and wait. They will be right over."

It was a good lesson for me, and when I bought an easel further up Sixth Avenue, I refused to pay until they agreed to deliver it.

I had been pleasantly surprised to find the place had a small kitchen complete with gas stove and an icebox. A back door opened onto Third Street, under the elevated tracks. Mr. Strunsky demonstrated lighting the oven by sticking a lighted match into a hole in the bottom. He made me do it once, and I left the gas hissing out too long, which resulted with a loud bang. Strunsky laughed at my expression.

"You must do it quickly." He looked at me questioningly.

"What did you use out where you came from?"

"Lignite, generally," I said.

"That brown coal? Well, you are in the city now, and we have

new things here." He smiled, "You will catch on. Here is a sign to put in the back window when you want ice. Keep that pan under the box from running over.

"We had iceboxes out there," I said.

Strunsky nodded and left, smiling back at me with a good-natured, embarrassed sort of expression.

That afternoon I was tired but happy. I had bought sheets, pillows, and pillowcases for the bed and some things for the kitchen, and from my room I brought down my suitcase, a roll of drawings, and one painting made in the life class. I had wrapped a paper around the painting to go on the subway. Now it was on the easel, and the place started to look like a real studio. At a little delicatessen across Third Street I bought some tea, heated some water, marveling at the convenience of the gas stove, and, sitting down in my new rocker, looked around in great contentment.

I realized I had come to the end of a sort of era in my life. I was now a professional. I must produce paintings that would sell if I was to maintain this studio about which I was so happy; paintings that would compete not with other students' but with established artists'.

I thought of what my mother used to say. "Do the best you can with what you have, and something will always happen to open a whole new set of possibilities for you to move on to."

I had done the best I could with the League and Academy, and now I had a studio. I got up and sketched a couple of canvases so as to be ready. I did not have long to wait.

The next day I heard a knock on the front door which was open to let in the air of the warm spring afternoon. A very pretty girl

was standing in the doorway.

"You just moved in," she said in a pleasant voice.

"Yesterday," I answered.

Walking over to the painting on the easel, she stood looking at it without speaking. Finally she turned to me.

"The League gave me your address down on 57th Street, and the lady there told me you had just moved here."

"You went over there?" I said in surprise.

Ignoring this, she continued. "You had a painting in the League Gallery I like very much. A colored girl."

"That was mine," I said.

She turned back to the nude on the easel and looked at it briefly without further comment. Then walking over to the door, her heels clicking on the bare floor, she closed it and walked briskly to the white chair in the corner.

Looking back over her shoulder, she smiled and very innocently remarked, "I have a much better figure than that girl," nodding at the painting on the easel. "I'll show you."

She began taking off her clothes, hanging them neatly on the chair. I had been in New York long enough to expect anything, so I said nothing. When she was completely naked she walked out into the center of the room near the easel and turned around slowly, holding her hands above her head. She was right, she did have a beautiful figure, but still I said nothing. Slowly she walked back to the chair and gracefully began putting on her clothes.

"You need a model screen. I like to undress behind one," she said helpfully.

Before I could reply, she wrinkled her nose. "What smells so?"

and as if to answer her own question, she went quickly into the kitchen where I was heating water for some tea. Gingerly she picked up the center of the burner with a spoon and lifted it out.

"Look at that dirt," she said disgustedly. "Have you any rags?"

I gave her one of my carefully hoarded paint rags.

"And Dutch Cleanser?" she asked, opening the other burners.

"I'll be back in a moment," I called, running out the back door and across the street to the market.

"There," she said finally. "that's better. They are all clean."

I was about to thank her when she said abruptly, "I'll have a cup of tea, please, if I may?"

"Sure," I replied, pouring the tea into my cup after rinsing this out under the tap. "I should have bought a strainer," I said, pouring my tea into a glass.

"And another cup," she said sternly.

We carried our tea into the studio where the girl again went over and stood in front of the painting.

"I like the way you paint," she said, turning back to me and sitting on one of the white chairs I had pulled up for her. "You must admit I have a better figure."

I agreed, "You have a very beautiful figure, "one of the best I have ever seen."

I didn't say the best, which it was. I wanted to see what she had in mind. There was a silence for a couple of moments.

Hesitatingly, "I'll come around tomorrow afternoon, and you can paint one of me," she said. "All right?"

I thought of my fast diminishing money, but knew I must paint

her. There was no doubt in my mind about that.

"How much do you charge?"

"Fifty cents an hour," she replied immediately.

I knew this was a low price for such a model.

"Fine," I agreed.

"You won't be sorry," she said, adding, "I know a gallery that will show it if it's good as I know it will be." Then she went on scornfully, "You must have better models than that to sell paintings."

"That's right," I agreed seriously.

She walked to the kitchen and rinsed out her cup.

"Thanks for the tea."

"Thanks for cleaning out the stove," I replied.

She came back into the studio.

"I'm Nomy." She looked at me severely. "And we will make a masterpiece."

At the door she turned back, "Get yourself a model stand, and" she added laughing, "another teacup. And another thing. Put a little card or sign out on the door here, No Models Today or something like that, or we will be pestered with them in this neighborhood."

The door closed, and I could hear her high heels clicking across the courtyard. Life in the Village was getting interesting already.

I chose a back view, and Nomy piled her blonde hair on top of her head. Some curls sticking out, together with the long lines of her neck, gave her a very feminine look. It was the third sitting, and I really liked the results. She had a beautiful back, with a slim waist, and the light effect from the skylight more than came up to my expectations, with a long gradation from the highlight on her

shoulder. Her head was turned just enough to have another highlight on her cheekbone. In order to balance this, she was sitting on a white piece of cloth, pulling the eye down to the lower part of the painting.

My main problem, I explained to Nomy, was that in class we had gotten into the habit of always making dark, dull backgrounds. Nomy, whose judgment I was beginning to respect, loved the figure, agreed the background was too dull. I told her the old masters always did it that way, but I could see she was not impressed.

"We live now, not in some old museum," she retorted. "Look at Walt Kuhn's work. And Alexander Brook's. They are vibrant and beautiful."

I had to agree, so I rubbed it out and put in a brilliant red before realizing it was overpowering the figure. Nomy put on her robe and looked at the painting silently. Finally she broke into silence.

"Let's have a cup of tea."

In the kitchen she lighted the stove and put on the water.

"It's good to get away from it for a bit," she said, smiling.

I was wondering to myself that if I could get the same effect as umber by using color, that would be vibrant without distracting from the figure.

"A warm red and some green would make umber," I said out loud.

Nomy looked puzzled.

"Sure, that's it," I said, going into the studio and scraping off most of the red background.

Luckily, I had put on a warm red. Over this, just in places and still using the knife, I took some emeraude green right out of the tube, mixing them together in spots and letting them stay pure in

others. Behind the light on her shoulder I put some alizerin and behind the shadow on her waist a little white. Then, taking a large brush, I softened a few contours that had hard edges. Stepping back, I liked the effect so much that I called to Nomy, exclaiming, "Look at it now!"

The tone of my voice made her come out of the kitchen, still holding her teacup, and look at the painting without speaking. Suddenly she put the teacup down on the model stand, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me on the cheek.

Then, tossing off her robe, she took the pose. I softened some of the edges, where the light on the figure flowed into the background, and was about to start to detail the hair, when suddenly Nomy jumped off the model stand and ran around behind me, not bothering to put on her robe.

"Don't do any more," she ordered and then, looking down at herself self-consciously, ran over to the chair where she had taken off her clothes. "You will spoil it if you fiddle around any more. It's good the way it is."

I looked at the painting. She was right. The little details would have spoiled the fresh look of the blocked-in planes of the hair. Nomy was dressed now and standing in front of me.

"You owe me four dollars and a half," she said primly.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out some money, slowly counting it out to her. She put it in her purse, turned, walking briskly to the door, and left with a hurried good-by. I looked at the painting. It was by far the best I had ever done, and I knew it. Thinking of Nomy, I realized she would inspire anyone to paint his best.

All of a sudden I realized she had left no telephone number or address. I hurried to the door and walked out through the courtyard to the street. The sidewalks were crowded with late afternoon crowds. I realized it would be impossible to find her in this teeming city. I would have to hope she would return.

Going back into the studio, somehow I knew she would. Closing the door, I pulled out my remaining money. Twelve dollars, I counted and recounted. I knew I had seven dollars in the bank up on 57th Street. Not much left, I thought. Nomy had said she knew of someone who would buy the painting, but it wasn't even dry yet. And, anyway, I couldn't depend on that. I must make some money and soon. Walking out of the studio, I went to a phone booth in the delicatessen and called a Brooklyn number.

"Dr. Cohan?" I told him who I was. "You remember the portrait of your two children that you spoke of? Well, I have a studio now — in the Village, Fourth Street and Sullivan, south side of Washington Square."

We made a date for the next afternoon at one. Back in the studio, I rolled out the last of my canvas. I could just get in a ²4 x 30. I disliked to paint children, but the promise of the hundred dollars made me make that call.

Dr. Cohan, a prosperous dentist, came with a uniformed nurse and the two children. I could tell he was much impressed with the location.

"Greenwich Village, yet," were his first words when he came in the door.

The little girl was dressed in pink and posed well, but her small brother was very naughty. He wouldn't pose — absolutely re-

fused — and nothing his father or the nurse could do would change his mind. He insisted on crawling around the floor on his hands and knees. To see what he looked like, all I could do was to do likewise with my sketch pad, trying to keep facing him head on. Strangely enough, as the painting developed, the likeness of the little boy was perfect. Even the nurse agreed, a little begrudgingly. She had come alone with the children after the first sitting.

The little girl's likeness, though, gave me some trouble. She had a very full mouth, like some Jewish children. I had detailed her lips a little too much, as well as the eyes. Simplifying, I got the likeness to the nurse's satisfaction. She became so interested in criticizing the painting that she forgot to watch the little boy, almost causing disaster.

The Japanese had left a couple of old boards from a crate that I hadn't thrown out yet, and one had an old rusty nail in one end. The little boy, who could walk when he had a mind to, had picked one up. Turning quickly, I found him with the board over his head in both hands, just about to bring it down on the canvas. I instinctively threw up my arm, blocking the blow but getting a long scratch on my bare forearm from the rusty nail. The little boy yelled in frustration, as the nurse grabbed him, shaking him loose from the stick.

"I think I'd better take them home," she said disturbedly. "It's finished now, isn't it?"

As they went out the door, the little boy stuck his tongue out at me. But the portrait, finished to the last degree, was a good job, I thought.

The next day I found I had not reckoned with a Jewish family. Eight of them came: grandmother, aunts and uncles, the doctor and

his wife, and the nurse. Each had a very definite idea of how the picture could be changed. Finally, the doctor, who had remained quiet until one of them wanted the color of the pink dress altered, motioned me to come into the kitchen with him.

"I like it the way it is," he said, smiling. "Take my word, and don't change a thing."

He laughed at my surprise.

"I know how you feel," he went on. "Remember, we are really a European family. We all came from Linz, in Poland, and have brought over a lot of the old country ways."

He looked at his family. They were all yelling at each other and waving their arms around. I guess I was staring at them, as the doctor laughed again.

Speaking with a note of pride in his voice and with deep feeling, he said, "That's when we are happiest, when we are one big family. You know, this tremendous vitality and spirit has brought our people and country through troubles such as you have no idea, and with a love of art and music."

He stood silent a moment, then waved his hand at his family which was becoming even noisier.

"There is Europe, our class." He pulled out a large roll of money and peeled off two fifty-dollar bills. "Here is Europe, too, patronizing the Arts. We will keep this portrait always, and when they grow up we will have you do another."

I started to thank him, but he was already herding his still-arguing family toward the door. After they were all out, he turned back for a moment.

"Find a good framer, Mr. Titus, and let me know. "I'll meet

you there."

He left with a wave.

The next afternoon, as I had been hoping for several days, in walked Nomy, her heels clicking on the floor. Without so much as a "Hello," she walked over to the easel on which I had the portrait of the two children. I was glad to see her, telling her so, as I handed her a cup of tea.

"Too tight," she exclaimed, but seeing my somewhat crestfallen expression, she smiled sweetly. "I know you must do portraits this way. Did you get your money for it?"

I nodded.

"Good. Where's my painting?" she asked, looking around.

I had hung it high up in the kitchen for safety's sake.

"Put it on the easel," she directed, "and then turn that one face against the wall," indicating the portrait. "That's a good portrait," Nomy interrupted in a tone that ended the discussion. "You got paid for it."

She looked very attractive standing there looking at my painting, her fur coat covering everything except her profile and slim ankles.

"Fine," she decreed. "See, the paint is fresh and not worked over. You put it down and left it."

She had great news, she told me. I was to take it to the Cronyn Gallery on East 57th Street and ask for a Mr. Duncan. "he wants to see it today."

"What about a frame?" I hesitated.

"He wants it unframed," she replied, adding, "I must go."

She was out of the door before I called to her, "Where can I

get you? What's your telephone number? I want to do another painting of you. I have the money now."

"I'll be back," she said, hurrying off.

"Yes, I like it," Mr. Duncan said, looking at the painting.

After a few pleasantries, he went into a back room, bringing out a couple of frames. He was a very pleasant, middle-aged man and had greeted me warmly. I looked around. It was a typical East 57th Street Gallery, with a line of well-spaced paintings around the room and some small sculpture on tall narrow stands. A door to another room was open, showing a stand with a large painting displayed on it and an ornate chair. Mr. Duncan tried each frame and decided on one.

"You like that?"

I nodded agreement. Going over to the wall, he took down one of the paintings and put mine in its place, stepping back to look at the effect.

"We will see what happens. I have put a price of \$200 on it, of which we will take one-third." Turning to me, he asked, "Is that all right?"

"Fine," I answered.

About to leave, I thought of Dr. Cohan. I asked him, "Where is a good place to get frames?"

Mr. Duncan thought a moment.

"There are lots of places. What type of frame do you have in mind?"

"I just finished a portrait," I began.

"I know just the place," he interrupted. "Newcomb-Macklin on West 29th on the second floor. He went on, "They will give you a commission on frames sold to clients you bring in, like this portrait

you mentioned."

Thinking for a moment, he added, "I think the commission is in frames for yourself, but you need them all the time, anyway." He then turned to his desk and brought out a card. "I will need your name, address, and phone number."

I gave him the information, saying I had not yet had a phone put in.

"That's one of Mr. Strunsky's buildings, isn't it?" he asked, writing down my address. I nodded, and he went on, "A wonderful man, Mr. Strunsky. He has helped a great many artists." Mr. Duncan shook his head sadly. "But I'm afraid he will end up broke, the way some of the artists take advantage of him."

Out on the street I walked west, feeling very pleased with myself. I knew this was the smartest and most expensive street in America, and to have a painting hanging in a 57th Street gallery was no small achievement.

Dr. Cohan paid fifty dollars for a gold leaf frame, exclaiming how well the portrait looked in it. Newcomb-Macklin turned out to be a very professional establishment, making frames for many of the leading artists. One could feel this at once upon entering their second-floor quarters. It was not like a store at all. I could see Dr. Cohan was very favorably impressed.

As we left, he said suddenly, "Oh, I almost forgot." Then he asked me accusingly, "When are you going to get a phone." Before I could answer, he went on, "Dr. Murray, a good friend of mine and a very fine dentist, has a beautiful wife. Well, I told him about the portrait of the children."

He smiled at me. "You have another commission, MR. Titus."

He fished around in his pocket and came up with a card. "Here's his phone number. You will like painting her. Call him today. Well, I must be off."

He started to leave but turned back and spoke to me very seriously.

"You must go to Europe and see the art capitals like Riga, Paris, and Vienna. There art is important. Around here everything is money." He went on, "I want to warn you." He hesitated. "Dr. Murray is an American who married into a European family, and I'm afraid he doesn't know how to handle them as well as I do. So," he shook his head, "you may have a bad time. You'd better be prepared for it."

He grinned broadly.

"Just thought I would warn you," he said, walking off.

"Thanks a lot," I called after him.

Dr. Cohan was right. Mrs. Murray was a very beautiful woman. The low-cut black dress showed off her ivory skin.

Her husband turned out to be a small ineffectual man whose whole life centered around pleasing her. Was she warm enough? He asked me to turn up the heat. Did she want a cup of coffee? He went out in the kitchen and made her one. When he was not jumping around waiting on her, he sat looking at her admiringly.

She was a marvelous subject — dropping into a graceful pose quite easily — with her coloring that made me think of Rubens' portrait of Anne of Austria in the Museum. Her husband brought her and stayed patiently every sitting, watching the painting develop and seeming perfectly satisfied. Toward the end she asked me to put a little more glint in her hair, blaming her hairdresser.

I remembered only when I was away from the studio what Dr. Cohan had said, and it bothered me enough for me to ask Mr. Olinsky during the break in the class one evening — I was still going regularly to the Academy — how he handled relatives when he did portraits. Olinsky tugged at his beard.

I went on, "I just finished one, and they are coming to see it Saturday." I hesitated, "And I understand that these people will really give me trouble."

Olinsky still said nothing as I waited. Finally, he asked if it was dry.

"It will be by then," I told him.

"Come with me."

Olinsky started toward the library. The room was empty, and he closed the door after us.

"I'm telling you this in confidence. Don't tell anyone, and particularly don't say I told you," he said seriously, looking at me under his heavy eyebrows.

"I won't say a word of it to anyone," I assured him.

After considering a moment, he asked, "Does an ear show?"

I thought for a second, "Yes," I said. Her hair is fixed so that it does. She is particularly proud of her ears; like shells, her husband says."

"Good," Olinsky said with a crafty smile on his face. "I'll tell you an old trick Boldini used sometimes. You know those bottles of poster paint?"

I nodded.

"Well, get some of those and paint over the ear." He stopped.

"Do you know how to paint with poster colors over oil?"

I shook my head.

"Take a potato, slice it in half, and rub the cut part over the part you are going to change. The colors then won't crawl; you know, bead up and not lie flat?"

He stopped and looked around again to assure himself that no one had come into the library.

"Paint over the ear," he went on, "making it somewhat larger; not enough to be grotesque, just enough so everyone will notice it. You can match the colors with those poster paints?"

I nodded.

"Good," Olinsky went on, "everyone will pick on that ear, and you will promise to fix it. All will be happy, each having put his own two cents in." Olinsky laughed. "And after they have gone, all you have to do is to wipe it off with a damp cloth. Get the idea?"

I grinned.

"It will work, believe me," Olinsky concluded. "Well, let's get back to work."

The painting was on the easel, I had followed Olinsky's instructions perfectly. The ear was beautiful but a little too large.

As they tramped in, I saw that Dr. Cohan had known what he was talking about. There were so many of them that Mrs. Murray and the doctor could hardly get in the room. It started with a murmur, and all of a sudden everyone was speaking at once in a language I didn't understand. Finally a woman in her fifties, strong and heavy-set with a stern expression — the word matriarch coming to life, I thought to myself — stepped over to me. In a voice that showed who was boss, she informed me that a monstrous insult had been done to her daughter, that I had made her ear too large.

"Look at her ear," she said, pulling her daughter into the center of the group and turning her head around so I could see the ear. "Look at that ear."

She paused for breath. "It's small and beautiful. Why, Flo Ziegfeld once stopped her on the street and said it was the most beautiful ear he had ever seen."

"Oh, Mother," the girl said, half apologizing to me.

"No," her mother continued, getting more angry all the time. "Any idiot could see the ear is too big."

She started marching for the door. All the rest followed, with insulted looks on their faces. The daughter and her husband were the last to leave.

She said quietly to me, "You can fix that ear, can't you?"

I nodded. "No problem at all."

"Do you need me to pose?"

I considered a moment. "Just for a little bit."

"All right," she smiled. "Tomorrow."

As they left the husband said suddenly, "You are not going to change anything else, are you?"

"No," I assured him, "just the ear. Everybody seemed to like the rest of it."

"Oh, they loved it," the two said together.

Closing the door behind them, I took a damp cloth and carefully wiped off the poster colors, showing the original ear. I debated telling my subject. Then I remembered Olinsky's stern admonition and decided to let well enough alone.

It had been two weeks since Nomy had been there and, feeling rich with the money from the second portrait, I wanted to do another

painting of her, perhaps a reclining nude on a long canvas. Fixing up a still life a la Cézanne with some fruit and a jug, I found I couldn't seem to get going with it. I had to force myself to work.

"Think just of the painting," I said to myself, but somehow it was going nowhere.

Finally, I gave up. Either take the sign off the door, I thought — there were plenty of models around, I knew — or find Nomy; deciding on the latter. I knew the only person who had known her was Mr. Duncan at the Gallery. At least, she had told me about him. He might know her address. When I walked into the Gallery, Mr. Duncan came over accusingly.

"You didn't sign that painting," he said. "This man," he continued, "wanted it. In fact, I had his check — when he discovered no signature."

"Any artist who doesn't think enough of his work to sign it," he said, taking back the check and tearing it up, "I don't want," and he walked out."

I said I was sorry and would take it back to the studio.

"No," Mr. Duncan said, "I have some paints here," and led me into a back room. "I dabble in it myself."

I signed it and asked Mr. Duncan if he knew where Nomy lived or if he had her phone number.

"She was the one who told me to bring the painting here," I said.

Mr. Duncan remembered her all right and, going over to a box of cards on his desk, he thumbed through them and pulled one out. "I really shouldn't give this to you, you know, but since she sent you here I guess it's all right." He wrote the address on a card and

handed it to me. "She left no phone number."

I thanked him.

"How about doing some more nudes for me? I'm sure they will sell."

I promised I would get right to work. Out on the sidewalk I looked at the card, 140 West 57th Street. I remembered that address to be the very swanky studio building housing Fredrichs^K, the art store in whose window I had seen the cranking easel I wanted. A canopy crossed the sidewalk, and a uniformed doorman was opening the door of a cab as I walked up. While the receptionist called upstairs, I looked around.

This was a very expensive studio building, which made me wonder how a girl who posed for fifty cents an hour could afford it. That beautiful fur coat that she wore didn't seem right, either, now that I came to think of it. My thoughts were interrupted by the receptionist's asking what was the nature of my business. I replied I was an artist, which information the girl relayed upstairs.

After another long wait, the girl turned to me, "You may go up; tenth floor."

The elevator boy looked at me haughtily as I got out, saying, "To your left, sir."

The door was opened by a not-too-young man, handsome in a very sinister way. He surveyed me without speaking immediately.

Finally, he asked, "What do you want to speak to Nomy about?"

He spoke in a harsh, uncultivated voice, with a decided foreign accent.

"She did some posing for me, and I wanted her to do some more," I said, wondering what his reactions would be.

"What kind of posing? For photographs?"

He looked at me viciously.

"No," I replied, "for a painting," feeling it best under the circumstances not to mention it was a nude.

The man did not question me further. Suddenly he relaxed some and opened the door.

"Come in," he said. We went into a beautiful reception hall which, I did not have to be told, was furnished with antiques. Beyond, I could see an enormous studio, much larger than mine, with the whole side a large window. I couldn't help comparing the light with my studio's. The building across the street reflected color into the room. This would make it hard to paint here. We stood for a moment, and the man began suddenly, lighting a cigarette.

"I'm looking for Nomy, too. How long since you have seen her?"

"Two weeks," I answered. There was a long pause, the man walking to the door and opening it as a sign that the interview was over. "You better forget about Nomy."

I went down the elevator, feeling sure I would not see Nomy again.

A couple of days later a card came from the Gallery asking me to phone Mr. Duncan.

"The painting sold," he said immediately.

"Did the first man come back?" I asked.

"No," Mr. Duncan replied slowly. "A rather peculiar person, not the kind of individual who usually buys paintings, much too overdressed" He hesitated a moment before going on. "Sort of like a gangster type in the movies He came in here and didn't look at anything else, just pulled a big roll of bills out of his

pocket, peeled off two hundreds, took the painting, and left."

There was a long silence.

"Strange, don't you think?"

I told him about my experience in trying to find Nomy. Mr. Duncan thought for a moment.

"She came in here several times, a very attractive girl, I remember, and bought a small head by Brook. That's why I had her card. She mentioned seeing a painting of yours at your studio and that you would like to be represented by a gallery, so I told her to have you bring it around. That's all I know. Have you got any more for me to put up?"

"I'm working on them now," I told him.

"Good," he said and hung up.

Chapter Seventeen

CAPE ANN

The League lunchroom looked about the same when I stopped by one noon, with the usual characters sitting around. It had been almost a month since I had been here.

Two boys sitting at a table in the corner waved at me.

"Where have you been?" they asked.

Charles Todaro and Sam Kamen had both been good students in Mr. Du Mond's classes. Todaro had quite a flair for painting heads, putting in feeling and intensity that was his Italian heritage.

I remembered Mr. Du Mond's speaking of him, "He will make a good portrait painter if he doesn't scare his subjects away."

Sam Kamen was a Jewish boy who approached the subject more intellectually.

"Design," he maintained was the most important element in a painting. He was always doodling with shapes and patterns.

I told them about the studio and being represented by a 57th Street gallery, and was a little disappointed that they did not seem more impressed. I could see they were more interested in what they had to tell me.

"We've got something great for you," Todaro enthused the way he did about everything.

Kamen picked up the conversation. "I think you could do it," he added in a superior voice. "The W.P.A." Todaro cut in. "It's the

greatest thing ever! Art jobs galore. They are looking for people."

Kamen interrupted again, "They have to be qualified."

"Qualified, hell," Todaro broke in. "They take anybody."

"What kind of jobs?" I asked.

"Well," Todaro answered, "I take a bunch of kids through the Museum every afternoon."

I guess I sort of blinked in amazement.

"How much do you get for this?"

"Twenty-four dollars a week," Todaro answered immediately. It was the first money he'd ever received from art, I thought, remembering he had supported himself while studying by driving a cab.

Kamen interrupted my thoughts, "I'm painting a mural, in the dome of the Borough Hall in Brooklyn."

He laughed a little selfconsciously.

"Do you know what we did. We painted the whole way around, and then the boss didn't have anything for us to do, so he says, 'Go round again', over what we had done. I'll admit the second was better than the first."

Todaro turned to me. "Come on and sign up. We need all the people we can get. The bigger the show, the more chance it has of going on."

"Yes, how about it?" Kamen said, a little patronizingly.

"Maybe you and I could get one of those post offices. They are going to have a mural in every one all over the country." Without waiting for me to agree, he went on, "I'll take you down, so you can sign up this afternoon. How about it?"

I didn't answer immediately. I had never been interested in politics, and it seemed that all the people I had met through my

painting were violently opposed to President Roosevelt and his New Deal projects like N.R.A. and W.P.A. I had been so involved in my own work that I had not thought much about it. According to the newspapers, we were in a great depression, and many were out of work. But I had found so far that if I made a good painting, someone wanted it, and was willing to pay for it.

I thought about my mother. I was in grade school, and my father was hurt. With no money coming in for months, she got some pupils in shorthand; not that she knew anything about shorthand, but that was what these people wanted to learn. She was able to keep enough ahead of the students to be a very good teacher; at least, so the students said.

Another thought entered my mind, that if we are in such a big depression, where is all this money coming from to pay for taking kids through museums and painting around that dome twice. They were not interested in my question.

"What's that got to do with it? It must be there because we are getting it."

I knew that when Roosevelt was Governor of New York he left the state broke. Everyone knew that.

Kamen went on, "This country has got plenty of money," and looked at me with an air of one who knows the score. "Well how about it?" he said, meaning was I going to join up.

I answered slowly, "I can't afford to do it."

Kamen answered a littly angrily, "What do you mean, you can't afford it?"

"I just can't," I answered, "I've sold three paintings the last month."

"What kind of paintings?" Kamen demanded.

"Portraits and figures, and I get about two hundred apiece for them."

Todaro whistled in amazement. "Two hundred dollars each?"

I laughed. "That's not too much. Men like Louis Betts and Irving Wiles get ten times that much. I will, too, when I really get going."

It was my turn to look superior.

Kamen wouldn't be beaten.

"It won't last. Don't you know there is a depression going on now?" He added sarcastically, "In case you hadn't heard about it."

I suddenly got fed up with this kind of talk. Something was wrong here. I knew it instinctively. Todaro could develop easily into a fine portrait painter, here he was taking kids through museums. I wanted no part of it.

Getting up, I said, "I have to get back to the studio."

I wanted to end this on a friendly note with Todaro and Kamen and started to say something more, but Kamen snorted. I turned and walked down the stairs into the fresh air and warm sunshine of 57th Street.

Taking down the No Models sign brought immediate results. A beautiful, black-haired Italian girl knocked on the door that same afternoon. I used her for two nudes, a long reclining pose and another, a back view. I framed them well at Newcomb-Macklin, using the commission I had built up by bringing in the portraits.

Mr. Duncan was enthusiastic, asked me to come into his office. Pointing to a large leather chair, he sat down behind his desk.

"What are your plans for the summer?" My look of surprise made

him smile. "Tomorrow will be the first of June," he reminded me.

I thought for a moment. "I might go home to Colorado for a while."

Mr. Duncan shook his head.

"There are some good landscapes out there," I said.

"Not the kind I mean and need," he began. "Have you ever been to Gloucester, rather Cape Ann?"

I shook my head. "Well, this is the most paintable place in the country, in my estimation. You will find subjects everywhere. Take my word for it." He looked at me with enthusiasm. "Go up there and paint this summer and you will get some canvas paintings we can sell."

I was impressed.

"Sounds great," I said.

"Fine," he said and, reaching into a drawer, brought out a map which he spread out on the desk. "See here," he said, pointing to a spur of land sticking out into the ocean. "Cape Ann is separated from the mainland by a bridge here." He indicated the span with his finger.

"And this is Gloucester and its harbour. It's full of the most picturesque boats and wharves you ever saw. And old houses," he went on, "and around the harbour and across this little causeway is Rocky Neck. See this little area."

I nodded, following closely.

"Rocky Neck," he continued, "has always been the haven for artists. Frank Duveneck lived there and George De Forest Brush. You know their work?"

"Of course," I answered.

He continued to point with his finger. "And here is Rockport,

big elm trees and white houses with roses on their gates, and you look down the streets to the blue ocean." Mr. Duncan was really warming to his subject. "And here is Pigeon Cove. It has a wonderful rock quarry. Leon Kroll made several paintings there. One of them is in the Whitney." He traced his finger around the Cape. "Here's Haulabout Point, and Annisquam, and Windersheek Beach with its beautiful sand dunes. See what I mean?"

"It sounds great," I said enthusiastically.

"Good," Mr. Duncan said. "I'm going to give you a letter to a Colonel Wonson. He has some rentals on Rocky Neck. You will like it there; summer theatre and lots of pretty girls!"

He looked at me severely.

"But stick to landscapes. You can get all the girls you want here in town next fall." I appreciated all this and told him so. He waved it off, saying, "I just want some good paintings."

Chapter Eighteen
FISHERMAN IN THE SOU'WESTER

The rain came down steadily, as I crossed the small bridge onto Cape Ann. The 1927 Lincoln Phaeton I'd bought on a lot for \$100 was running smoothly. I liked the feel of this big car. Probably I should have purchased a Ford or a Chevy or some smaller car, but this particular model Lincoln had always been one of my favorites, and it seemed to be in excellent condition.

Except for Boston, the drive as far as Salem had been through the usual drab, dull American towns, dingy and characterless. I saw the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as I went along the Charles River. It brought back memories of Mr. Phillips and his predictions of 1932 which had apparently not materialized. Salem had old square white houses with captains' walks along the tops and a whole block of houses with beautiful doorways. I even found the House of Seven Gables, a dark brown house that really did have seven gables.

From there on it was a beautiful drive, even in the rain. Names of towns like Magnolia and Pride's Crossing intrigued me, as the road followed the coast under a canopy of large trees. The rain did not stop me from getting out of the car, after crossing the bridge at Gloucester, to look at the Leonard Craske statue of an old fisherman in his sou'wester, leaning over a large wheel and looking out over the harbour. The inscription on the base read, "They that go down to the sea in ships." That was all.

Even Mr. Duncan's enthusiastic description of this area had not prepared me for its picturesqueness. Everywhere I saw a painting.

Schooners tied up four and five deep at the wharves, old fishermen mending their nets, and everywhere the smell of salt and fish. I drove on around the harbour to Rocky Neck and found Colonel Wonson, a real New Englander, brusque but very pleasant. He showed me a small room on a wharf.

"Just for tonight, tomorrow I will show you a studio that I think you will like."

This turned out to be a house on piles over the water, with a large room that faced the harbour and a small bedroom and kitchen. I noticed the large room had an excellent skylight. "One hundred dollars for the summer. Stay as long as you want in the fall," Colonel Wonson offered.

"I'll take it," I replied immediately, giving him the money.

"Gets pretty cold in the fall," he commented, which I was soon to learn was New England logic. I drove around the rest of the day, finding how small the Cape really was. When Mr. Duncan had pointed it out on the map, I, being a Westerner, had been thinking of towns at least forty miles apart, but here the whole Cape was only about five miles across, so you were hardly out of one town before you were in the next.

I found one part that Duncan had not mentioned, a wonderful set of warm-colored rocks over which the large waves were breaking with a great deal of white foam and a loud roar. I noticed a man was sketching with his paint box and easel. His work, I could see, was rather poor, but he turned out to be talkative, telling me this area was called Bass Rocks. He pointed to an old man seated nearby on a

camp stool, sketching the breakers as they came in and out.

"Frederick Waugh, the artist."

I was much impressed. After a while Waugh got up, picking up his stool, and came over to join us. He had a thin face and a pointed beard. Of course, I had seen his paintings in New York, and knew he was considered the top marine painter in the country. He looked at the man's painting without comment and, with a friendly nod to me, looked up at the sky.

"Looks like we have a Northeaster coming." He started toward the road.

"Wish I could paint the sea like he does," the man commented.

Waugh was right. The next day the wind and rain came in from the sea. I drove over toward the Rocks. About a mile away I could hear the surf pounding, soon finding it had closed the road. Getting out of the car, I saw Waugh's slight figure standing on a high rock overlooking the surf. Climbing up on the rock beside him, I had to brace myself for the wind and rain. We could see the tremendous waves of the North Atlantic coming in.

Waugh yelled in my ear, "Reminds me of Winslow Homer. He used to paint here, you know."

He then started to get down, motioning me to do likewise.

"It's going to get worse," he shouted and started to run to where his car was parked near mine.

The weather cleared after a couple of days.

Going out, I found a couple of old schooners tied up to a wharf. The reflections in the water and the color of the old boats made me set up my easel and start a canvas. After a couple of hours I began to realize that this was very different from painting in a

studio where things held still.

The boats were already much lower than when I had started. I had forgotten about the tide. Besides, one of the craft had taken off, leaving it half-done on my canvas. The sun, which had been shining strongly on the side of the boats, now had moved so that part was in shadow. I found I was in a bad way. I couldn't finish the one boat that was not there, and the lowness of the water changed the perspective so much that I found it hard to work on the one remaining. And the reflections in the water were all different because of the shadow on the sides of the boats.

It was not hard to see it couldn't be done the way I had begun. Not long before I came to this conclusion, I had noticed a group, mostly women, setting up their easels further down the wharf. It was evidently a class. The teacher, I noticed, was a fairly young, very strongly built man. He had set up his own easel and was painting, seemingly not paying much attention to his class. He was, I could see, one of the men I had noticed during the storm, driving at high speed about the narrow streets of the village in a Rolls Royce.

"They do this every time it storms," I was told at the general store near the end of the causeway, where I found generally an assortment of local characters. One old-timer stated flatly that it was a disgrace, "Those two getting drunk and endangering the lives of people."

But the wife of the storekeeper had a more lenient view. She thought that Joe, who owned the car and who I had noticed, was very handsome, was "cute". He was a wealthy Boston playboy, she said. The other was an artist by the name of Emile Gruppe. I did not know Gruppe's work but had noticed a little house bearing a sign, Emile

Gruppe, Paintings not far from where I was staying.

Discouraged with the way my painting had turned out, I walked down the wharf to see what Gruppe was doing, having noticed he had been carrying a blank canvas about ²⁴ $\frac{1}{4}$ x 36 when he had arrived with the class. Now he had stopped painting and was leaning over one of the students, pointing out something to her. On his easel, the canvas which I expected to be just started was, to my amazement, finished; the boat, the reflections, the wharf, and even some old buildings in the background. And it was very good, I realized at once, having the feeling of the place and the time of day, everything.

Gruppe must have blocked in the whole, simply with a fine flow between the elements and then, picking up a few details on important points, had left the freshness of the paint all over. I remembered Nomy's stopping me on that figure. I had done the same thing on that.

I looked again at my painting, seeing that my lack of familiarity with the subject had made me start copying instead of working for the effect, as Gruppe had done, and as I should have done. Scraping off my painting, I packed up my things and left. At least, I knew what was wrong.

That afternoon I started out with a different approach. Leaving my paints behind, I took my portfolio with charcoal paper and charcoal. Picking a subject, I found that by making a small thumbnail sketch at first, I couldn't be distracted by the details. Rather, I was able to see the basic essentials of the composition, putting them in quickly and relating the parts together. The next subject I made larger, doing the same thing. After about twenty sketches that afternoon, I began to get the feeling of the place. The next morning I was

out with my paints doing the same thing, and while I didn't block my work in as fast as Gruppe had done, I didn't get into the trouble I'd had at first.

One afternoon, as I was finishing up a painting, I noticed an old fellow with a scraggly beard sitting on a piling behind me. He was in a talkative mood, and, taking a break, I sat down on the wharf near him with my canvas, my back against another piling. He first complimented me on my work and pointed out that it had the quality that I had been trying to get.

It was, "Painty," he said, introducing himself as the sculptor Leonard Craske, who had done the statue of the fisherman I had seen at the entrance to the Cape.

That statue, he told me, had given everyone a lot of trouble with the inscription. First, it had been done, making the top line "They that go down." A hue and cry followed, until he made it with "They that go" on the first line and "down to the sea" on the next, which he liked.

Craske had a philosophy.

"Nature," he went on, "is all important, and nature is as impersonal as the law of averages. In fact, that is what it is. Look how it makes an almost perfect balance between boy and girl babies, even making a few more boys because of the greater hazards of a boy's growing up.

"A person," Leonard Craske went on, "has nothing to say about it. He is either one or the other. It's the same way with gifts or talents. Some have it, and some don't."

He was really getting animated, standing up now and practically lecturing to me.

"There is no such thing as sentiment in Nature, only unyielding laws. A person pays for what he does and is, happy or sad, depending on how willing he is to pay the price of being happy. If he is weak, he pays the price of not being strong by being overwhelmed. If he is great, he pays the price of not being able to enjoy the frivolous. It is all a matter of whether or not you want to pay the price.

"A girl who does not break away from her parents pays the price of becoming an old maid. A boy who does not go out on his own pays ^{by} being known as his father's son. If I give that fisherman over there a dollar, I have a dollar less myself. I must decide whether his momentary pleasure is more important to me than what I could do with the dollar. That determines if I am happy or not. In this case, what he does with it is important. If he goes into a bar and gets drunk, I feel like a fool, and a sane man is not happy when he feels like a fool.

"Sentiment is another luxury you pay for. A man pays for sentiment by having his vision clouded so he can't see the truth. That also goes for romanticism."

This all had come out in a torrent of words. All I could do was listen and keep on painting.

He went on, "Have you read any of Gabriele d'Annunzio's work? A most gifted writer who is paying the price of not being a great writer by writing contrived romantic situations instead of letting the truth tell itself"

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun and, waving to me, he smiled and walked away. I had become accustomed to people talking to me when I painted outdoors. I put ~~on~~ a few highlights on my painting and, satisfied with the way it looked, packed up and left. I would

have to think about what I had heard.

One Sunday afternoon I was painting on the wharf when, somehow, I could feel someone watching me. Turning, I almost dropped the brushes I was holding. I had seen many beautiful girls, but this one was something else. Holding a box camera, she saw I had noticed her and asked sweetly if she could take my picture while painting. This done, she told me she was in Gloucester with her parents for the day and that they lived in Boston. She wanted to send me a print of the photo and asked for my name and address, which I gave her. At that moment her parents called to her from a car, and she ran to join them. I looked back at the boat. It looked sort of drab and dingy, and it was several minutes before I was a painter again, seeing the beauty of the way light reflected on the water.

Sure enough, in about a week the print came, not a very good one, with a little note signed Dorothy but giving no return address. I didn't give it much thought. Time was getting short, and I wanted to add a few more to the group of paintings I had done of Cape Ann.

> * * * * *
I showed some of the better canvases to Mr. Duncan. He viewed them with a big smile.

"Wasn't that a great place to paint?"

I admitted it had been beyond my expectations.

"And I like the way you got the feeling of the place," Duncan went on, indicating the free and loose way I had blocked the paintings, then detailed a few important things. Taking five, he told me to take the two remaining to the Harlow Galleries on Fifth Avenue. "They are associated with us, and I will tell them you are coming."

I knew Harlow's to be a larger and more important gallery. Mr. Harlow turned out to be a pleasant and a more sophisticated man

than Mr. Duncan, with a very continental air. From the way he spoke, he owned both galleries. We shook hands, and he looked at the paintings. An assistant was hovering in the background.

Harlow, turning, told him, "Put the larger one in the window, and put the other in the racks for now."

He thanked me quite formally for bringing them in. Following the assistant out, I noticed the present painting in the window was a large watercolor by Ogden ^Pleissner. The sun was shining brightly as I stepped out on Fifth Avenue. On an impulse, I walked west on 57th Street, climbing the stairs to the League lunchroom. Seeing no familiar faces there, I climbed another flight and peep^Hed into the door of the portrait class.

Mr. Du Mond was working on a girl's painting, with a group around him as usual, when a voice behind me whispered, "Take out all this detail."

Turning around, I saw Red Wilson laughing. He, along with Pleisser, had been one of the best students in the class the year before I started and occasionally stopped in at the League when he was in the neighborhood. We stepped back into the hall and talked for a moment, Red^W telling me he was making a painting for the Academy show.

"How about coming up and taking a look at it?"

I agreed, as the paintings I had seen of his I liked very much.

He came by his name because of his hair which was a dark rusty color. He would have been handsome except that a severe case of acne in his youth had left him rather badly scarred. He also walked with a slight limp. All this made him quite shy with strangers,

but once you got to know him, you found him to be a very likable and intelligent person. He lived with his family on Riverside Drive, his father being quite well known in the music world as a composer and conductor. I had been up there several times before and found them wonderful people.

Red was an only child, and I could tell from his conversation that he'd had little or no actual contact with the outside world. His universe had been one of books, Howard Pyle's pirates, and N.C. Wyeth's Indians. The painting^s he brought down to show Mr. Du Mond revealed this land of fantasy in which he lived. One in particular I remembered, a long canvas of some pirates coming over a sand dune. It was excellent, as good or better than anything I had seen of Pyle's or N.C. Wyeth's. He also did heads very well, one of which was reproduced in the League Year Book. It showed both knowledge and vitality.

Each time I saw Red I was amused by his hesitating inquiries about the simplest things, particularly about girls. I gathered that he had never had a date with a girl. Walking up Broadway above the Circle, he made several roundabout questions, and then came right out and asked about street walkers, as he called them. I told him I never bothered with them. He seemed surprised, probably because he had been reading about them.

"I thought everyone had them but me," he replied.

"No," I said flatly. "Hustlers, pimps, pushers, and number runners I have nothing to do with. There is something crawling about all of them."

"But I thought," Red began, but I interrupted him. "They are a dirty, crumby, sick crowd."

But Red persisted, "They are around."

"Of course, they are around," I went on, "especially in this section." I waved my hand to indicate anything west of Broadway. "They are all over the place." Looking at Red, I went on, "If you really want to see them, that Hotel Elise on Eighth Avenue is the place."

I changed the subject.

"What about this painting?" He hesitated for a moment.

"I want to get it in the Academy."

The Academy Show is not as the name would indicate, a school show. Rather it is one put on by members of the Academy, a prominent group of artists who, among their activities, run the Free Art School up on Amsterdam Avenue.

Their yearly show in the Fine Arts Building on 57th Street next to the League was the big event of the year in the traditional art world, copied after the Paris Salon. They put on all the trappings on vanishing day. The press was invited to meet the exhibiting artists. As in Paris, some of these artists brought along their paint boxes to touch up and perhaps put a little more color on their canvases if one next to it made it look a little dull. The opening night was a dress affair with Rolls Royces and jewels. It wasn't easy to get a picture into this show. The jury, made up of Academy members, turned down more paintings than they accepted.

Red went on, "Mr. Du Mond is on the jury this year. Why don't you paint one up and enter it?"

I answered, perhaps I would.

Red's mother greeted me with a smile. She was a very sweet, refined person.

"You boys go in and see the painting, and I'll make some hot

chocolate."

Red led the way down a hall into what I could see had been a spare bedroom in the apartment that he now used as a studio. The first thing I glimpsed was a large, six-foot square painting. A girl with a very brief costume was seated in a swing, holding the ropes with both hands, making a rather grayish pattern merging into a very dark background. Very obviously he had not used a model. Nothing in the figure suggested a just-happened look. I was surprised.

I hadn't expected anything like this and just stood there, looking at it silently, until Red broke in with, "What do you think of it?" I didn't like it and tried to think why.

Red persisted, "Do you like it?"

I realized I had to answer. Here was Red Wilson whose work I had thought was so great — all through school his work had been pointed out in the catalogue — showing me this painting that I knew was not good.

"I don't know," I replied slowly, and to change the subject I pointed to another much smaller painting leaning against the wall — a self portrait and beautifully painted, vital and free. I had noticed it almost immediately after the shock of the large one. "Now that's great," I exclaimed, really meaning it, thinking Sargent never had done anything better.

Red was a little irritated but tried not to show it.

"Don't you like the head?" he asked, his whole attention still on the large canvas.

I realized with a start that he was showing he was still an art student. In the class, we all used to concentrate on the head, not caring about anything else. That was the reason for the dark

background. Nomy'd objected immediately to that umber background, which had taught me to make a painting and not just a well-painted figure.

I blurted out, "It's not a picture."

"What do you mean, not a picture?" Red replied in an annoyed tone. "If it were small, you would like it, wouldn't you."

If he had done it small, he would have done it differently, I felt sure.

"Maybe that's it." I hesitated.

"That's foolish," Red laughed triumphantly. "Just because it's larger than you are used to, you don't like it."

"I guess that's it," I answered, seeing Red was in no mood to understand what I meant.

Red was more or less satisfied and returned to his slightly overbearing manner as the best student in the class. "We have to paint large to be seen in the Academy."

I knew this would not get into the show.

"Have you shown it to Mr. Du Mond?"

Red replied, "Yes, I showed him the sketch for it. He is on the jury this year, you know. It would get in, anyway."

I said nothing, wondering why he didn't put in the self portrait instead. We were interrupted by Red's mother, calling us into the dining room. I told them about what I had been doing; the studio, the models that were always knocking on the door, the Gallery on 57th Street, and now Harlow's. Red had not known about all this, and as I spoke, I could see him thinking about painting at home with no models. That must have been the reason for the self portrait and for his so far having had no visible sign of success. I could see

by the way Red and his mother exchanged glances that he had wanted to get out on his own.

"You will get the painting in the Academy, dear," his mother said soothingly.

I thought differently but said nothing. Suddenly the words of the sculptor, Leonard Craske, on the wharf at Gloucester came to my mind.

As I left, Red following me to the elevator, I wanted to make him feel better, so I blurted, "You have been the lucky one. A warm cosy home in New York, parents who are sympathetic and help you. You don't know what it's been like to be so-called free; the loneliness, the cold, to be never anything but freezing all winter, and the uncertainty. No, you have had the best of the bargain."

Red said nothing, so I continued, "Everything has its price, and freedom comes high."

Red thought a moment.

"What price would I have to pay to go out on my own right now?" He continued, "I know that to do what I want to do with painting, I must get out."

"Do you want it straight?" I said slowly.

"Yes," Red replied.

"The cost would be the happiness of your parents, particularly your mother. You are her whole life. You know that."

Red thought for a moment.

"Thanks," he said and went back into the apartment.

A cold rain was falling, so I went out on the Drive. There is no place where a gray day is grayer than in New York. I wondered what Red was saying to his mother.

Chapter Nineteen

DOROTHY

One beautiful fall afternoon I looked in a jeweler's window on Fifth Avenue at my own reflection and that of the well-dressed crowd on the sidewalk. Frowning at my two-day beard, hair that needed cutting, a shirt open at the collar, and no tie, I said to myself, "You're out of place here."

It was such a nice day I had stopped painting, walked across Washington Square, and climbed on a standing bus, going to the upper deck. As the bus came to 50th Street, for no good reason I had climbed down and joined the throngs of people walking along the sidewalk. Strolling along, I glanced in the great doors of St. Patrick's which stood open, revealing the soft warm lights inside.

Suddenly I became conscious of a vision coming straight toward me, a vision in pink; pink hat and dress, dark hair setting off a beautiful face, which was smiling excitedly.

"I saw your painting in the window up the street. It's wonderful."

I said nothing. She was so beautiful I couldn't help staring at her. She hesitated and smiled again. "You remember me, don't you?" I'm Dorothy. In Gloucester you were painting on the wharf. I took your picture and sent it to you. Remember now?"

"Sure," I replied, "that's right."

> I wish^{ed} I had shaved.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked, and before I could reply, "I was so excited to find your painting here on Fifth Avenue."

I didn't know what to say. I knew I couldn't go anywhere with her, looking like this.

"You look beautiful," I said, knowing girls always liked that, and it was no lie. She really did.

"Thank you, sir," she said delightedly.

I wanted to leave. Usually my looks didn't bother me too much, my being a real bohemian, at least I guess I was, but this was different.

"It's late," I said suddenly. "I'll call you."

"When?" She was insistent.

"Tonight?" I suggested, smiling at her for the first time.

"Murray Hill 7—," she stopped, as I was looking in my pocket for a pencil. She started laughing, a gay infectious sort of laugh. "I bet you don't even know my name." Handing me a card from her purse, she said seriously, "Look, I want to see you. I want to show you some paintings I have. Can you come to my apartment tonight?"

Recovering some of my composure, I said, "I would like to."

"Wonderful," she smiled, "I live in the Tudor Tower on 42nd, just east of Second. See you at eight."

"How about dinner?" I asked.

"That would be nice. About seven, then. We will have a drink first at my place."

We looked at each other.

She smiled. "I knew I would meet you today. I had a feeling when I saw that painting."

"I'm glad you did," I said, meaning it.

"So am I," she said swiftly, and turned and walked down the Avenue.

Watching her, I noticed several men turn and stare after her.

Shaved, and dressed in my one and only gray suit, I stepped into the lobby of the Tudor Tower.

"Come right up, I'm waiting for you," her voice floated out of the house phone.

The elevator boy pointed down the hall to the left.

Her hair was tousled, and I saw she was wearing a sweater with small stripes running around it and a pair of very close fitting velvet pants. She interrupted my thoughts of how attractive she was.

"See my gallery." I looked around at the large room with its quite ordinary furniture, a sofa and a couple of overstuffed chairs. Then my attention turned to the walls on which hung about a dozen paintings, some quite large, of her, and in most of them she was nude. All were unmistakably painted, I could see, by the same artist. I read out the name aloud where he had signed one in the corner: "Howard Chandler Christy."

Dorothy waited, while I walked around looking at each one, before asking if I knew him.

"No," I said, "but of course I know of him.

She smiled enthusiastically.

"He's wonderful, isn't he? I love his work."

"Yes," I said, looking particularly at one of the paintings, "he can really paint."

He modeled the flesh in the nudes so that one could almost feel its softness and fullness, and then to emphasize this the drapery was done with a staccato crispness. I also liked the way the

hair was mussed and free, as she was wearing it now. Seeing I was looking at the paintings and then at her, Dorothy laughingly mussed it up still more.

"That more like it?"

I grinned my approval.

She added, "Mr. Christy likes to muss it up himself, before he starts to paint.

Sitting on the sofa with her made me realize what an attractive girl she really was and with a real feeling of quality and fineness that the paintings on the wall seemed to lack. She was a real beauty where Christy had made her just a pretty girl and, I wondered, "Why does he always paint her smiling and always with that same smile, and always with enticing poses that say, "Come and grab hold of me?"

I thought, perhaps that is all he sees in her. My thoughts were interrupted by Dorothy's holding out a magazine.

"Look what I found," she said, indicating a color print of a painting in which a girl was seated at a large dining room table, eating an apple. Her dark hair merged into the background, a silver pitcher holding a single rose on a white tablecloth. The whole painting was informal and freely painted with rich colors.

"Sargent," she said. "I'm just wild about his work."

The phone rang, interrupting my telling her how much I agreed. I was studying the Sargent, while Dorothy listened a moment and then answered, "I have guests now."

She was evidently interrupted, I could hear a man's voice but could not make out what he was saying.

"Oh, all right," she finally said with resignation, "give me twenty minutes." She hung up. Coming over to me with a pleading

manner, she said, "I'm going to be very rude." She hesitated. "It's business."

She let her hands fall helplessly.

I passed it off casually. "It's all right, I understand."

Suddenly, she brightened. "There is a little Italian restaurant on the corner. I'll only be a half hour or so. Meet me there, will you?" She said it so entreatingly that I agreed. "A half hour," she said again, as I went out the door.

After a rather long wait for the elevator, the door opened and a very distinguished man in a derby hat and a white-edged vest stepped out. Not even giving me a glance, he walked down the hall in the direction of Dorothy's room. The elevator boy slowly sized me up but said nothing. As we stopped at the ground floor, the boy — actually he was older than I — did not open the door immediately but turned and looked at me again. By this time, I was becoming a little annoyed.

"All right," I said shortly, "what's the trouble?"

His attitude changed immediately to servility.

"Nothing sir, nothing." Opening the door slowly, he said, "Begging your pardon, sir, it's just that you are so young."

He was still looking at me as I crossed the lobby, going out onto the street. Walking around the block very slowly, I stood for a moment on the corner, then went into the restaurant. Finding a booth near the door, I sat down and looked around when suddenly the truth dawned. How could I have been so slow?

I instinctively stood up to leave, when Dorothy walked in, greeting me with the same smile I had seen on the Christy paintings. I sat down again, looking at her almost as if she were a stranger.

Suddenly I half-rose in the booth, blurting out, "You are a"

She interrupted me by putting her hand over my mouth. "Don't say it," she begged softly.

There was a long pause as I sat down again.

"Thank you for staying," she went on, taking a rolled magazine from under her coat. "I want you to have this." Glancing at me as she opened it to the Sargent print, she added, "You are the first person who I feel really sees in Sargent what I do, except, of course, Mr. Christy."

I spoke up, "Do you always call him Mr. Christy?"

"Of course," she replied. "He is over seventy."

Changing the subject, she thumbed through the magazine, opening at another color print.

"Here is a nice Hopper," she said, turning it around for me to see. It was a lighthouse, very simply painted.

"Do you like his work?" I said, looking at it.

"Yes and no. I like his directness and simplicity, but," she hesitated, "I'm afraid I like the more skillful painters like" — she thought for a moment — Boldini, Laszlo, and of course Mr. Christy."

The waiter interrupted, and after I had finished ordering, she continued, "Do you know Boldini and Laszlo? Of course, I mean their work?"

I shook my head. Dorothy put her hand on my arm across the table. "I have a book of each. Mr. Christy brought them back from Europe for me. They have beautiful reproductions." Her face positively glowed. "What work, what fluency of painting!" Dorothy told me her favorite writer was Gabriele d'Annunzio, and many other things

as we sat and talked for a long time before strolling out onto the street. Standing on the sidewalk, Dorothy started to say something, but an elevated train drowned out her voice. She laughed and shook her head. Standing very close to me finally, as the noise died down, she spoke in a serious voice, "I want you to make a painting of me. How about tomorrow?"

I nodded agreement.

"I'll be at your studio," she said, turning and walking briskly across 42nd Street to her building.

At Grand Central the clock said two:fifteen.

"Colorado was never like this," I said half aloud.

A small blank canvas was on the easel when Dorothy knocked on the door the next day.

"I want to do a head of you," I explained, as I posed her with much of her face in a soft shadow, giving a very moody feeling.

Picking a large brush, I started blocking out a large area of raw umber without any preliminary drawing. I had done charcoal drawings this way but never an oil painting. Somehow, the simple dark hair with the shadow pattern suggested this new approach, and I threw caution to the winds and plunged right in. I became so engrossed that finally Dorothy broke into peals of laughter. I stopped, holding a brush poised, and stared at her. This made her laugh even more, so I put the brush down uncertainly.

"I'm sorry," she managed to say, "but you didn't even say hello, or give me a chance to look around."

She paused and wiped her eyes with a small handkerchief.

"Now my mascara is running." She trotted over to an old mirror hanging on the wall which had been there when I moved in.

Now I noticed for the first time it had a large crack running through the center. "Your expression holding up that brush," she giggled, busily repairing her face.

I watched her trying to see herself around that crack. With some stooping and tipping, she found a good spot, but made no comment. Giving her hair a last pat, she turned toward me, smiling gaily.

"First, I want to say hello," she said, throwing her arms around me and kissing me squarely on the mouth. With a large paint brush in one hand and a dirty paint rag in the other, I could only stand there and blink with surprise.

"Now," she said, stepping back, "I want to see the studio."

Turning around in a slow circle, she took in the high ceiling and the broad skylight.

"What a beautiful light," she commented. Walking over to the model stand, she held up her hand, studying the soft modeling.

"Beautiful," she said again, going up the stairway to the balcony.

At the top she looked down, holding her two hands to form a rectangle framing sections of the room below. As I watched her from below, I thought of Mr. Reid, and how he always looked at a subject that way.

"Do you know Jay Hambidges' book?" she called down, interrupting my thoughts.

"You mean the one on Dynamatic Symmetry?" I replied.

"Yes," she said excitedly. "Here is a perfect example of it. Come on up."

I climbed the stairs to where she stood on the balcony.

"Frame the section right through there."

She indicated the easel and the model stand. I framed it and immediately saw what she was talking about. From our high vantage point on the balcony, the lines formed two right angles, and by moving my frame around slightly, I could make two diagonals which broke the space into right triangles.

"See it?" she asked excitedly. She didn't show any interest in the rest of the place and after walking down the steps, looked around at the bare walls questioningly. "Where are your paintings?"

I brought out a few landscapes and nudes, from the kitchen, leaning them against the wall. Without comment, she took a chair and placed one of the landscapes on it. Stepping back, she squinted her eyes and tipped her head from side to side. She did this with each painting.

Finally, she said, "This I like. That's nice."

It was obvious she liked the nudes better than the landscapes.

"You get more feeling in them, except this," she indicated a small sketch in oils of an old boat and wharf on a dark rainy day. "This is really great," she said, standing there looking at it for a long time.

Turning to a back view of a nude girl with her hair piled up on the top of her head, looking into a mirror, she said, "This I love. Put it on the easel, please."

I took the painting I had started of her down and put the nude in its place. She walked up to it, commenting, "It needs varnish," and, moistening her finger with her tongue, rubbed it on a dark area, making a darker spot. "You can fix that. You get something of the same fleshy quality that Mr. Christy does but an entirely different mood."

I picked up the start I had made and looked at it, turning it upside down to look at the design. Dorothy laughed her little laugh and took the nude off the easel.

"Back to work," she said, stepping up on the model stand. Before sitting down, she turned and with a roguish smile said, "I will tell you, I'm impressed."

It was not easy to recapture that first impression, and I found myself detailing the features and hair. I stopped and softening the edges, particularly where the light on the hair went into the background, I began to like the effect I was getting. Dorothy refused to come down to look at it. "Mr. Christy," she explained, "told me it's not fair to the artist to look at a canvas before it's finished."

Concentrating my work on her large dark eyes, luminous even in the shadow, I detailed them very carefully until I felt they were alive. With the hair, I did not make the mistake of losing the simple blocked-in form. Stepping back to look at it, I realized that any more detailing would only flatten the form. I laid down my brush.

Dorothy jumped up, exclaiming, "You are finished." She stood looking at it[†] for a long time without comment. Finally, she said, "Your way of seeing is so different from Mr. Christy's".

She looked at the head again.

"More sensitive and moody."

Suddenly she turned and smiled. "I'm not going to show you those Boldini and Laszlo books, after all. I like your way better."

Abruptly looking at her wristwatch, she remarked, "I must go."

She kissed me on the cheek, stepped back and went briskly to the door, looked over her shoulder, blew me a kiss, and was gone.

> I wondered if Dorothy expected me to give ^{the painting} it to her. She had made no suggestion. I realized this was no ordinary call girl, probably the most expensive one in town.

I suddenly remembered a date with a girl I had met at an afternoon cocktail party. Adrian Lamb insisted that I should know "the right people," as he put it. She was in her thirties but in a most attractive and expensive way. One could even say she was quite beautiful. Apparently alone; she had latched onto me immediately, going around and introducing me to people but each time dragging me off to meet someone else. Finally, she became involved with a group. I drifted over to Lamb who was talking to the hostess.

He turned to me. "You made a hit." Lamb winked. "Money, money, money."

The hostess added, "Money never hurt anyone."

I was flattered with her attention, I guess, and when she insisted that I come to call, as she called it, I agreed. Now I looked at my reflection in a store window. My dark suit was pressed. I had on a clean shirt. My hair was combed, and my shoes were shined. I felt ready for Park Avenue.

There was a canopy over the sidewalk at No. 250, and a shiny bronze plate beside the door had a single word on it: Sherry's. A man's voice answered the house phone, inquiring who was calling, and in an English accent told me to come to the 19th floor. Stepping off the elevator, surprisingly I found, instead of a hallway as in most apartment buildings, a circular foyer in a pale shade of violet, with beautiful furniture. A tall man, obviously the butler, bowed slightly.

"The family is in the library. Please follow me."

It was a dark, heavy room, the walls lined with glass-covered

bookshelves. Marion, nearest the door, jumped up.

"I'm so glad you could come," she said, smiling, and led me over to a very aristocratic woman, seated on a large leather sofa, who looked up from a book which, I could see, had large color reproductions of paintings.

"I want you to meet my mother," Marion introduced us.

"The weather here has been frightful. I don't see how we can stay in New York another day," her mother announced immediately.

A little taken aback, I smiled assent, thinking to myself, today had been one of those really beautiful fall days we have in New York.

"And this is my father," Marion said, taking me over to a thin, aesthetic man who was studying a large globe.

Marion and I sat on a smaller sofa, facing her mother, with her father joining the group but remaining standing beside an ornate marble mantle. A rather large portrait of a stern-faced man, closely resembling Marion's mother, was hanging over the mantle.

"We can't decide whether to go to Pau or Baden Baden," her mother went on, sternly looking at me, adding, "Don't you love Pau?"

Without waiting for an answer, she directed her question to Marion's father. "What do you think, dear?"

He spoke in a timid voice, volunteering San Sebastian or Berritz.

"Berritz," Marion's mother exclaimed, throwing up her hands aristocratically, "has gone down so lately. It had such a beautiful beach."

She shook her head sadly. She did not mention San Sebastian, and Marion's father did not press the subject.

Standing up with a resigned gesture, she said, "It's so difficult to find any place to go these days. Come, Father, the young people want to be alone."

She marched out, with Marion's father following. He turned, smiled, and waved a little good-by to his daughter.

"Let's go to my apartment," Marion said, jumping up immediately. "Your apartment?" I said, surprised. "I thought you lived here."

She laughed, and she had a very pretty laugh.

"I do, silly. It's an apartment within an apartment."

I held back. "Wait," I said. "Let me look at this portrait."

I walked to the mantle with Marion following.

"That's Grandfather, Mother's father," she explained.

I studied it carefully. It was wonderfully painted. The flesh tones around the forehead and eyes were particularly fine. It was done very much on the bravura side, exceeding skillfully, much more so than Christy's; too much, I felt, and yet I couldn't help wishing I could paint like that.

"Who was the artist?" I asked after a while.

> "Phillip Laszlo," she replied, "the Viennese portrait ~~painter~~ painter. Grandfather had it done in London when Laszlo was official painter to the Court of St. James."

We both looked at the painting.

"Mother resembles her father, don't you think?"

I agreed.

"Grandfather used to say Laszlo looked exactly like Toscanini. Come one," she said gaily.

On the way to her apartment I couldn't help thinking of

Dorothy. If she had a book on this Laszlo, I wanted to see it. Marion's apartment had a cozy sitting room, very feminine with violet wall paper and Victorian furniture, all in violet velvet. Marion sat on a sofa and patted the seat beside her. As I sat down, the butler entered, carrying a large silver tray which he put down on a very ornate gold and white coffee table before us.

"Thank you, Henry," Marion said kindly. We won't need anything else."

"Very good, Miss Marion," he replied and left.

On the tray was a beautiful silver service for tea and coffee, and a platter of very fancy little square cakes.

"Tea or coffee?" Marion asked.

"Tea," I replied, "just plain."

After she had handed me my tea and insisted I take a cake, she remarked, smiling at me, "Now we can get better acquainted."

She was sitting close beside me, with her legs pulled up under her, and I noticed for the first time that her dress was made of small white beads with a colored design through them, like wampum.

"That's a very pretty dress," I said admiringly.

"Thank you," she replied, smoothing it with her hand. "I bought it in Tangiers."

She really is a beautiful girl, I thought to myself, with fine, strong features. For no good reason, perhaps all this talk of Europe, I thought of Mr. Reid and his last request at the railroad station.

"You have been to Paris?" I asked, knowing she undoubtedly had.

She looked surprised.

"Yes, many times. Why do you ask?"

I hesitated a moment.

"What kind of a street is the Boulevard des Invalides?"

She thought for a moment.

"I've driven down it a few times, but that's across the river from where I generally go. I couldn't say just what is on it; old houses and apartment buildings, I think." She thought a minute more. "Des Invalides is the building with the big dome and, as I remember my history, Napoleon's tomb is inside. I've never been inside, although I know it's one of the things to see. All the tourists go there. Why do you ask?"

I did not reply immediately.

"An artist with whom I studied out in Colorado once asked me to walk down it my first evening in Paris."

She looked puzzled.

"That's a strange request. Why did he ask you to do that?"

I thought for a moment.

"I don't know. That's why I asked what kind of street it is. He said I would find out why a person suffers so much to be an artist."

She looked at me for a long time. "Have you suffered much?" she asked softly.

"Not really," I answered. "I've had too much fun."

She laughed and reached over and picked up one of the little cakes and handed it to me, then filled my tea cup. Then she moved closer and put her hand on mine. I looked down at her face which was very close. I knew she wanted me to kiss her. She had so much makeup that her skin had a velvety look, not like skin at all. Somehow I didn't feel like kissing her just then, I was uncomfortable in

my laundry-starched shirt, and my new shoes hurt my feet. It had not been a very comfortable evening, anyway, and I just didn't feel like making love, especially on that flimsy antique sofa that looked as if it would collapse at any moment. In sort of defiance I picked up another cake, ate it, drank the remainder of my tea, and stood up.

"I'm keeping you up too late," I said rather lamely.

Marion sat watching me. I surprised myself by saying suddenly, "Would you go out with me some evening, to dinner and a show?"

She brightened visibly and replied softly, "I'd love to."

As we were walking out of her apartment, she put her hand on my arm.

"Would you like to go out for a drive?"

I looked at her, surprised. "I don't have any car."

"I do," she said. "Come on."

I felt a little guilty for the way I had acted, and agreed.

She squeezed my arm.

"I'll get my coat."

She returned immediately with a leather coat and scarf.

The doorman tipped his cap.

"Taxi, Miss Colby?"

"No, thanks, Paul. We are walking."

The garage was halfway up 49th Street toward Lexington and fairly empty.

"Want me to start the car for you, Miss Colby?" the attendant asked politely.

"No, thanks, George," she said.

We walked to the back of the garage to a car that made my eyes open wide.

"Is this yours?" I said incredulously, staring at an Isotta-

Fraschini roadster with the top down.

"Get in," she laughed, indicating the driver's seat and holding out the keys. I slowly climbed in and looked at the many dials and switches in front of me.

"That's the tach for the RPM, and this odometer is in kilometers," she said, "and this is the gas pump," indicating a handle. "Pump it four times, and step on the clutch."

She wiggled the gearshift lever to see if the motor was out of gear.

"Now press the starter," she said, indicating it with her finger. "As soon as it starts, give it a little gas and pull out this choke."

I pressed the starter. The engine turned over whiningly a couple of times and coughed.

"Keep on," Marion urged. "It will start."

I tried again, and suddenly the garage was filled with a tremendous roar. After a few moments, I pushed the gear lever into first and gingerly let out the clutch. I was amazed how smoothly the car started. I eased it out the front door and onto the street, heading for Park. Going up the Avenue, I shifted smoothly, stopping for a light at 72nd. I made 86th before the light changed again. Marion pointed to make a left turn. She had been smiling approval of the way I was handling the car.

We crossed the Park and proceeded over to Riverside Drive. Above Grant's Tomb there was very little traffic, and I stepped on it a little. The acceleration was amazing. At Fort Tryon Park, I turned up the hill and was rewarded by Marion's approving smile. At the top the road ended in a small parking space overlooking the river.

We sat in the moonlight, looking at its reflection in the water. I admit I was tremendously exhilarated, driving this great car, and when she pushed close to me, I threw my arms around her and kissed her upturned mouth warmly. We sat there for a while, and then Marion said softly, "Shall we go?"

It was quite late by then, and the streets were deserted. I was beginning to get the feeling of the car when, all too soon, I was turning it into the garage. As I was switching off the ignition and pulling up the hand brake, Marion jumped out and walked to the entrance where she waited. I handed her the keys, as we walked around the corner in silence. The doorman was off duty by now.

She turned suddenly and kissed me very lightly, whispering, "I will call you," and ran into the lobby without looking back.

I walked down the deserted Avenue. A prowling car slowed down, scrutinizing me, and drove on. I felt hungry and knew the Automat on 42nd Street would be open. Taking a cup of hot chocolate to an empty table, I sat down and sipped it slowly. I absently looked at a threadbare old couple at the next table, sitting there dully as if they had no place to go. There were so many like them these days. Marion wouldn't phone, I knew.

* * *

Several times the next few days I thought about Dorothy but did not call her. A week went past, and I found myself walking east on 42nd Street, glancing up at the Tudor Towers as I passed. It was a beautiful day and, standing at the end of the street overlooking the river, I watched a barge being pushed against the current. After awhile, I turned to go, to find Dorothy standing in front of me, blocking the way and laughing at my surprise. In a flood of words, I

gathered she had been in Philadelphia the last few days, attending a meeting of the Ziegfeld girls.

"I was a Ziegfeld girl. You knew that, didn't you?" she said.

I didn't, but she was off on a flow of enthusiasm before I could reply. She had seen an exhibition there of landscapes by Daniel Garber, big trees and old houses which she thought were beautiful. We stood for a moment, looking at the river below.

"I love it, too," she exclaimed.

Heavy trucks rumbled along the cobblestones of First Avenue. Old packing houses lined the river side of the street. Across the water, there was a large Sunshine Biscuit sign.

"I want you to do a nude of me." She turned and looked up at me. "This afternoon. You can, can't you? I want so much to see how you would see me. Let's do it at my apartment."

I thought she looked particularly beautiful, standing with a slight breeze from the river blowing her hair. "I guess so," I answered after a pause, trying to keep my voice casual. "Why not?"

She smiled at me with enthusiasm. "Come on, then."

"What about materials?" I asked.

She brushed that aside.

"Oh, Mr. Christy has everything up there; a new set of pastels from Holland, a big set. Do you like to work in pastels?"

"Of course," I said.

Dorothy was singing in the bedroom through the open door. After a few moments she called, "Come on in." She was standing nude before a full-length mirror, mussing up her hair as in the Christy paintings. Her reflection scowled at me. Then she laughed, turning all the way around.

"How do you like me?"

For some reason I thought about Reid's "Artists suffer so much," and laughed out loud. She swung around abruptly and gave me a hurt look.

"You don't like my figure?"

I hastened to assure her, "Of course, I do. You have the most beautiful figure I have ever seen."

This was the truth. Appeased, she led the way into the living room and flopped down on the sofa, motioning me to bring up an easel, which was in the corner. I opened Christy's box of pastels and looked at Dorothy. She had taken a pose that looked just like the ones she had done so many times for Christy; enticing, with that same smile. I had been watching her in the bedroom, and I'd seen something that I had sensed since I first met her. This girl was liquid grace, like the big cats prowling around at the zoo. For some reason she had covered it up with the pretty, artificial poses that went with the Christy, Harrison Fisher, cover-girl era.

"Move around some," I said.

She moved but into poses like those on the wall. I kept shaking my head until finally she got a little annoyed, and in that moment of irritation she twisted around suddenly with savage grace, her head down and her hair over part of her face.

"That's it," I said sharply.

She was an experienced-enough model to stay that way. Quickly, I blocked in the action with broad strokes of a sort of yellow ochre, using the broad side of the stick. Next I put in the darks strongly, tying the shadows together with a dark pattern in the background. Finally I took a stick of light flesh color to put in the lights which

made the original tone a halftone. I put these lights on, using strokes that crossed the form instead of following the contour. This gave a lost and found look of strong forms with no edges.

Dorothy broke my concentration by plaintively asking for a rest. As before, she would not look at the drawing but ran into the bedroom for a moment, coming out modestly wearing a robe. Then she took the pose again. I centered my attention on the flow of forms that gave her that liquid grace I had felt. Then, carefully, I detailed certain spots, the way her ear made a light spot in the dark mass of hair and how a hand emphasized the action of the whole figure. Stopping, I stood up looking at it critically. It had that animal grace; I had not let any of the details distract; I knew it was good. She came around and was silent for a few moments.

Then slowly, as if choosing her words carefully, she said, "That's the way I really feel."

I looked at her, "Is it?"

She looked back at me. "You will find out," she promised, and ran into the bedroom.

I stood for a moment, looking at the drawing. Picking up a stick of pastel, I touched up a few spots before following her.

* * *

> "May I hang [?]that pastel you made with the Christy's? I have had it framed." Dorothy was posing in my studio, this time for an oil. She had quickly begun to express what she called her real self in posing, and this painting had the same feeling as the pastel, only more so.

"What will Mr. Christy say?" I asked, "and what about my using his pastels?"

"He won't mind a bit," she answered gaily. "But," she hesitated, "the next time I pose for him, how shall I pose? I'm afraid I won't feel right in those old poses that he likes."

I thought a while.

"They are not old," I replied, "they are the way he thinks, and he's really a fine painter. You know that."

"I guess so," she said a little uncertainly. "He has been so good to me."

Chapter Twenty
THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

I still stopped by the lunchroom every time I was in the vicinity of the League, and on this particular afternoon Mr. Du Mond was talking to Adrian Lamb whom I had not seen since the cocktail party at which I'd met Marion Colby. I wondered if perhaps he felt I had let him down by not following up my date with her. I had not called or heard from her since. But he said nothing, handing me a card he pulled out of his pocket.

I read, "The President and Board of Governors of the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, invites you" I noticed the date. "That was last week."

I looked at Lamb with a puzzled expression. He disregarded my comment.

"This card is only for the address," he said, "Fifteen Gramercy Park. Know where that is?"

I shook my head. I had heard of the Park, but its exact location was vague in my mind.

"Twentieth Street east of Fourth Avenue," he said, adding, "Take the BMT to 14th Street. I want you to see the show. Tell them I sent you."

"Thanks," I said, standing.

Mr. Du Mond was silent, but from his expression I felt he was back of Lamb's giving me that card. I found out later this was true.

At 14th Street I walked up the stairs into the bright sunshine of Union Square. On 20th, east of Fourth Avenue, I came into another world of beautiful old houses of a pre World War I era, surrounding a small park that had a high iron fence around it. No. 15 was a very dignified, old brownstone house with a canopy over the sidewalk. I stopped and looked down several steps to the entrance. A shiny brass plate told me it was the National Arts Club, formerly the home of Samuel J. Tilden. I told the uniformed colored man inside the door that Adrian Lamb had sent me to see the exhibition.

"This way, please," he smiled, leading the way up a marble stairway into a large gallery. "Anything you wish to know about the paintings, just ask. I will be down there."

He indicated his station at the door.

"It's a fine exhibition," he added with obvious pride.

He was right. Walking slowly around looking at each painting, I saw all the big names in traditional American art. A portrait by Irving Wiles impressed me, particularly the way the background was handled. It enveloped the head in atmosphere instead of being a flat tone back of the head as most portrait backgrounds were. I thought of what someone had said: A person does not decide at once to express himself. Instead, it is a long succession of things that he likes in other artists' work which he stores away until, finally, an individual emerges. I knew I would incorporate this idea in my work, not trying to copy Wiles, but using it because it had a quality I liked.

Looking through a large open doorway, I saw a room that was obviously a club room with large overstuffed leather chairs and tables with magazines. What interested me was a number of paintings on the wall. The colored man was walking through the gallery at that moment,

so I asked if I might look at these paintings.

"Of course," he replied. "I will show you."

Walking ahead, he stopped at a large river landscape.

"George Bellows," he said and continued. "These paintings are diploma paintings by life members of the Club. Each presents the Club with a painting upon being made a life member."

Continuing, he pointed out works by William Wendt, Charles Hawthorne, and Frank Tenny Johnson. At a portrait of a woman, he stopped.

"I take it you are a Du Mond student?"

"I was," I answered.

"I thought so because Adrian Lamb sent you," he explained, continuing, "This is by Eugene Speicher, one of the best of his students. "It's of" He rubbed his nose. "I never can think of her name. Anyway, she is the art critic of the Brooklyn Eagle."

"It was done," he went on, "right after he completed his training with Du Mond," and, looking at the painting, commented, "How differently he paints now," assuming that I knew his present work, which I did not. "I must go now. Make yourself at home."

I thanked him and walked around, looking at the paintings before coming back to the Speicher. It was all in dark grays and blacks and showed all the things Mr. Du Mond had been teaching. I liked it, and yet I didn't. Outside, I walked around the Park and up to 23rd Street. I liked the Wiles better than the Speicher.

* * *

The next day Dorothy called me at the studio.

"I want to show you some wonderful paintings," she began excitedly. "Meet me at — got a pencil? — 1 West 67th Street, in

the lobby. Can you be there at five?"

"What kind of paintings?" I asked.

"You will see," she laughed teasingly. It always surprised me how beautiful she was, this time a little breathless coming across the lobby. She took both of my hands and smiled up at me.

"Come," she said, half pulling me into a door at the side of the lobby.

We went into what was obviously going to be a cocktail bar. A lone carpenter was sawing a board, but what I noticed were the walls. Almost from the floor to the ceiling were paintings of nudes in various poses out of doors, the dark coloring of the foliage contrasting with the warm flesh colors. I stared at the wall admiringly. It was a beautiful effect. Dorothy beckoned me over to another wall with more figures, these against a gold background.

She began talking to an elderly man with a lot of wavy white hair. He was both artistic and distinguished looking. After the introductions — and I had known immediately from the work that he was Howard Chandler Christy — he, in turn, looked at me with a steady scrutiny.

"I'll bet you are the boy who did that pastel of Dorothy. Very good, my boy, very good."

I thanked him, adding, "I hope you didn't mind my using"

He interrupted me with a generous gesture.

"Use them any time. He looked at Dorothy. "Isn't she a great little model? She posed for most of these." He indicated the panels with a sweeping glance.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Dorothy cried breathlessly. "I posed for the majority of them, as Mr. Christy said."

"Even some of the blondes," he put in.

I was really impressed. I had always heard of Howard Chandler Christy — his book illustrations, his war posters, the paintings in Dorothy's apartment — but this room with groups of figures all the way around, and all so beautifully painted and grouped, put him in a new light in my estimation. Both Dorothy and Mr. Christy were watching my reaction.

"I'm speechless," I said finally, because that was the way I felt.

Christy laughed.

"That's the best thing anyone has said yet. Let's go upstairs," he said suddenly and headed for the door.

He was a most impressive figure, I thought, tall with that lionlike mane and strong features. His studio was an enormous room, two stories high, with a balcony going its width opposite the large skylight windows. The room was cluttered with carved wood furniture and all sorts of vases and china. Dorothy went directly to the large easel in the center of the room. On it was a portrait of a man whom I immediately recognized as Eddie Rickenbacker. Christy opened a cabinet and took out a bottle and three glasses.

I wanted to look at the paintings which were everywhere, hanging on the walls, leaning against the walls and even on chairs, but Dorothy called me, "Come, sit over here."

Mr. Christy handed me a glass with a dark brown liquor. "Have you been to Paris, my boy?" he asked.

"No," I said, "not yet."

Christy continued, "You will learn how to drink over there. That's an apertif, not a cocktail," I noticed it had a rather sweet

taste.

"Drink it slowly and savor it," Dorothy said, as she sipped a small amount from her glass.

Christy talked of painting and told a story about Sargent.

"I must go." Dorothy jumped up.

Christy walked to the door with us.

"Come back and see me," he invited me as we left.

On the way down, Dorothy enthused, "Wasn't he wonderful?"

The next afternoon I was on 57th Street and looked in the League lunchroom. Mr. Du Mond was with his group as usual, sipping a cup of coffee.

"I want to talk to you," he said, indicating a chair. We are having a show at the National Arts Club of the work of the various art schools in town. I want you to put in that head of Jim, the one with the ruff collar."

"Jim Corbett," I supplied.

"Yes," he replied, "that had a nice quality and was done in class."

I had painted Jim not long after the colored girl, one of the last portraits I had done in the class just before I rented the professional studio. Instead of using the regular model, we often used to paint one of the students; we'd pose them over against the wall, out of the way. Jim had a wonderful romantic cavalier look. He was Italian, and we had added to the effect by getting a ruff collar, and against a dark background he was a most painterly subject.

"You still have it?" Mr. Du Mond asked.

"Yes. I got a good frame for it."

I received a very good hanging in the show. Mr. Du Mond was,

> I found later, Chairman of the Arts Committee and was mentioned in the Times review of the show.

Shortly afterwards, I was invited to join the Club.

"Now you can put a painting in the annual show," Adrian Lamb congratulated me, once I was made a member. I had just finished one at my studio of a red-headed girl, sitting at a table with a white table cloth; not the same but inspired by the Sargent in the magazine that Dorothy had given me.

"Have you a tux?" Lamb asked over the phone.

"No," I said, surprised. "Why?"

"You will need one for the opening Wednesday evening. Rent one," he advised me. "You absolutely have to be there. You are hanging right between Mr. Du Mond and Louis Betts."

He was right. All the men were in tuxedos and the women in long dresses with lots of jewelry. It was my first formal opening. I found quite a few of the artists standing around near their paintings, trying to hear the comments from the crowd.

"We want to put your name up for the Board of Governors," a very distinguished, heavy-set man told me. I'm Frank Towle," he introduced himself. "We need one of the younger artists. You know we are getting quite a group of them."

I found the Board meetings interesting and very enlightening. There was only one other artist in the group, Edmund Greacen, a fine painter and the director of the Grand Central Art School. I could see the wisdom of a Club's not being run by artists but, rather, by leaders of the business world who unselfishly gave their time and support to promoting art in the city.

The meetings were held in the late afternoon with considerable

formality, but I found the individual members generous and outgoing, inviting me to their homes frequently. What was I doing with the money I was getting for my paintings? Mr. Talcott, the president, was talking seriously about this one evening after dinner.

"We are a capitalistic country," he said. "Don't believe what you hear around about the stock market being the Devil's workshop and about everyone in it being a crook. That is only the politicians talking. A share of stock you buy is simply a part, and sometimes a very small part, of a certain company. It signifies you are a part owner. And when the company makes a profit, you receive your share of that profit. This is what built America into the industrial giant it is; people putting their savings to work. The > Stock Exchange is simply what ~~it~~^{is} says, a place of exchange for people buying and selling these shares of industrial America."

It was very simple the way he explained it, and I have always been very appreciative of how this kindly man took the time to make it clear to me.

He went on, "Think of something everyone needs."

I thought a moment.

"Soap," I said.

"Good," Mr. Talcott approved. "Now what is a good company that makes soap?"

Ivory soap came to my mind. My family had grown up in Cincinnati.

"Proctor and Gamble," I said.

"A fine, well-managed company," Mr. Talcott agreed.

I took my savings out of the bank and bought some Proctor and Gamble stock. At the next meeting I told Mr. Talcott what I had done.

"Good," he said, smiling. "Now diversify your holdings."

I looked puzzled. He laughed.

"Get into another kind of business, say a public utility."

"Telephones?" I was getting the idea. "A. T. & T.?"

"You can't do better than that," he replied, looking pleased at my progress. "It's too bad that more artists don't know these simple things. With money coming in from their investments, they could be freer in expressing themselves in their work and not have to be always painting on order the way someone else wants it to be done."

I knew what he meant. I had made a few magazine illustrations and done some things for an advertising agency, but I was not happy with this kind of work, mainly the research. Some artists, I found, enjoyed it, however. My friend Dean Cornwall told me the first money he received he took and bought a ticket to the Holy Land for research. He loved to do this and did it very well.

For one magazine illustration I did, the story was about a gangster's moll.

The art director told me, "Now don't just have one of your friends pose for this. Get the kind of dress such a girl would wear." He thought a moment. "Why don't you go to one of those taxi dance halls on the Bowery. There are some near Grand. Those girls should be perfect."

As he said, there were several down there, and one can't imagine more depressing places. The first one I went in, walking up a flight of rickety stairs, was a rather small hall with a few couples dancing to a small band in the corner, playing the most mournful music. Near to the door, in a row against the wall, six or seven

girls sat, waiting patiently, but parking up a bit when they saw me come in. None of them wore or looked like anything I would want to paint, even for a gangster's moll.

Nor was there anyone in the next two dance halls down the street, but the fourth had a girl sitting on the end of the row, wearing a shiny, close fitting, green dress, the highlights showing her figure and big puffy sleeves emphasising it. I bought a few tickets, and over the music indicated to her some tables at the end of the hall where one could talk to a girl instead of dancing as long as you gave her a ticket after each dance number.

"Where did you get that dress?" I asked after we were seated. She looked at me, at first puzzled, and then laughed out loud. "I thought I had heard all the lines."

After I explained what I wanted, though, she became quite cooperative.

"Go to Kleins," she said. "You know, on 14th Street in the basement."

Her face was too homely and scarred for me to use her for a model, which I could see she wanted, so we just talked until the tickets ran out. I thanked her, bought some more on the way out, and gave them to her. On the way up town I stopped at Kleins. Sure enough, in the basement I found the identical dress priced at two dollars and fifty cents.

"That's the idea," the art director exclaimed, seeing the finished illustration.

He later asked if he could borrow it for a photographer to make another illustration in True Story, so the dress appeared again in a magazine. It finally disappeared when someone borrowed it for

a costume party.

Mr. Talcott announced at a Board meeting that we officers were all invited to the opening of the National Gallery in Washington. This museum, he said, had been conceived, founded, and endowed by Andrew W. Mellon and is one of the largest marble buildings in the world. We found it most impressive, particularly the rotunda whose dome was held up with great green-black marble columns.

The reception was a gala affair, attended by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Mr. Mellon, and many other dignitaries. It was so crowded that I found it almost impossible to look at the paintings, but I was glad I attended. I had come a long way.

a costume party.

* * * * *

The newspapers for some time had been full of accounts of the new National Gallery, or the Mellon Gallery as it was more often known, which was being built in Washington. Andrew Mellon, the Pittsburgh banker, like his fellow townsman Henry Clay Frick had long been collecting art in Europe. In the early Thirties he had acquired from his Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad twenty-one paintings that originally were owned by Russia's Catherine the Great. These included works of Raphael, Van Eyke, Veronese, and Botticelli.

These paintings became the nucleus of an idea of Mellon to have a National Gallery in the Capital devoted entirely to exhibiting works of art. The building, donated by Mr. Mellon and designed by John Russel Pope, had been started in 1937.

As a member of the Board of the Club, I received an engraved invitation to attend the opening.

As the train went through the dismal New Jersey countryside we passed Rahway, reminding me of Julia. I wondered if she were still there. It also reminded me of an earlier trip to Washington when a fellow art student at the League, Harry Worthman, and I hitchhiked there on New Year's Day, my first year in New York.

We'd been walking down the highway on the outskirts of Newark at six a.m., and freezing, when a meat truck stopped and picked us up. As we approached Rahway the driver turned in a side road that ended at the high wall of a prison.

"The New Jersey State Penitentiary," the driver explained. "I have to deliver some meat here. Sit tight."

The truck waited as the big iron gate slowly went up, then *it*

drove through the yard. A couple of prisoners looked up at us sourly. After stopping twice to carry in large amounts of meat, the driver headed back to the main gate. Here the truck was searched carefully, although the guards paid no attention to us, sitting in the cab. Finally, to both Harry's and my relief, the gate went up slowly. As we left, I could hear it clanging down again.

Today when the train crossed the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, I thought of Thomas Eakins' Metropolitan Museum painting of Sculling, which he'd done along this stretch of the river. After a long tunnel going into Baltimore the train was jolting along very slowly, about to stop at the station, when for no particular reason my attention centered on a gray loft-type of building with a sign across the top, Industrial Building. I didn't realize it then, but five years later I would be working at a drafting board there.

The new museum was very beautiful, built of rose-tinted marble as it was. In fact, we were told it was one of the largest marble buildings in the world. Inside was a large rotunda upheld by tall columns of green-black marble. The most distinctive feature of it all, to my way of thinking, was the way the paintings were displayed, each with plenty of space around it, not crowded together as in other museums.

The opening was a black-tie event attended by President and Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt and many other dignitaries. Talking to Mr. Mellon during the evening, I spoke of a portrait I had recently seen of him by Laszlo at a gallery on 57th Street.

"Laszlo is here tonight," he said. "In fact, there he is now, talking to Winthrop Aldrich. Let me introduce you."

"People always say I look like Toscanini," Laszlo agreed when

I mentioned I had heard him described that way. "Not only that, but I paint the way he conducts.

"I don't mean because he is great," he said with a laugh. "But I emphasize line, as Toscanini does in music. Just compare his music with Bruno Walter's. He plays with masses of tone; and you will see what I mean, like," he looked around, "like that Rembrandt over there."

We walked over to a dark, glowing painting I recognized as a self portrait.

"See," Laszlo told me, "it's all built up with dark and light masses. Now look at that Bellini there, or even better at that Botticelli. See how Rembrandt works with line. I don't go that far, but we are all Latins."

"I think meeting Laszlo was the highlight of my trip," I told Mr. Talcott on the way back, explaining what he had said about line and mass.

"Which sort of artist are you?" he asked.

I thought a moment. I had been talking to Hans Hoffman in New York some time before. He had something of the same approach I had arrived at.

"Not either really," I told Mr. Talcott. "I don't start a painting with an image or way of doing it in mind. Rather I think of it as an encounter with the canvas. I have at my command, to a degree, the means, elements, principles, and a subject. The painting is the result of this encounter."

Mr. Talcott thought about this for a while. The train came to a stop.

"Here we are already at Penn Station," he said ~~at~~ with some

surprise, getting up. "It was a wonderful trip."

I agreed. I had come a long way.

PART THREE
C A L I F O R N I A

Chapter Twenty-One
TEACHING ART CLASSES

What a time for the phone to get out of order, I thought ~~MM~~ bitterly, hurrying up Laurel toward Sunset Boulevard. Unmindful of the cold January morning, I turned the corner and went into Schwab's Drugstore. Giving the operator an Alpine number — "That's San Diego County," I said — I presently heard my uncle's familiar voice.

"Mother died last night," I said and hesitated.

There was a moment's pause.

"Did she now?" my uncle reacted. There was another pause.

"I'll be up there this afternoon. Everything will be all right."

He hung up. I walked back to the apartment. I felt numb. What I had dreaded for so long had finally happened. I was alone.

I ate my breakfast as usual and looked at the calendar hanging on the door; Monday, January Eighth, I saw I had a dentist's appointment at ten. Methodically I got the car out of the garage and drove downtown into Los Angeles. I didn't mention what had happened to the dentist. Back at the apartment, I straightened things up a bit and waited for my uncle. I should have told him I would pick him up at the station. I called the school office and, explaining what had happened, asked if they could get a substitute teacher for my painting

class that evening.

"Of course," Mrs. Duval replied at once, telling me how sorry she was, and not to worry about the class.

Presently my uncle got out of a cab and came up the walk. We sat around talking until it grew dark. I had started to talk about my mother, but my uncle thoughtfully changed the subject.

"Where was your class tonight?"

"Hollywood, I replied, telling him about it, how I had started teaching soon after we came to California and how the money had helped after I'd had to give up my job in the advertising agency these last few months.

"You took care of your mother," he said. "No son ever did any better."

I thought unhappily of the times I had been impatient and cross, and he seemed to feel this.

"I know it was very hard, but you will always be glad of what you did."

At that moment the phone rang. Luke Sloane, one of the students in the class, spoke almost the identical words. I felt better.

The next morning my uncle had to leave. I drove him to the railroad station, remarking that I had a class that evening at the Trade School downtown, and saw no point in cancelling it, but decided to myself not say anything about what had happened. I had forgotten the same model as last night's would be posing. She told several of the students, one of whom told the principal. He was very kind, telling me to go home at the coffee break, but I said, "No" and continued to the end.

As usual I drove home and into the apartment driveway and,

without thinking, looked up for the light in the window Mother had always left burning when I was out. The effect of that black window made me stop the car and sit there with the engine running. Knowing I could not go in, not right then, I slowly backed the car out into the street. Crossing Fountain, I went on to Sunset, where I looked around. Everything was closed and dark except Schwab's Drugstore. I swung left and into the parking lot, turning off the engine.

The lunch counter was almost empty as I climbed on a stool. Soon the girl asked me what I wanted. I looked so blankly at her that she repeated her question. The first thing that came into my mind was chocolate ice cream. I sat there, eating it slowly as people moved about me. After a while the lights were dimmed. I looked up at the clock, seeing it was midnight. I paid the check, went out, started the car, and slowly drove to the apartment. This time I went in and went to bed. For thirteen years I would do the same thing every night after class. That counter became almost my second home.

During Mother's long illness — the six months the doctor had predicted had stretched into ten years — during which I had done no real painting. The work in advertising agencies had been mostly production and assembly of ad layouts, getting them ready for the printer. The last months I had not worked in the daytime due to my mother's condition, although I was able to keep the classes at night which I had started first at the downtown Trade School Monday evenings two nights a week and then added the Adult Evening Classes in Hollywood. We had put a phone by her bed and worked it out with Luke Sloane, the student who'd called me that night and who lived just across the street, to be handy in case she needed anything. The evening he went to class his wife stayed at home.

Remembering how much painting had meant to me, I thought that

with my days now free I would start again. I soon found that the years of strain and worry, and of being forced to work at jobs I had no interest in, had taken their toll. I just wasn't really interested in anything. A couple of models that I used in class had come to the apartment and posed because I felt I should start working. But ~~XX~~ looking at the results and finding them so lifeless and dull, I didn't ask them any more. I just sat around and did nothing. Sometimes I would go down to the park and watch the tennis players, but I did not get out my racquet. I kept on with the classes, knowing I was not even doing a good job with them.

After class I would sit at the counter until twelve, never speaking to anyone, thinking bitterly about the war and how it had stopped my career as an artist. Not long after Pearl Harbor we were sent down to a Navy installation near Philadelphia. Mother and I had found an apartment in Germantown. I remembered my last night in New York. I had slowly walked around Columbus Circle, finally sitting on a bench near the entrance to the park for a long time, looking at the familiar scene through the softly falling snow. Somehow I knew this would be the end of my New York ~~NNNNXX~~ career.

Sometimes I thought about the happier times, such as the day I bought the Buick in Philadelphia. I didn't need it, I had a beat-up little Dodge to go to work in, but this Buick was just the model I wanted, and it had only three thousand miles on it. The price was \$1195, much more than we should spend. It took almost our entire savings, but my mother, who hated to spend a cent and always kept ~~X~~ telling me to save, this time encouraged me.

I smiled now at my hesitation and feeling of guilt because the Buick had brought us to California and was now out in the parking

lot nine years later.

One day I got out my camera, the Zeiss Contax I had used so much in New York. It hadn't been touched in years. Putting it on the table, I stood there looking at it and smiled, thinking of the time just after I had bought it of going to Loew's State — they had vaudeville then — to try out its f 1.5 lens on some existing-light shots. Sitting in the front row, I had taken some shots of a comedian doing a doughnut dunking act. He wasn't too good then, confessing it was his first time on a stage. Somehow I remembered his name, Red Skelton.

The pictures had come out fine, so I decided to try the Metropolitan Opera House. There a rail behind the orchestra offered standees something to lean on. From there I took a roll, but this time there were no pictures; not enough light even for a 1.5 lens. My friend at the camera store told me about a new film not yet on the market which had twice the speed, giving me a sample with which to try again. That afternoon's being Good Friday, the opera was Parsifal. This time I had pictures, good ones; the first, I realized, that could have been taken at the Met. of an actual performance.

On a hunch I took them to Life Magazine, then on East 42nd Street. They seemed really interested, saying they would buy them all. I was elated, but the next day Life called to say The New York Times had an exclusive on all pictures taken at the Met., so they couldn't use them. At the Times I was told that if it were possible, they would have taken performance pictures and that they were too busy to waste their time looking at mine. Disappointed, I took them to the publicity office at the Met. and found they could not use them, either. Mrs. August Belmont, who was standing there, asked to see

them, and when she heard the story was very annoyed.

"Think of the wonderful publicity for the Opera," she said, calling over a large heavy-set man, introducing him as Emanuel List. Because List was one of my favorite singers in Wagnerian parts, I was very flattered when he asked me for a print, which he autographed.

"I'm a camera How do you say it?" His English was hard to understand. "Bug," he finally exclaimed and laughed. He told me he had a Contaflex camera, also with a 1.5 lens. "I shot a roll with SS film and had no pictures."

"So did I," I told him. "This new film is Agfa-Ansco Ultra-speed. I had a sample roll. You can't get it in the stores yet."

"I'll watch for it," he said. Suddenly he brightened. "I know who would like to see these pictures; Lauritz Melchior." Picking up a phone he talked briefly, then turned to me. "Go to Ansonia Hotel."

Melchior was a tall strongly built man with gray hair and steel-rim glasses. I gave him a couple of prints, and he in turn autographed one for me. Mrs. Melchior came in and the three of us had tea and some little cakes. She told me of her first meeting with the great singer. She had a hobby of parachute jumping and had landed in a garden where Melchior was sitting.

"Wasn't that romantic?" she said, laughing.

I agreed it certainly was.

"I wish you would show these to Madam Flagstat," Melchior said. He, too, made a phone call. "Go over to the Hotel Dorset on Fifty-Fourth near Sixth. She would like to see them this afternoon, as she is going to Australia tomorrow."

The great Norwegian singer and her mother were busy preparing

for their trip but she took time out to autograph one of the prints for me and to go through the whole set, laughing to her mother, "Look at me here."

When they had finished she picked up half a chocolate cake that was on the table.

"You take this," she said to me, and her mother went to the kitchen and brought back a box to put it in.

Now I looked at the camera and put it away. I was feeling sorry for myself, and I knew it, and I was ashamed, especially when I thought of some of the boys out at Burlingame Hospital in the Valley. Still I couldn't get over my feeling of bitterness at the people who made me leave New York and go to Philadelphia to work on a plane, built, I found out later, to tow targets.

The war, I could see from my vantage point at the place that really won it, the production line, was entered into more to spark up a faltering economy than to save democracy. Unemployment, the great problem of the time, disappeared. Politicians became great leaders. A direction was given to a nation that had been rudderless since the early New Deal. Hapan bombed Pearl Harbor and we threw ourselves fully into the fray in Europe. I had been around the Art Students League lunchroom and Columbia University — my brother took his Ph.D. there — to have known enough about communism to understand that is exactly what they wanted us to do. Most people were caught up with the save-the-world fever. I learned not to say what I really thought, but once in a while I slipped. One of my workaday share-the-ride passengers ~~XXXX~~ became so ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ infuriated at me that he got out of the car at a stop light halfway home and vowed he would walk the rest of the way instead of riding with me. He did, too. All I'd

2 said was that in the next war we would have as our allies Germany and Japan, fighting against Russia and China.

Of course, I knew I myself was as much to blame as anyone. There were several opportunities to get back to New York, one a choice between working in a small plant in Valley Stream, Long Island, and the great Martin complex at Middle River, Maryland. By this time I had become so involved in developing the possibilities of the work I was doing — there was even a special camera in Maryland I wanted to see — that momentarily I forgot about art and getting back to New York. So we went to Baltimore.

At the end of the war when the draft board released me and I could work where I wanted, we had a nice apartment in Baltimore, Mother was responding to treatment there, and I was offered a well-paying job in an advertising agency. My expenses became such, with the doctors' bills, that I couldn't afford to go to New York and start again.

When after two years of this, Baltimore became intolerable and we had some money saved up, I found it impossible to find a place in which to live in New York. I went up on four successive weekends and combed the Village, the West Side, the East Side, and even went so far out as Stanford. I wasn't particular by this time, I would have taken anything. All my friends tried, too, but to no avail.

Finally when I was particularly discouraged, and after a particularly hot and sultry period such as only the Baltimore and Washington can have, my uncle sent us a photo of a little house on the side of a mountain in Alpine, California, where he was living. He had written on the back, "This is for rent."

We sent him an air mail postcard, "Hold it for us."

That's when we came to California.

Four nights a week teaching at different art schools made the classes a sort of haze of faces to me, and only those doing something out of the ordinary came in focus as individuals. In this way I noticed a heavy-set Jewish man at Hollywood who had some of the students half-annoyed and half-amused. He always had his canvas where it was in the way of somebody else. I tolerantly reminded the complainers that they could move one way or the other.

"But he is always dropping something or kidding the model," one girl said, speaking of his first night in class when he had spilled a whole paint box under all the chairs and tables with a terrific clatter.

His kidding the model, I felt, sometimes woke her up. His painting was interesting and individual. He usually had one eye too high, or the mouth crooked, and his whole approach — chewed-up brushes, his palette a piece of broken glass with some of the colors dry — was just plain sloppy, but his painting somehow, in a characteristic sort of way, not only gave the inner feeling of the model but also in a tortured manner the feelings of his long-suffering people. I encouraged him, much to the visible disgust of the girl sitting directly behind his canvas. His sketch/^{box}~~map~~, I noticed, was a tool box with brushes in the trays that opened up with the lid. On the sides, Murray Signs was lettered neatly in gold.

"You are a sign painter?" I asked one evening.

"That's right," he replied without looking up, so intent on his painting that I moved on to the next student.

A couple of weeks later at Schwab's after class I saw him sitting at a table, waving at me. I waved back but took a stool at

the counter as usual. He left his friends and sat on the stool beside me.

"Murry Signs, remember?" he said good-naturedly.

I was tired from the three-hour class and didn't want to talk to anyone, particularly a student, but I answered him, "Sure, at Hollywood."

"That's right," he said immediately, adding, "How about coming around to my place? It's just around the corner."

He was so earnest and friendly that I hated to hurt his feelings.

"Not tonight," I said slowing, adding "You made a very good painting the other night."

Murray beamed and, turning to the waitress, ordered a cup of coffee.

"I paint signs," he stated, "all over this neighborhood." He pointed to the open front door. "See that one across the street at the Lustralite? I did that."

I looked out the door and saw it, brightly lighted. It had good strong letters.

"Very professional," I said.

"I've been doing it for years," he replied grandly and went on, "I like your class. I've learned a lot."

"Thanks," I replied. "You've improved a lot," and stood up. Murray smiled up at me.

"My name is Murray Franklyn," he said, "and I'll be seeing you."

The next few weeks Murray was not in class or at Schwab's, and I was relieved not to have to talk to him. The advertising agency down town, at which I had worked before I'd had to leave because of

waitress, I saw it was the sign painter, Murray Franklyn.

"Hi," he said somewhat hesitatingly, adding, "I haven't been in class lately. Too busy."

We sat in silence for a while.

"You don't have a class on Friday evenings, do you," he asked suddenly.

I shook my head.

"How about coming around to my place," he began. "I'll get a model, and we will paint her."

He stopped and looked at me expectantly. I stared at him. I'm afraid he could read my thoughts. My conditioning, I guess it was, made me think of myself — despite all such recent indignities as drawing the connections of an oil cooler and pasting up ads in an agency — as a New York artist and a member of the Board of Governors of the National Arts Club, and the idea of going to paint with a sign painter was too much. There was a long silence.

"All right," I said, surprising myself.

"Fine," Murray said enthusiastically, "I'll get a real good model."

Going home, I wondered why I had agreed. Suddenly something Mr. Du Mond had said in the League lunchroom years ago came back as clear as if it were yesterday.

"Rome," he had said, "fell on its past glories,"

Murray outdid himself getting a good model. She was one of the most beautiful girls I had seen in a long time; not just pretty, but a wonderful subject to paint, with classic features and dark hair. But his place was something else. A boxlike room, only about ten feet by ten feet, part of which was taken up by a bed, fortunately a twin

size, and a large drawing table and chair, was rather crowded for three people.

"You work on that," he said generously, pointing at the drawing table.

Three walls were covered with paintings, all nailed where ever they would fit, and on the fourth Murray had painstakingly copied and enlarged a cartoon from the ~~NMNXHX~~ New Yorker- by Al Hirshfield. In a very small alcove he had a pot of coffee steaming on a hot plate. The bed was made, and Murray had covered it with a red spread. The model smiled in a friendly way, when Murray did the introductions, but appeared as much amazed at the place as I was. In all the little spots that I had known in Greenwich Village, I had never seen so much in such a small space. Murray told her to sit on the bed and directed a light on her that he had clamped to the top of the drawing table.

I had brought my box of pastels and some paper which Murray put on the board with some masking tape. He had obviously gone all out to please. He set himself two chairs facing each other, putting his canvas and paints on one and sat in the other. I was concerned because he manifestly had given up his drawing board.

"Can you paint like that?" I said.

"Oh, it's fine," he answered.

I sat down at the board and looked at the model. All of a sudden I felt as I used to in New York, with an intense desire to get this beauty down on the paper. It was one of those times when everything went right, and in a short while I had a drawing. It was really a painting the way I had handled the pastel; no lines or hard edges. I knew it was really good. Murray had not painted, just sat there watching me and the model. When it was finished, both Murray and the

girl were enthusiastic in their praise. I knew that it had all the vitality and spontaneous quality that come when one really enjoys working, a feeling I had almost forgotten existed. I knew neither Murray or the girl realized all this, and I didn't try to explain.

Schwab's was a narrow, dark, drab drugstore, a long fountain with stools running down one side and a row of small tables on the other. In the back were telephone booths and ~~xxx~~ two small counters, one for the pharmacy department and the other for selling cosmetics and makeup items. A magazine stand covered one of the front windows, and on the other side was the cashier. The whole feeling was one of dark brown, a far cry from the large airy store it is today.

- It stood between a use^l-car lot and a supermarket, next to which was a parking lot, then a couple little stores and the Bank of America on the corner of Laurel. The parking lot was spanned by a covered bridge, which was used for storage, in the center of which was a large sign. At the back of the parking lot, under the bridge, was a stone wall that looked down on a most ramshackle old building, obviously a theatre from the props scattered all around. The whole thing was unpainted and generally falling down. Inside was a small stage and a few dozen seats.

The whole corner had a run-down atmosphere. What made it ~ unique/ was Schwab's, which had been widely written up, ~~as~~ with color pictures in both Life and The Saturday Evening Post, in articles ~ describing it as one of the most famous drugstores in the nation. ~~As~~ I found from the first, the three Schwab brothers had always made it a point to allow a person to sit for hours at the counter with only the expenditure of a cup of coffee. So Schwab's became the meeting place for actors and people connected with show business, the grapevine

- of information about auditions and parts to be cast. The Trades, the daily papers devoted to show business, Variety and The Hollywood Reporter, were sold at the ~~XX~~ cashier's stand, and anyone who didn't have a dime for them and coffee could take his choice to the counter to read with the coffee and then to return it without charge. One could ~~XXX~~ even take one, read it, bring it back, and then take the other and peruse that, just so long as he returned it.

One would have thought this would have drawn only the down-and-out actors, but oddly enough it was not uncommon to see some of the biggest names in motion pictures eating their breakfast there or just sipping a cup of coffee like the rest. Most of these latter would have to admit they were graduates and liked to come back to see old friends, but it also seemed to be the one place in town where — they were not noticed or stared at. ^{most} Actors, being what they are, so involved in themselves, could care less about someone else.

Other than actors, many other interesting personalities were about, one regular who drove up in a blue classic Mercedes being the Chinese cameraman James Wong Howe, winner of many Oscars. ~~XXXXX~~ Jayne Mansfield was often seen driving into the parking lot in a pink Jaguar with a huge Great Dane, as was Sandra ~~XX~~ Giles in a mink-covered classic T-Bird. Another reason for Schwab's popularity was a little gnomelike man, less than five feet tall, Sidney Skolsky. His column in The Citizen News, Hollywood's daily paper, syndicated throughout the country, had pushed into prominence many well-known names, among them Marilyn Monroe. This newspaperman used the Drugstore as an office, having a special drawer, lettered in gold by Murray, for his mail.

With Murray's help, I soon found I had more good models than

I could use, both at home and in the classes, especially when it became known I had four dollars and fifty cents a session to pay for the latter. Many times I would lend a model a half dollar for a sandwich, with her promise to repay after class.

I was painting at home all the time now and the ~~vanity~~[?] of show people being what it is, beautiful girls would find themselves posing for me, nude or with clothing, depending on what I wanted to paint. I realized that Murray was using me as a gimmick for picking up girls. He would tell them, "I know an artist who would like to paint you." If this didn't make an impression, he would add, "He also pays for modeling in the classes."

Another little fellow named Joe Hammer would bring the girl to my apartment and introduce us at the door. He never came in. Murray, on the other hand, would take the girl to his apartment and phone me. He had moved into a large barnlike basement in the same building, formerly a gymnasium. It soon became as cluttered as the old place.

I was always amused at these tactics, but it was a way to get good models and this really helped me. I was finding my painting steadily developing in freedom and individuality. It was, I realized, different from the work I had been doing in New York before the war. It was hard to realize it had been eleven years since I had stretched a canvas, put paints on a palette, and made a picture. Of course, during the past few years I had worked in an ad agency, doing layouts in show-card colors, and at my mother's instigation I joined an evening adult class at Hollywood High School. She saw a notice in the evening paper. ^{? for practice?}

So Luke Sloan — we were living in the same building then —

and I were waiting at the classroom door for the opening of the fall term, not knowing what to expect. Presently a rather stout woman in her sixties, wearing a big floppy hat, unlocked the door, announcing the model would pose on the teacher's desk. The old-fashioned desks did not look promising to paint on, so I took two chairs facing each other, as we had done in the Bridgman class. Putting my pad on one, I worked in charcoal at first, later using show-card colors and casine.

After a hard day at the agency, I found it relaxing to get off the bus at Highland Avenue, grab a hamburger at the corner, and make a sketch from a model. It was because of these sketches that a Mr. Wilber asked me to start a class. He was Director of Frank Wiggins Trade School, then in an old building at 17th Street and Georgia. This, in turn, led to teaching the class at Hollywood.

Now that I was using oil seriously again, I found I was also becoming free from the ideas once followed so ~~XXXXXX~~ religiously; the gray scale, the yellow ochre value, and the light control. They now seemed restrictive. I just painted, and I liked the results. There was a vitality and freedom I had never had before.

I was also becoming more conscious ~~XX~~ all the time that I was really only copying the model, and that I couldn't really compose a picture or paint without one. I spoke to Murray about this one evening after class.

"Why do you need to paint without a model?" he replied.

"There are plenty of them around."

I thought a moment. "That's not the point," I answered. "If you look at those big canvases that Rouens and others used to paint, they couldn't have used models. It had to have been done from sketches or made up."

You are not going to do big canvases like that, are you?" Murray asked.

"I might," I said, knowing that what I really wanted was to free myself of slavishly copying appearances. Someone had told me once that Rodan never posed his models, just let them walk around the studio while he was working. He could look at them from one angle and transpose that to what he was doing.

"And that brings up composing a painting." I shook my head. "That is what I ~~XXXXX~~ really don't know how to do."

The lights dimmed. I knew without looking it was twelve o'clock. Walking out of the Drugstore, I realized my work ~~and~~^{had} reached a sort of plateau where it was leveling off. I needed a bigger vista. Something was making me move on in my work, as I had for some time known I must.

§ Not long after work, a phone call from my aunt in Florida brought this part of my life to a close. My eighty-four ~~XXX~~ year old uncle with whom she lived had fallen and broken his hip. Could I come and help her out?

"Of course," I answered.

It was the only thing I could say. As I hung up the phone, an idea began to dawn, or perhaps it was something that had never quite left me. New York! Why couldn't I go on up there after my uncle was better? I had come to the point where California was not enough.

True, with all the painting I had been doing during the past year, my work had developed, and my classes were doing well. My paintings were principally heads and nudes. All the girls wanted me to paint their portraits, but nobody could or would pay for it. "Couldn't" was the more likely true. The portrait of the wife of the owner of a

bakery on Sunset brought me a cake and a dozen sweet rolls. The woman in a stone castle up in Laurel Canyon gave me a good dinner for a portrait. The would-be actresses, with which the area swarmed, would always pose for a nude in exchange for a portrait. But I knew I must get away. I had noticed a big, fat fellow with a jovial manner in the North Hollywood class whose work vaguely reminded me of Harry Worthman's back in New York. After some questioning on my past, he told me he had gone to the National Academy.

"I won the gold medal there one year."

It developed we both had known the Clark brothers, Matt and Benton when they had a studio on Eighth Street.

"My name's Jack Greiner. He looked the artist, sloppy and Bohemian. "We have a little club. It's not much. We call it the San Fernando Art Club. How about coming to the next meeting?"

I hesitated.

"Have you been to any art club meetings out here?" he asked.

I admitted I had not.

"It's not like the Salamungdi or National Art's Club," he went on. "We have a dinner at a restaurant and then some sort of program. The larger clubs like the California Art Club sometimes have a painting demonstration." He stopped for a moment, then went on. "Ours is a small club, but a nice crowd with a couple of good ~~XXXXXX~~ painters. You know Ted Lukits?"

I said I had heard of him.

"Meet me at the Cliff Restaurant on Ventura Boulevard," he said, seeing I was interested. "Wednesday evening about six:thirty."

We sat together at the dinner, Greiner introducing me to some of the members and pointing out Lukits, a short man at the speaker's table.

"A fine painter, a real colorist," he commented. "But watch. He will get into a row with someone this evening. The man next to him is Van Copland, the president of the Painters and Sculptors Club."

He pointed with his fork to a couple sitting at a table across the room.

"Over there is Earl Moran, the calender artist. And that's his wife, Gloria. She used to be his model. I will introduce him to you later." I had always known Earl Moran's calenders. They were one of the top sellers in the country, and it was said he received five thousand for each one.

"He tells me," Greiner went on, "that he has a beautiful blonde posing for him regularly now. Her name is Marilyn somebody.... He thought a moment, "Monroe, I think it is."

"I know her," I commented, "she's around Schwab's. She would make a good model. I looked at the man in the center of the speaker's table. "What's the President's name?"

"Henry Van Wolff," Greiner answered. "He founded the club. We used to meet in his studio when there were only five of us."

Greiner was right. The discussion ended with Lukits stamping out in a huff and Van Wolff so angry he couldn't speak. Greiner took him to the bar where a beer revived him.

"How's about being a member?" Van Wolff asked me right off.

"Sure he will," Greiner promised. "We will make him an artist member."

I enjoyed talking to artists again. It had been a long time.

I knew rather slightly Will Foster whom I met through Luke Sloan. I found him a very fine painter of the Duveneck, Chase, Sargent school, an ex-New Yorker who had a studio off Hollywood Boulevard. Foster was a product of Paris and New York, but something had

~~had~~ happened in his life, of which he never spoke, that ~~had~~ made him a wreck in every way except painting. Big, fat, and sloppy, his clothes always mussed and covered with paint, he reminded me of pictures I had seen of Balzac. His studio was a shambles. I ~~didn't~~ doubt if it had ever been cleaned. There were paintings everywhere. One time I took a beautiful little painting of a girl's head off the stove where one corner had been browned by the gas burner. Fresh and alive, it had been painted so easily, I imagine, that Foster had put it there and forgotten about it. It was a shame, I said to myself; paintings stacked against the wall any old way, any one of which should be in a museum. Some day, if they survive, they would be worth a lot of money.

I thought of Eakins and the way he was treated in Philadelphia. At one time The Academy there wouldn't even let him teach painting. On one occasion at Luke's apartment, Foster had come for Sunday dinner and drank so much wine he could hardly walk across the room. Seeing Luke's paint box in the corner, he called for a canvas.

"I'll paint you," he said, pointing at Mrs. Sloan's father, and he did, a beautiful little head which Luke had framed.

I brought four paintings to the next club meeting. Both Lukits and Van Wolff liked them, agreeing at last on something. Later at the bar Greiner and Van Wolff had an idea. It seemed one of the members, a Grace Wallis, had offered two weeks' use of her husband's ~~XXX~~ auction room on Ventura Boulevard as a gallery for a Club show. They both felt that such a show would stimulate the members and get some new ones. I agreed.

"We want you," Greiner turned to me, "to paint a portrait of Mrs. Wallis' little girl in exchange for the rental."

He stopped. I said nothing. Van Wolff broke the silence.

"For this you will get a life membership in the Club."

Greiner brightened.

"You can do it as a demonstration at the next meeting," he suggested, adding enthusiastically, "You get a free dinner."

We all laughed. Van Wolff waited until we were serious again.

"I come from Munich, he began, "and I know you are from New York where things are very different than in Los Angeles. Everything has had to start, and I guess we are the ones out here in the Valley to get it going, but to get art in its rightful place out here."

I had to agree. "All right, I'll do it," I agreed.

As we left, Greiner spoke to me.

"Stop at my place for a drink. It's on your way home."

"What an artistic place!" I exclaimed, as we walked in.

I could not explain exactly why at first. At a closer look, the furniture was very ordinary. It was the illumination that gave the effect, the only lights being over the paintings which were of various sizes and were well placed around the room. Greiner smiled at my reaction.

"That's what everyone says."

I kept looking around.

"It's the art," Greiner went on. "We have centered the attention on the best things, which are the paintings, and played down the furniture by putting it in the shadow. You have said the same thing in class about painting. The artistry is in the light."

It was true. I had been in many houses with expensive furniture, all highly and evenly lighted to show it off with the result the rooms looked like a furniture store. At this moment a slender, very attractive, young woman walked in.

"I'm Sue," she said, smiling at me and kissing Jack. "How did the meeting go?" He shrugged.

"We are going to do the demonstration."

"That's wonderful," Sue enthused.

She looked familiar, I tried to place where I had met her.

"Haven't I seen you some place?" I asked. She smiled teasingly.

"Schwab's Drugstore, I've seen you in there," she said finally.

"Of course," I replied, remembering now. She was one of the waitresses there.

Greiner broke in, "How did it go today?"

She grimaced, explaining, "Rotary today."

"Sue comes from Romania. It was her idea to light the paintings." He was obviously proud of her.

I walked over to a large pastel portrait, obviously Sue.

"I like the way he did this."

I indicated how the artist had left the background blank, only showing the head and a brightly colored scarf. Looking at the signature, I exclaimed, "Perwin Stanalaus,"

Sue spoke up, "He's a good friend of ours. It's a good likeness, don't you think?"

I agreed.

"Wasn't he the artist that did the Lackawana Railroad ads?" Greiner nodded.

"Route of the Phoebe Snow.

"That's right," I said.

Sue stood up.

"You two talk shop. I'm turning in. Rotary, you know," she said grimacing again.

Holding her hand out to me, she said, "I hope we see you again soon." Greiner led the way into a very Spanish bar with highly colored tiles and, without asking, poured me a brandy.

"Sue doesn't drink. She is attractive, don't you think?"

He poured himself a clear liquor. "Auquavitae," he said, holding it up for the light to shine through. "Yes, Sue is the perfect wife for an artist. Being European, she has great respect for art. She keeps her job so I can be free to paint. And she never asks questions when I have models here. She knows an artist has to be free to do his best work."

Looking at me, he went on, "You are not married."

I shook my head.

That's why you have been able to develop your painting." He ran his hand across his forehead, a gesture I noticed he made when he wanted to forget something. "I was married to an American girl for several years. She made me get out and get a job. It was terrible. I was art director in a lithograph house." He poured himself another drink.

"It gave me a nervous breakdown. See that brick wall in the living room?" I had noticed that for no apparent reason except decoration that the wall with the fireplace was brick. "The doctor made me put that in, brick by brick. Therapy, he called it." I didn't tell him about my mother and how I had worked in similar places. Greiner changed the subject.

"Do you know Paul Lauritz's work?"

"No," I admitted.

"He has a really great wonderful paint quality," he extolled.

"See, there is a small one back of you."

I turned and studied it, a sketch of a large tree and some hills. Greiner was right. This was real painting. I wondered aloud if he could carry it further without losing the freedom. Greiner shrugged and smiled.

"That's where everyone falls down, isn't it? Yes, I think Lauritz can as well as most. Emil Kosa can. He exhibits his work at Cowie's in the Biltmore."

I told Greiner, "I spoke to Mr. Cowie about portraits. He wasn't very encouraging. I told Greiner about Cowie's remarks.

"California is not up to portraits," he had told me frankly. "By the time a family pays the monthly bills on the house and cars, and you have to have two out here, there are the kids' teeth to straighten and a new water heater to put in. There is no money for portraits." He stopped. "Anyway, it's not a family tradition like in the East. Most of these people come from the Middle West, and if you ask them about their family's past, most of them can only say they came from someplace in Iowa or thereabouts."

Mr. Cowie went on, "Hollywood and Beverly Hills are just as bad. I know one actor who was looking at a house to buy. The real estate agent called him, 'I have good news and bad news. 'All right,' said the actor. 'What's the good?' 'You can get the house for two hundred and fifty thousand,' the agent told him. 'That's wonderful,' the actor said. 'What's the bad?' 'They want more than five hundred down.'"

Cowie had laughed bitterly.

"Paint some of the old houses around Bunker Hill," he told me. "They sell better than anything."

"He's right!" Greiner exclaimed. "These people around Southern

California wouldn't know what to do with a portrait. Stanalaus does very fine portraits as you can see from the one he did of Sue, and he's broke."

I was surprised.

"He must have made a lot of money in his day," I said.

"Sure, he did," Greiner answered, "and he had too many wives. They took him for everything."

We were silent for a moment.

"The trouble around here," Greiner began, "is there are no galleries in Hollywood or in the Valley." He stopped. "I'm wrong, there is a delicatessen on the Boulevard where Leon Frank shows his work and sells it, too. His father owns the store."

We both laughed.

"Speaking of portraits, do you know Seeley's work?" Greiner asked. "They are the ones in the frames facing the sidewalk on Sunset."

"Yes," I said, "they are very good."

"Well," said Greiner, smiling, "he didn't do them." I looked surprised. "Paul Pisanus does them."

"I know Paul," I said. "He has a little studio — it's really just a room — in the back of Seeleys."

I had been to his place once, and what I saw of his work I liked very much. They were very strong and moody, people and buildings. I had told Murray about his work: "That's what I mean, painting without a model. He doesn't just render something in front of him. He takes a subject and makes a picture out of it." I told this now to Greiner who nodded.

"I know he is great," he said, "better than anyone out here."

I said questioningly, "He had no portraits there?"

Greiner laughed.

"Seeley has them all with Seeley's signature. Seeley's wife is in the society out here. If anyone has a portrait done, it is done by Seeley."

"You mean by Paul," I added.

"He likes to eat," he said grimly, adding, "Did he tell you about his life?"

I shook my head.

"Well, he has had quite a time."

I thought of Paul, a very strongly built man with a massive Slavic head and body.

"He comes from Latvia or Estonia, I forget which," Greiner went on. "You remember a lot of the Russian intellectuals from Kiev went to Riga during the revolution?"

I nodded.

"Well, his father was one of them. He got a job teaching in the university. Paul, who always liked to draw, was sent to the Art School, where the course was seven years; drawing, painting, composition — the works. He won the gold medal, was given a studio with models, was paid to paint by the State.

"It's like," I broke in, "what Russia does for its athletes, and they win a lot of the gold medals at the Olympics." Greiner laughed sarcastically, remarking, "Can you imagine City Hall here in Los Angeles giving out any money for someone to make paintings? The Russians marched in, and Paul joined the underground and fought them. He still continued his painting. Later the Germans marched in, and he fought them."

**Here the page numbers jump from 239 to 250,
but with no apparent gap in the text.**

"He kept on painting?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," Greiner laughed. "But the Nazis caught him, shipped him to Berlin, and ordered him to paint a portrait of Hitler." Greiner filled our glasses. "Hitler posed for him, and the portrait was hung in the — whatever the name of their building there was. Later Paul Pisanus was liberated by the Americans who set him to work painting portraits of our generals. Somehow he got to San Francisco and then came down to Hollywood."

He went on shaking his head.

"He had all his paintings crated and shipped over here. The ship sank, they ~~WXXWXX~~ all were lost."

Greiner was silent for a moment.

"He doesn't like it here," I put in. "He told me he thinks New York would be better."

We sat, sipping our drinks.

"Do you know Romanelli, the sculptor?" I asked. "He is a friend of Paul's"

"I've heard of him," Greiner admitted.

I went on, "His father was a famous Italian sculptor, of the Romanelli family of Florence. They did a lot of the sculpture in Forest Lawn."

"I've seen it," Greiner said. "What's the son doing now?"

"He's doing little figures for lamps," I said. "They are very good."

Greiner started to say something more, but I got up.

"It's been an interesting evening," he said, as we walked toward the door.

I did the demonstration at the next Club meeting. We had to

put the little girl on a couple of telephone books, but she sat very well, and her mother was pleased with the portrait.

The show opened with a reception. Greiner had somehow talked the Kleig Light Company into loaning him a big spotlight which he had out in front, sending a shaft of light up in the sky. Murry said it was like opening a new liquor store or barber shop in Hollywood. He made some big signs on long rolls of white paper that went completely across the front of the store. Someone had donated the champagne. I had talked the bus company into putting our cards advertising the show on all the buses travelling along Ventura Boulevard.

- The Valley Times ran a story with the heading that Gail Storm, a *movie actress* TV personality and Miss Honorary Mayor of Sherman Oaks would be there.

Miss Storm did not show up, but traffic was jammed, anyway, and people were turned away. Van Wolff gave a sculpture demonstration, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ making a composition in clay of two big cats fighting. It was a tremendous success, everyone exclaimed, and while no paintings were sold, about twenty new members were signed up. It was the turning point of the Club, which grew into the Valley Artists Guild, the largest art club in California, or so they say. I am still a life member.

Everyone seemed sorry I was leaving California and said I would be back. Murray and I rented a U Haul and loaded it with a few things I knew were good; an antique love seat, two clocks which were family heirlooms, one a grandfather and one a banjo, a couple of blue vases that my mother had told me I should always keep, a still unopened trunk which my mother had insisted on having sent out here. It contained a few pathetic reminders of the past, a linen tablecloth and a set of napkins, a couple of Dresden figures, some

old gold watches, a cut glass smelling salts holder, etc. I did not open it. "Don't leave that." Murray pointed at a wooden box, also unopened that had been sent from Baltimore. I had used it to put my paints on. "What's in it, anyway?"

"An old ^{oil} lamp, I think," I answered.

We carried it out to the trailer. I had a little trouble backing it up to the storage company's loading platform. One of the truck drivers had to come out and help.

The rest of the furniture was not worth storing. I called up a second-hand dealer who bought it all outright. My mother had loved going to an auction house up on Sunset and Laurel. We had picked up the table and chairs both for the dining room and kitchen, and a lot of little tables and lamps, never going above ten dollars for anything, a limit that she strictly adhered to. Final breaks are always hard, and as I saw each piece go out the door, I recalled when she had bought it. One of the men dropped and smashed the reading lamp that I had used so long. I silently swept up the pieces and put them in the trash can. When the truck had gone, I stood for a long time at the door looking back into the empty apartment.

"Good-by," I said softly and closed the door.

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would cost forty dollars a month. Parking on the street I found complicated. One side had no parking between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the other side none on Tuesday and Thursday at the same time.

The superintendent of the building explained, "It's really very simple. You plan your day so you leave at eleven, do your errands, and be back at twelve:thirty. There are plenty of places then. Sit in your car until one o'clock so if a cop comes around, you can move and get back when he is gone."

He smiled patronizingly.

"It's not bad when you get the hang of it. If you park over on that side," he pointed across the street, "you only have to do it twice a week."

I thought a moment. The ^{super}waited patiently, looking at me.

Finally I asked, "What if you have to go out other times?"

"Just go," he said, "and if you get back after twelve:thirty and the places are all taken, put your car in a garage. It's only three dollars overnight, and find a place at twelve:thirty the next day on this side. Then the next day get back on schedule on the other side."

He seemed to assume that a person who had enough money to have a car in New York couldn't object to spending three dollars once in a while.

"A cab would cost you more," he said, concluding with, "You will get on to it."

And I found he was right. I did get on to it. It almost became a sort of game, and I met several interesting people and learned a lot about the neighborhood which Life magazine featured

in an article with pictures, calling it the Acropolis of America. I found that the regulars didn't spend the time until one o'clock sitting in their cars but stood around in a group where they ~~XXXXXX~~ could keep a wary eye open for the policeman. Where else, I asked myself, — could one so meet a couple of Nobel Prize winners. ^{who}

My first inclination was to look for a job, but I resisted and even turned one down when it was offered. From nostalgia, I had walked into some of the bars along Madison Avenue, frequented by art directors and commercial artists from the many advertising agencies that line the Avenue. It wasn't ~~XX~~ long before I saw a familiar face. "What was I doing in town? It had been a long time, etc."

After a couple of drinks, the art director confided, "We could use a man of your talents in our organization."

"I'll let you know," I said uncommittedly, buying him another drink.

Out on the street I thought it over, realizing the encounter had given me a feeling of security.

"No," I said to myself, "not yet."

The stocks that I had bought with my hard-earned savings and had held on to so persistently were beginning to rise with the ending of the Korean conflict, dividends were increasing, and several splits doubled and tripled the number of my shares/. My expenses were low. The money from the dividends was sufficient. No, I didn't have to take a job. I was very thankful, for I knew what that would mean. Tension and more tension, clients and deadlines, sell more and cut costs; I knew what that did to ~~MM~~ people.

Besides, I knew what I wanted to do. I intended to draw well without a model, but first I wanted to work on backgrounds. In the

Du Mond class, they had always automatically put in a raw umber background. In my portraits I had tried to vary them in different ways, adding color, painting a lighter area back of the shadow side of the ^{hair} head, even wiping off the paint with a rag to give a different kind of effect. None of these eliminated the shooting-gallery look to a portrait that I disliked so much. How could I relate the colors, lines, and patterns in the background to the figure? I realized I did not yet know how to make a composition that included all these.

I was also interested in drapery. It had always been a difficult problem because whenever I tried to copy the fold of a drape — there was that copying thing again, I said to myself — it never went back the same way after the model rested or moved, and if I concentrated on a section of it for one pose at the exclusion of everything else, that part never quite related to the rest of the drapery. I knew that I, like most artists, covered this up with some big brush strokes that didn't mean too much. Yet drapery could be most interesting and expressive, I realized, looking at the Greek sculpture at the Museum.

The Library on Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street produced only one book on the subject, by Mr. Bridgman, which I had seen already. But by chance, looking through some Rubens' drawings, I found a sketch of a towel on a towel rack that Rubens must have made to explain to someone the principles of drapery. There was the whole answer, ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ I realized, shown simply and directly.

I went home, set up a towel in the same manner, sketched it, finding it did ~~it~~ just what Rubens had drawn. From then on I watched people's clothes, how the folds formed around the shoulder and elbow, and in the subway how they formed at the knee when a man sat down.

I kept on making sketches, applying what I had learned from that sketch of Rubens. Looking again at the classic sculpture at the Museum, I found that now I understood, and I wondered if it was from such sculpture that Rubens had learned it. He had been in Italy as a young man.

I made many compositions, knowing from experience how to avoid some of the pitfalls such as putting an object directly in the center or running a line out one corner, but like the drapery, I wanted something basic. The Library had some books, but after going through them I had not found anything I didn't already know. But I did find many books on design. These were filled with pages of repeating scrolle and curlicues and stylized flower shapes, none of which ~~seemed~~^{seemed} to answer my questions. I was discouraged until one day, walking through Bryant Park back of the Library, the light suddenly dawned.

Design was repetition, just repetition. Sitting down on a bench, I pulled out my pad. How could I repeat elements like patterns instead of scrolls. Looking up, I glanced absently at two men playing checkers on the bench across the walk. One was in a deep study, the other looking on with an amused, superior look. Suddenly my glance concentrated on the board, a simple repetition of squares, alternating black and white.

Standing up, I looked at it for a minute and went back to my room. I made drawings of checker boards with various size patterns, some small but all keeping the basic idea of repeating black and white. Then I varied it, making long and narrow patterns and some that ran in diagonal directions. I was elated at the effect.

What I had drawn was interesting, and I could see at once

that it offered tremendous possibilities. Why not polka dots, I thought, smiling? This resulted in more sketches with the dots of various sizes and some overlapping others. In turn, this suggested pointed patterns like triangles and stars. I realized that design was the basis of composition such as I had never seen or heard of being used in free composition this way before. As with the drapery, I felt I had stumbled on a basic truth.

I liked to walk around the neighborhood, reminding myself of a line in Emerson about how he picked ideas off bushes. Broadway dropped down a hill past the Union Theological Seminary to 120th Street. I like to walk along this broad street toward the river. In my imagination I could see the line of Revolutionary soldiers under Washington, where the street is now, facing the British at the Battle of Harlem Heights. This was an interesting part of the city.

- One could sit at the drugstore counter and have the person next to
- you be reading a letter in Arabic or a nearby couple talking animatedly in French or Chinese.

A number of the galleries were still on 57th Street, but many had moved further uptown on Madison Avenue and on the side streets of the East X Sixties and Seventies. The familiar awnings of ~~XXXXXX~~ Milch's on Fifty-Seventh Street was gone, and I found it ^{on} a remodeled house on East Sixty-Fifth. Frank Rehn had moved from its old spot on Fifth Avenue into another old house on Sixty-First. Milch was ^{still} showing Ogden Pleissner, Rehn, and Edward Hopper, as they had done before the war.

I remembered Pleissner had been a student at the League in Mr. Du Mond's class, finishing up the year before I started, but he, like so many of Mr. Du Mond's former students, dropped in periodically

brought
to see his old teacher. W He usually/~~brought~~ a painting he was working on for a criticism after class in the late afternoon. A pale, thin-faced young man, he had been brought up in the Columbia Heights section of Brooklyn, and had a studio in an old building on Fulton near the St. George Hotel. Knowing him always as a gifted painter, I had followed his career and watched him develop into a fine realist painter both in oil and water color. He was showing recent work done mostly in Europe. Every painting in the exhibition was sold.

Most of the galleries, I found, were showing abstractions which I studied very carefully, as this type of painting tied in with my thoughts on composition and design. I had come to the conclusion that a painting should be started with an abstraction, using the principle basic/~~principle~~ of design that I had discovered, with the realism put in only after the painter is satisfied that the abstraction has those qualities that make a good painting. It wasn't hard to see these qualities when it was in the abstract stage, but after the realism had been put down, one hesitated to change anything of a basic nature' therefore, the idea of establishing the abstraction first.

However, I was disappointed in not finding those qualities that make a good painting in many of the abstractions that I saw in the galleries. There was so much interest in treatment, so much concern in following what was at the time popular and therefore salable, that they all left me cold. At the moment there was a vogue on hard lines, so gallery after gallery had nothing but hard lines. The write-ups stressed their aesthetic individuality, but I found it hard to tell one from the other. I began to wonder if I were missing something in them, if they had something I was unaware of as some of the brochures came right out and said.

Then I thought of Emerson's line, "I Trust thyself," and

realized that I had had accumulated enough background through the years to depend on what I liked. So when one artist impressed me very much, Willum De Kooning, I was gratified soon afterwards to find his work in Knodler's window.

Thinking about this show for several days, I wondered what it was about De Kooning's work that impressed me so. It bothered me.

"I've seen abstracts that were good paintings before, and done freely," I said to myself, although a freely painted abstract was certainly a rarity in this day of hard lines.

Then I saw a painting by another artist in a gallery window on 57th Street, a bare white canvas on which a very strongly done pattern in black had been done with a heavily loaded brush. It had been brought down, slightly slanting to the right of the middle, and then several similar strokes had been added horizontally. That's all. I looked at it for a long time. The artist, I noticed, was Fritz Klein. It was not a painting that in previous years I would have looked at a second time, but going into the gallery I found his show done with the same approach, which I studied carefully.

Back at my room, I taped a piece of paper on the drawing board and with a piece of charcoal I very carefully drew a few patterns and filled them in with the black tone. Beside this, I took the side of the charcoal and, following the ~~xx~~ same layout, strongly put in the patterns, letting my hand go freely. As I looked at the two efforts, there was no question in my mind that the latter was the more interesting and, strangely enough, more related. I knew this is what I had ~~seen~~ seen in both De Dooning's and Klein's work. I knew instinctively that in this second drawing there was something in the quality of movement, as one knows how good a tennis player is as soon as he

swings a racket or how talented an ice skater is after he takes a few strokes.

The carefully done approach of the first drawing had shown fear and lack of confidence, which had so inhibited me that my real self did not show through. With the second I knew that I was truly expressing myself. I thought of a conversation with Mr. Du Mond at the League about being one's self and how we had spoken of Sargent's work ^{as} ~~on~~ Sargenty, a term that became one which meant distinctive freedom in handling paint. Those painters who tried to copy his style never quite got that distinctive quality. I could see now it was because they were not Sargent.

Chapter Twenty-Three

BOB REID

The weather turned cold. I had been so involved in these new ideas that I hardly realized it was now the end of November. Standing on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 47th Street, I scowled up the Avenue at the icy blast and the dark dreary day. It was going to snow, and I didn't like it. Before I'd gone to California I had never been too conscious of discomfort from weather. It had always been either too hot, too cold, or too windy.

I remembered one time out in Colorado, a visitor had complainingly asked me, "Does the wind always blow this way?"

I told him, "Sometimes it blows the other way." He laughed.

A few unusual days of beautiful weather were treated as a sort of dividend. In Colorado, the milk bottle we kept out in back filled with kerosene would slush up, and my father would say, "No skating." I tried it, and found one couldn't skate at 35 degrees below zero anyway. In Philadelphia, trying to get the car started on zero mornings, I would count the weeks until Spring, but as soon as I got the motor going I would forget about it.

It was California that spoiled me. My feeling during my first winter out there was one of amazement. I would look at the newspapers, read accounts of blizzards and zero weather in my shirt-sleeves, and look up at the blue sky and warm sun unbelievably.

Now I felt the chill under my overcoat, ~~XXXX~~ my face smarted,

and my hands, even with gooves on, were cold. A cup of hot chocolate would taste good, I thought, and looked around for a cafe, when someone tugged on my coat sleeve. Turning, I recognized Bob Reid, the monitor of the life class my first year in New York.

Bob was the first to speak.

"What are you doing in New York? I thought you were out west."

We both laughed, and before I could answer Bob went on. "Come up to my place. It's right down here," he said, indicating 47th Street.

As we walked along, a kaleidoscop of scenes flashed through my mind; that first morning at the League when a harassed red-headed boy had opened the door and let the students in one by one to pick their spots; a painting that Reid had made in class I had thought so great (after all this time I could picture it clearly) and the night he and I had carried the trunk down the creaking stairs in his rooming house.

"Right in here," he said, interrupting my thoughts and turning into a narrow hallway.

It was an old building. The elevator had obviously been added, and it clanked to a stop on the fifth floor. We walked to the rear, the old stairway coming up beside us. Reid's place was a large room that he must have used for many years, judging from the clutter and assortment of cabinets and piled-up papers. Two drawing stands were near the windows/in the back, overlooking a typical Manhattan backyard.

"I recognized you right away." Reid began pulling off his coat. "It's been a long time."

"Twenty years," I answered slowly. "You haven't changed much either," I said, looking at him, although the red hair was not entirely white.

I took off my overcoat and walked over to the drawing table. Reid took a large photograph from a portfolio he had been carrying.

"I do retouching," he said in a voice in which I could detect apology but which, at the same time, told me he was still holding his own here in New York and that he was the best retoucher in town.

I respected him for this, yet it hurt me somehow to see a really great talent being used this way. I did not mention this, as we compared notes. I told him what I had been doing, Reid's shaking his head.

"I haven't painted in years," he said slowly and then brightened, telling me about his family. He had three girls, and the oldest, Roberta, was now going to the National Academy of Design. "That's up on Fifth Avenue now, you know."

I had seen it.

"Some difference from the old place they had up on Amsterdam," I said, adding, "You never went there?"

Reid shook his head.

"I had to work at night, you remember." We talked about Doreen, his wife whom I had met when they were first married, and the two other girls. Looking around, he said suddenly, "Why don't we get some models and paint here? I know some good ones who would post for us."

"That would be great," I answered immediately.

It would be good to work from a model again and incorporate the ideas I had worked out.

Chapter Twenty-Four

MARIE

Christmas I went down to Florida for a visit. At Jacksonville the train was divided, one section going down the East Coast, the other across the central part of the State. I walked along the platform for a while, thinking Florida was as cold as New York. But at Orlando I suddenly changed my mind. The white station shone in the sun against a very blue sky. Everyone was in shirt sleeves.

At Lakeland, where my aunt and uncle were waiting, I stood for a moment looking around at the bright sunshine and basking in the warm air. I could almost feel myself relaxing. After the gray and dismal cold, the sudden change made a tremendous impression. The first couple of days I enjoyed just walking around outdoors.

I did not realize it then, but this marked the first step in the development of my awareness that life was more than hardship and discomfort and solving problems in painting, but rather was something to be lived and enjoyed with feeling. Looking back now, I can see that my life had been a series of steps in the development of an awareness that life has a higher form of being than ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I'd been previously manifesting.

My aunt thought I should have a date.

"Such a nice girl, so neat," she enthused. "You will like her." And to cinch the deal, she added, "You can use our car." Knowing my aunt, I very dutifully shined my shoes, then washed the car while she pressed my suit and shirt.

"You should have been married by now," she said in an accusing voice. "You could have had all that silver and cut glass I gave away when we moved down here from Ohio."

The many girls I had known always seemed to be lost in their class or position in life, and never able to emerge as a real person. In the early New York days all the girls I knew around art circles were either wealthy society girls, studying painting, or models. In each case they were so conditioned to their particular way of life we had nothing really in common.

There must be five boys on the stag line for each girl or a party was a flop. Champagne must flow like water to get the boys there, although they didn't seem to care for it. The models were a grubby lot, the dregs of the city. In Hollywood I soon met enough actresses and would-be actresses to have no illusions there. Besides, the last few years of my mother's illness had been a great drain in time and money. I just couldn't afford to get serious if I wanted to paint.

Marie turned out to be an attractive, dark-haired girl of about thirty, not really pretty but bright and charming and very well groomed. She didn't want to go to the movies, the only thing I could think of in a small town like Lakeland.

"Too many mosquitoes," she complained, ~~XXXXXX~~ laughing. "I've tried both the indoor movie and the drive-in. The drive-in has less."

She waited for a moment and then suggested, "Let's drive over to Winter Haven. There is a nice place where we can hear some music." As I nodded agreement, she added, "It's not great but nice."

There was a small orchestra and atmosphere, low lights and

tables near a window that looked out on a lake.

"This is nice," I said appreciatively. We both ordered a Scotch. "You come from the East," I said.

Marie looked at me questioningly.

"I mean," I hesitated, "I'm a Californian who lives in New York, who used to live in the East."

I stopped, and we both laughed.

"Out there everyone drinks bourbon," I said, adding, "and vodka."

She shook her head.

"How can you be a Californian if you live in New York and come from the East?"

I thought a moment.

"If you live in California for over six months, you're automatically a native," I said. To change the subject, I asked, "Where do you live?"

"Newburgh," she answered, "up the river from New York City." She hesitated. "I'm a grade school teacher."

We were silent for a moment while I tried to visualize this smart-looking girl endeavoring to handle a bunch of kids. Teachers had hair tied behind their heads, a few loose strands, and a tormented expression; at least, that's the way I remembered my teachers. Maybe times had changed. Marie looked more like a smart secretary or receptionist.

"Eight^h grade," she added. "Your aunt says you are an artist. New York must be a wonderful place for an artist."

I agreed.

"Tell me," she went on with a wistful note in her voice,

"something about California. I've always wanted to go out there."

I thought a moment for something to say, but all I could come up with was, "It's a big place."

We both laughed.

She persisted, "Did you live in Hollywood?" I nodded so she went on, "Well, is it as they say, girls jumping in swimming pools without any clothes on?"

She stopped, waiting. I laughed.

"It's like any other place, only more so," I began, and went on. "It's growing so fast, people from the Middle West are pouring in, just as they are into this part of Florida."

"My aunt and uncle came from Ohio, and I originally came from Missouri. You are all very nice," she put in. "So are most of the people around here from Michigan or Illinois and Iowa."

I went on, "What I mean is that Californians are for the most part nice and very ordinary people with more than the average amount of money, who went out there for the same reason they are coming here, for the weather." I stopped, but Marie wanted to hear more about Los Angeles.

"It has the most beautiful setting a city could have, but no planning," I said. "Like Topsy, it just grew."

She laughed.

"That's a shame," she said and changed the subject. "How is it you haven't been married? Your aunt is disappointed."

I parried with, "How about you? You are a most attractive girl."

"Thank you," she said, adding, "Newburgh is a small town. All the nice men are married." She smiled at me, "But you in Hollywood and New York? You must have met lots of attractive single girls."

"Look at the reflections on the lake," I said to change the subject.

On the drive home we both were silent except for remarking how beautiful the moon looked behind some trees. It was dark on her front porch, and before I realized it I had my arms around her, and she was kissing me with an abandon that surprised me. After a while we sat on the front steps, our shoulders touching.

"How about seeing you tomorrow?" I asked.

"Not tomorrow," she answered. "You should spend it with your aunt."

"The next day?" I said.

Marie hesitated a while. "We'll see," she said, kissing me lightly on the mouth. "Call me," she whispered and closed the door.

The next day I thought more about Marie than I liked to admit. My aunt asked me how I liked her.

"She's nice," I replied.

"Did you kiss her?" my uncle interrupted with a smirk.

"Now, Mitchell," my aunt chided. I took the opportunity not to answer. "When are you going to see her again?" he persisted.

"I'll call her tomorrow," I said casually.

We went to the supermarket and in the evening to a cafeteria I liked. Sitting on the porch later, I thought of one of Mr. Du Mond's lunchroom conversations. I wouldn't admit to myself that after all these years the old man had any influence on me, but somehow I could see that domed bald head with a few dark hairs across it, usually mussed, and that gray smock, sitting at the table with one hand on a cup of coffee as if it were yesterday. The way he held his head always gave the impression he was looking up at you, although he

was over six feet tall.

A strange person, I thought, remembering the time we had been painting in Vermont and we had told him about some good subjects along the river.

"There is an especially fine covered bridge down there," I concluded.

Mr. Du Mond shook his head, explaining, "I don't want to go there because if I see it, I will be disappointed. Now, from your description, it is beautiful in my mind."

- That day in the lunchroom he was holding forth on love.

"Love," he said, "means different things to different people."

"Like art?" someone put in.

"Exactly," He smiled and continued, "To the early settler and pioneer, love meant to protect. He cleared the land and fought off Indians, built his house, all with one thought — to protect his loved ones.

"Now, with Joe here" He turned, half-smiling and half-chiding. Joe was a ladies' man, handsome and quite impressed with his conquests. With Joe, love means to exploit."

Joe started to say something, but Mr. Du Mond held up his hand.

"This is a very common and prevalent notion. People love their country because they get something from it. Children love their parents because they are the ones who provide for them. When a child grows up his love shifts to himself, and he wants to be free of the restrictions the parents impose with providing. The parents exploit their children and try to make them the successes they themselves could not achieve. Or they make them possessions they can brag about." He stopped for a moment. "That's all exploiting."

He paused, sipping his coffee, and continued. "Then there is the homage type of love. The King is loved by his subjects. He sits on the throne and smiles benignly and gives his blessing to his subjects. They, in turn, willingly provide for him to live in luxury and profess to love him."

"Up to a point," someone interrupted.

"Right!" Mr. Du Mond exclaimed. "And after they become more educated they begin to lose respect for him."

We all had been taking in what the old man said, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and waited for a moment to see if Mr. Du Mond was going to continue, and he went on in the form of a question. "Then respect and love are related?"

Before Mr. Du Mond could answer his own question, Joe spoke up, "There we go again with terms. What do you mean by respect?"

Several laughed and started to speak, but Mr. Du Mond held up his hand.

"that's a good point, Joe," he said, looking at him. "You have an expression," he continued in a slightly embarrassed voice, "about making a girl. Is that the shorthand way of saying making love to her, or is the word 'love' left off purposely?"

He stopped for a moment and looked around, but no one answered.

"Would it seem that was respecting her or not?"

He looked at Joe questioningly. Joe thought for a moment.

"I never forced a girl yet," he said slowly. "They were all ready and willing." He stopped and smiled confidently. "Of course, lots of times I fixed up the setting."

Everyone laughed. Mr. Du Mond looked at him. "Do you respect them?"

Joe thought for a moment.

"Sure, why not? I respect a person," he went on, "who stands ^{her} on/~~XXXXX~~ own feet, contributes her own share, and don't whine, trying to get something for nothing. I don't promise a girl anything, and if she wants out, there's the door. I respect her, and I respect myself. This pedestal stuff doesn't go with me."

Mr. Du Mond looked over at Sue, the only girl in the group.

"What have you to say about this, Sue?"

"Nobody has mentioned romance," she answered immediately.

There was a groan from a couple of the boys, and Mr. Du Mond stood up.

"Now that's a long story, and we don't have time today. Let's get back to work."

The group broke up. Joe, Fred, and I walked down the stairs and out onto 57th Street. It was a sunny afternoon, and as we stood on the steps a beautiful girl walked past and smiled right at Joe. Joe smiled back and, turning to us said, "Be seeing you," and followed her.

Fred scratched his head and said to me, "Maybe he's got something there."

I smiled at the memory. Joe did not remain an art student long, getting a job in a downtown brokerage office. I wondered what ~~XXXXX~~ had happened to him. Probably he had a big house out on Long Island by this time.

My aunt and uncle ~~had~~ talked seriously to me this afternnon. I should be married they said. There was that word be.

"And be respectable and be happy," they went on, seeming to live by the word be; be well dressed, be well groomed, be successful.

This seemed to be the antithesis of the way I had lived; doing things instead of being something. I wondered about happiness. Can a person be happy like the other things? Happiness, someone ~~MM~~ told me once, lies in forgetting about one's self, in involvement in doing something. There had been a play I'd seen on Broadway with the Lunts and Noel Coward, called Design for Living. I couldn't recall anything about the play, only the cast and the title. Perhaps there was a design for living. Design I had found to be the key to artistic composition.

I did not call Marie the next day. That evening was their bridge game, and Mrs. Scott had phoned, saying that she and Marie would like to take us all out to dinner. It was a very ordinary restaurant, on the dark side. Marie sat next to me, and I hoped the others didn't notice she kept her hand on my leg quite a bit of the time.

Back at my aunt's house I begged off, saying, which was true, that I didn't play bridge, and Marie said she wouldn't play either.

"Why, you are such a good player," my aunt started, but Mrs. Scott interrupted her.

"You two go somewhere," she said, "and if you are not back by eleven, someone will see I get home."

Out in the car I asked Marie where she would like to go. ~~SM~~ She turned ~~and~~ faced me squarely, smiling. "To our place. There won't be anyone there," she said, and she moved over close.

Mrs. Scott has some Scotch in the cabinet. Marie fixed two drinks and, carrying hers, motioned me to follow her into the bedroom. She did not turn on the lights, as a shaft of moonlight crossed the room and made a pattern on the bedspread.

"It's almost eleven," Marie whispered later.

Chapter Twenty-Five

ALONE AGAIN

Back in New York I was looking through a newspaper one evening and saw a portrait painted by Ross Turner. I thought of Turner at the Arts Club before the war. He had not been one of the best painters and had dropped out after marrying a very wealthy but rather unattractive girl. On an impulse I found his name in the phone book and dialed the number. He had always been a very open and friendly sort of person, and his voice sounded as if he was genuinely glad to hear from me. After a few pleasantries, he invited me over the next afternoon.

Their studio was large and richly furnished, and they looked much better and more assured than I remembered them. Particularly remarkable was the change in Mrs. Turner. As she handed me a drink, I was amazed to see how much weight she had taken off and how attractive she had become. There was a large painting on the easel of picturesque old buildings, obviously in Europe. Turner's work had improved enormously in the years since the Club shows.

"That's great!" I exclaimed, standing before it. "Nice and painty."

"Thanks, Turner said modestly. "That's Cadiz. Have you been to Spain?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, pointing at an old church in the painting. "That's the church in which Murillio fell off the scaffold and was killed."

"I love Spain," Mrs. Turner put in.

We all sat around an ornately carved coffee table and spoke of the Club.

"It's out of the way down there now," Turner said. "Too bad they didn't take that house up on 59th Street when it was offered to them, remember?"

I remembered very well.

"I was on the Board of Governors then," I recalled. "Frank Towle and I talked the wealthy owner into giving it to the Club, as you know."

They shook their heads.

"We only heard rumors," Turner said.

"It was a white elephant, we knew that," I went on, "for him with taxes, that is. But we wouldn't have had to pay taxes, so it would have been perfect. But those two, Jones and Andrews, blocked the move. I think the deciding factor was that Tiffany ceiling in the old bar.

"You mean they wouldn't leave because of that ceiling?" Mrs. Turner said incredulously.

"That's right," I said, shaking my head at the memory.

Neither mentioned it, but I ~~XXX~~ felt that they both knew that I had not lived up to the promise everyone said I'd showed.

"Too bad you were not around here at the end of the war," Turner said now. "Everything was wide open. Galleries were looking for paintings to show. Now everything is sewed up."

I thought bitterly to myself, why didn't I somehow get back here. Perhaps I should have taken that job at Valley Stream.

"Now," Turner went on, "it would take a lot of money to get going. Of course, you can get a loft over in the East Village and

do those ~~XXXX~~ assemblages like Rothenburg." He shook his head.

"They are the only things the galleries will take now, even the abstractionist market is presently overcrowded. To do our kind of work you must rent a gallery, get wealthy people in, and entertain them right."

He thought for a moment.

"Europe is the coming place. Have you thought of that?"

I was startled. I had never given Europe a thought. I always imagined myself an American painter. Turner brought out some paintings.

"This is Italy, and this is Southern France." Both paintings were picturesque and well painted. "Europe is really a wonderful place to paint," he enthused, bringing out a sketch of a Spaniard. "It's so ~~XXXXXXX~~ terribly poor over there, particularly in Spain, that a person with even a very small steady income could live well there and paint."

We talked of other things, and as I left, they said together, X
"Europe! Go see it, anyway. You will see art as you have never seen it before."

Walking down the street, I thought about what they had said. I'm afraid I was like a lot of Americans of that period who thought of Europe's being either at war or poor like the Italians I had seen down around Houston Street. Most of the artists I had known in New York before the war were from Dallas or Chicago, trying to make it in Manhattan without any real culture or sophistication. They'd been as unaware of what Europe had to offer as I was. What we all really wanted was to find ourselves, as Bellows and Hopper had done.

Reginald March had taken a studio in Union Square and was painting the Bowery and 14th Street. The two Soyer brothers painted

the misery of the Lower East Side, and they both knew and loved their parts of the city. Neither quarter, I knew, fitted me, and the fact bothered me. Except for my room, where I had worked out so many of the problems in painting, I felt an alien in the city.

Around the galleries, assemblages were the rage. Painters would attach to the canvas anything from an old pair of pants to a newspaper. Sculptors had discovered the welding torch and were putting together all sorts of ~~XXXXXX~~ frying pans and parts of old bicycles. A favorite meeting place of these new artists was a restaurant in the Village. I found most of the people had taken lofts in the Lower East Side. Their conversation was so foreign to my way of thinking that I only ~~xx~~ went there a couple of times.

Opening the French window of my room, I felt the warm air stream in. Looking down toward the Park and the river, I saw the yellow forsythia was beginning to bloom. It always did something for me, this first sign of spring. I thought of the scene in Die Walkerie with Sigmund and Siglinda on the dark stage and the big tree in the center of the room. Suddenly the door burst open to a pale greenish kind of sunlight outside, and Sigmund sings "Wintersturm
der lenz licht in den sallen."

I took the train up to Westport in Connecticut, a well-known artists' colony. It was pleasant to walk around in the fresh air and see the streets with trees and houses instead of rows of apartments. Actually the town was very ordinary looking with a river running through the center, nothing too picturesque. Even so, I bought a paper and looked among the ads for an apartment to rent. There were houses for sale but no apartments.

A real estate agent verified, "I have some excellent bargains in houses for sale, with studios attached; great for a family." Then in a confidential tone of voice, he added, "Most of our artists up here are illustrators, and I don't have to tell you what has happened to magazine illustration. We have some real good buys."

The trip back on the train took over an hour.

"I'm no commuter," I said to myself.

Bob Reid verified that the money that used to go into illustrations and advertising art was now going to television.

Sitting in my room in the dark, I was trying to put everything together when the phone rang. Marie's voice laughed at my surprise.

"I'm in the city. Would you like to spend the weekend at my home in Poughkeepsie?" She enthused, "It will be so good to see you."

I didn't answer for a few moments, feeling that same anticipation I'd had in Florida.

"I thought you said you lived in Newburgh," I said finally.

"That's where I teach. I have an apartment there," she answered, "My mother lives in Poughkeepsie. I'll pick you up at three tomorrow afternoon. I'm in a PTA Workshop. Very dull."

I was waiting in front of my building when she drove up, looking as attractive as ever.

"My aunt described you as having a shining quality," I told her, "and she was right."

Marie handed me the car keys.

"She is nice," she smiled, moving over and sitting close to me. It was a beautiful drive, we crossed the river on the Tanpan Zee bridge and continued up the Storm King Highway. Before I realized it, we were in Poughkeepsie.

"Poor Mother fell a while ago and broke her hip," she said, shaking her head. "I stayed with her for three months. It almost drove us both crazy. I had to give up my job. It was terrible. I lost twenty pounds."

"You don't show it," I said, looking down at her. She laughed, "Oh, I've gained it all back. Now she won't have anyone here with her." ~~SM~~ She directed me to an old, white, frame, two-story house near the center of town. "I never know what I'm going to find," she said nervously, opening the door and calling out, "Mother."

Her mother answered rather crossly, as we walked into the living room. Looking around, I felt a dark feeling, as if the shades had been drawn for a long time. A rather heavy woman wheeled herself toward us. She had a very aristocratic face, her hair done in a ~~high~~ high pompadour. The furniture, I noticed, was all Victorian and still well preserved.

"I thought you would never get here," she said petulantly, and before Marie could answer went on, "I wish you wouldn't wear your hair that way."

I could feel that she was sizing me up, but her expression did not change as Marie introduced us. Instead, ~~says~~ complaining that the grocery boy had not brought any milk and that the plumber had not fixed the sink right.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," she declared.

"Oh, Mother," Marie said in desperation.

The old lady ignored her.

"In my day," she started up again in the same tone of voice, "things were done right, tradespeople knew their places, a person in my position shouldn't have to put up with this." Without another word, she wheeled around and went into the kitchen. Marie turned to

me with a look of frustration. "We will have to eat out," she said in a slightly unhappy voice. "She will be in there forever, getting her own dinner. She won't let me get it for her, and two people can't cook in that kitchen, large as it is, with one of them in a wheelchair. Will that be all right?"

I answered immediately, "Of course. Let's go somewhere and have a drink first."

"No, Marie answered, walking over to a cabinet, "we will have it here." Looking at me with a teasing expression, she asked, "Are you still an Eastener?"

She brought out a bottle of Scotch. We sat down by a large window, facing the street. She had been disturbed by her mother, and the drink steadied her.

"A native Californian who comes from the East and lives in the East," she said. "Really!"

We both laughed.

"I know an old inn," she said, as we got into the car.

The waiter led us to a table overlooking the river.

"This is a very old town," Marie began. "I guess you knew the Dutch came up here in the Seventeenth Century." We sat for several minutes in silence, looking at the river.

"You know," I began, "I lived near this river for several years."

She looked surprised.

"North of here, in Troy," I went on. "I went to college there." I looked back at the river. "The first time I went to New York City, I came down past here on a day boat from Albany."

She did not speak for a while, knowing, I guess, instinctively

- that the river brought back many memories.

Finally, looking at me with a sympathetic smile, she asked, "What do you recall most about those days?"

I answered immediately, "Trying to stay warm."

- "There is a theatre ^{here} that gives performances in the round," she told me, changing the subject. "Have you seen one?"

"No," I admitted, "but there is one in the Village called Circle on the Square, but I have not been there ~~he~~ yet."

"Let's go to the one here tonight," she suggested.

During the play I thought more about what had happened in Florida than about the play and later, from the looks that she kept giving me over a candle in a dimly lit bar, I wondered why we had not gone to her apartment instead of to her mother's house. As we sipped our brandies, Marie talked gaily about the play. "Wasn't Lana Clark wonderful in the part? I knew," she looked up at me, her dark eyes ~~XXXXXXXX~~ mysterious, "that she and Jim would get together."

Marie opened the front door softly and switched on the front hall light. Motioning to me to stay there, she tiptoed through the dark living room and out of sight.

In a moment she reappeared, whispering, "She's asleep."

Still tiptoeing, she started up the stairs, motioning me to follow. We went down a hall and into a bedroom, Marie's turning on the light.

"This is your room?"

I started to say something, but she stopped as I watched her pull back the covers and muss up the bed. Looking back at me with a smile, she dented the pillow with the side of her hand.

"That's for my conscience," she whispered, smiling up at me.

"Close the door," she whispered, as I followed her into the front bedroom.

The next morning we found Marie's mother in the kitchen. The sun was shining in, and she was quite cheerful at breakfast, telling me how she had been born and grew up in this house and was going to die there.

"Oh, Mother," Marie sighed, but the old lady went on, telling about her Dutch heritage in the Hudson River Valley.

"Newburgh, where Marie teaches, means new town," she said.

"I know," I answered. "I went to college at Troy."

"Rensselaer," she noted. "That's one of the great names in the Valley."

Marie fixed a picnic lunch, and after saying good-by to her mother, we drove over to Hyde Park. From a grassy point we could see a curve in the majestic river.

"This Hudson River Valley is ~~xxx~~ beautiful," she said. "I love it."

"And it has some great stories and legends," I added.

We sat there for a while after clearing up and putting away our picnic basket, without saying anything. Like that time with Julia in Central Park, something told me this was the end unless I made the next move. At last, Marie silently walked to the car. I followed.

There was a train back to New York at four o'clock. As we sat in the station parking lot, waiting, suddenly Marie turned to me with a serious expression.

"I'm going to be married next month," she began. I looked at her with a startled expression, but she went on in a ~~xxxxxx~~ matter-of-fact tone. "He's a fine man, a ~~xxxx~~ widower with two boys, and has a good job."

She stopped a moment.

"I want a home," she said simply, and at that moment the train pulled in. "Good-by," she called over the noise of the brakes.

From the open train door, as it pulled out, I waved. She was still sitting in the car. Familiar sights flashed by, as the train creaked and groaned southward in the gathering dusk; the X Tanpan Zee bridge we had crossed coming up, the palisades across the river, the big turn at Marble Hill, 125th Street, and suddenly the noise of the tunnel.

Walking across 42nd Street, I felt I could use a drink. Instinctively I started for the Murray Hill Hotel bar. Suddenly I stopped. The old Murray Hill was gone. I felt very much alone in the city.

Chapter Twenty-Six

MOMENT OF DECISION

Actually it was a car that made up my mind. As the warm spring weather came, I became more and more dissatisfied with New York. I had made dozens of abstractions in the room, several of which pleased me. I knew I was on the right tract, but now what I needed was picturesque reality of subjects to go with these designs; so that the design would be a basic part or means and not the end.

- The models we got at Reid's had been mostly receptionists of [^]secretaries in the agencies, pretty and attractive but not as interesting to paint as they were to talk to.

Walking through the spacious rooms of the Grand Central Galleries in the upper part of the station, as I had done so many years before the war, it seemed as if all the paintings were portraits of well-known people or landscapes and seascapes of colorful subjects. John Hilton, the desert painter from California, had a one-man show in one of the rooms with all the paintings marked sold. Thieme, Waugh, and Emile Gruppe had paintings of Cape Ann, Pushman one of his Oriental still lifes.

I walked out and across 42nd Street to Fifth Avenue. Crowds were milling across the intersection, but I stopped for a moment and looked at the Library with its lions out in front. A couple of people bumped into me while I stood there. It should be a good subject, I thought to myself, but somehow I couldn't see myself painting it.

At this moment a distinguished looking man with a pointed beard came up to me.

"Mr. Fabrius," I said immediately.

"It's been a long time," he replied.

I thought a moment.

"Twenty years A lot has happened."

"Yes," agreed Fabrius. "You remember the portrait you did
— of of?"

"Very well," I replied, "you looked like King George."

"I sent it to my Mother in Rotterdam," He stopped and looked at me with a tragic expression. "All lost in the bombing; Mother, portrait, everything."

"I'm sorry," I said sympathetically.

Fabrius regained his original manner.

"You must come out to Sands Point and have dinner with me. Tomorrow? You can tell me what you have been doing."

"That will be fine," I replied.

"Know where the clock is on the Long Island platform?" I nodded. "Good, meet me there at five-thirty."

Fabrius had been an importer, I remembered.

As the train ran along the north shore of Long Island, I thought back to my portrait painting days before the war. Along the marshy stretch before Bayside I remembered the time Rense and I had got stuck in the sand. I had been doing a portrait here in Bayside, and I remembered her as always laughing even then. I wondered what had happened to her. At Great Neck I thought of several portraits I had done there; one in particular, the wife and children of the man who told me he had posed for the Arrow Collar ads J. C. Lydenhecker used to do.

Fabrius pointed to a lot of new building, saying, "That's New Hyde Park, all new." We got off the train at Port Washington which reminded me of an artist — I couldn't recall his name — whose house was not antique enough for him, so he backed a heavy truck against it so the stucco would crack and peel.

"Now I feel at home," he said, "like it was in Sicily."

Fabrius lived in a beautiful home. A Japanese man servant took our coats, and we went into the library.

"I'm alone now," he said sadly. "Katherine passed on four years ago."

"I didn't know," I said simply.

"She was a wonderful person."

"Yes," he said, "and Jane is married to a fine man. There is the portrait you did of her, over the mantle,"

I walked over and looked at the painting. Jane had been a student at the League then, and I had done it in the classroom, over against the side wall. She was a most interesting looking girl with an almost Oriental-looking quality. Mr. Du Mond had picked it as the best portrait done in the class that year. I was nineteen when I did it, and looking at it now, I could see how right I had been then; just the effect, very simply done. There was not a problem in the whole painting. Why couldn't I have gone on painting like that, I asked myself?

"What do you think of it?" Fabrius asked, standing behind me. I turned and thought a moment.

"I should be nineteen again."

He laughed.

"I remember you then, your hair uncombed, shoes unshined,

baggy pants with paint all over them, no overcoat, no money. I wondered what Jane saw in you." He looked at me, "Now I see a great improvement."

I thought of the labored, studied way I was painting now.

"I wonder," I said at last.

Fabrius handed me a drink.

"Cinzano," he said. "Have you been to Europe?"

"no," I said. "Should I?"

"Of course," Fabrius answered immediately. "Every artist — should be in Europe." He held up his glass. "Paris, Rome, that's where the inspiration lies."

I thought to myself, this is what has been seemingly lacking for me in New York. I wanted to find out why.

"What do you mean by inspiration?" I asked slowly.

Fabrius hesitated.

"Living in a sophisticated environment, being surrounded by people who know art and appreciate it, and," he hesitated once more, then added significantly, "buy it."

He pointed to the walls on which hung several other paintings beside mine. We both were silent for a few moments. I thought to myself that New York had everything he had spoken of, sophisticated environment, people who knew and bought art, all the trappings necessary to being an artist, but somehow for me it lacked sufficient quality or feeling as subject matter to make me want to do a painting of it. I looked at the painting over the mantle. I had been completely — a part of the surroundings then. No one had thought my nineteen-year-old intensity to get down in paint the pretty girl before me.

This all reminded me of the old line, "An artist depends on

what he wears, but a painter depends on what he gets on the canvas."

I knew I wanted to be a painter again. My thoughts were interrupted by Fabruis who went on, speaking hesitatingly at first.

"You know I'm an importer, and I travel a lot in this work, so I have a good picture of what is going on? He stopped and then went on. "I'm going to make a prediction. This will affect you, I think."

I nodded but said nothing. "These new jet planes will do amazing things when they get them going; New York to London in six hours, to Paris in another hour. Imagine that. Well, in short, what is going to happen is that the world, at least the Western World, the United States, Europe, and the Mediterranean countries will be like a big city." He laughed. "It will take longer to go into New York from here than from Paris to Berlin."

He stopped and hesitated.

"This is the point," he stated with emphasis. "Like a big city it will have its fashionable and wealthy sections — that will be Europe; and its middle-class parts, the tract houses and so on — that will be the United States."

He stopped.

"Do you know anything about cars like the Mercedes and Rolls Royce?" Without waiting for an answer, he went on, "They are the class cars, custom made and designed. Then there's the mass production, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Lincoln, Cadillac, etc. The Europeans travel high speed and in style. This should give you an idea where your market for art will lie."

The next few days I thought about what Fabruis had said and of the portrait I had done of his daughter. There was a quality I

felt in that painting that I had lost over the years. I admitted it and knew the reason I had lost it because of the same kind of thinking that Fabrius had been doing.

But great decisions, the ones that direct a person for the rest of his life, are sometimes made by the littlest things.

"Let's make a bet," Bob Reid suggested one evening.

We had been eating in a little Italian restaurant on Broadway, right on the north city line. Bob, Doreen, and I were standing on the sidewalk. It was a beautiful evening. Later, looking back, I realized this was the moment of decision. If Bob had started walking south to where the car was parked, the evening would have ended the way many others had when we'd eaten there. But he started north into Yonkers.

Casually we ~~lax~~ looked into shop windows until suddenly we were staring at, so far as I was concerned, the car. It was love at first sight. It was a beautiful, two-toned, green and white Oldsmobile convertible. Reid and I looked at the tires, opened the hood, and checked the wear on the brake pedal, while Mrs. Reid admired the finish and the real, red, leather upholstery. The salesman showed us the ~~axx~~ service record, it had been owned by an elderly couple in Feldstone, a wealthy nearby suburb.

"They always take perfect care of a car and trade it in on a new one every two years," he said, adding, "Here is their name and phone number."

" — "You couldn't buy it," Reid said.

I agreed, and I did, but even the thrill of the new car did not lessen the tug I felt as a colored man drove the old Buick over to a corner and left it standing there. I thought of the events of

fourteen years of which the Buick had been part, and it was hard to ~~xxxxxx~~ leave it there. I even drove by later in the week, but it was gone.

Buying the car made it clear that my heart was not in New York any more; that, I had got it out of my system. Actually I was now a very different individual from the one who'd sat on the bench that snowy night in Columbus Circle, wondering when I would return.

Chapter Twenty-Seven
BACK IN THE "GOLDEN STATE"

This time in California I had no trouble finding an apartment. Times have changed, I thought to myself, remembering my first encounter with Los Angeles. There was a place on Fairfax, just below Sunset, that would be fine, I thought, looking around the living room, bedroom, and large kitchen. There was a good north light for painting, the building's being on a large grassy lot, with plenty of space around, with a garage for the car.

Murray was genuinely ~~gax~~ glad to see me.

"I knew you would be back," he said, and helping me bring a white wooden kitchen table and four chairs from a secondhand store on Santa Monica Boulevard. ☞

One evening we drove out Sunset Boulevard to the ocean where we found a little bar on the Coast Highway, called The Point. The casual way people dressed and acted made me realize the tenseness and closed-in feeling of present-day New York. It had not been that way before. This was more like the old life around Washington Square and MacDougall Alley and its little theatre with Eugene O'Neill writing at the counter of that little restaurant on the corner.

As we left, I stood for a moment looking up at a high cliff across the road.

"What a view of the ocean you would get from up there," I said to Murray.

Eventually they did build a road up there, and, strange as it seems, I was to own a home directly above where I stood, and it did have a wonderful view.

A few phone calls to the principals of the Hollywood and North Hollywood Adult Classes, and I was teaching the evening classes again. I felt wonderful, walking up to Sunset and taking in the beauty of the mountains and the fresh air. I wondered how I had stood New York as long as I had. It was out of my ~~xx~~ system for good now, I thought; that intense ~~xxx~~ aspiration for success, to live in one of those studios on 59th Street. Now I began to feel more, and I knew what I felt would show in my work.

I found many changes, Schwab's was closed for remodeling. It would be much larger and take in the area where the supermarket had been. The Actors Lab was ~~gone~~⁸, a parking lot's having taken its place. A smart new restaurant with an outdoor patio with tables under parasols was opening across Sunset.

In New York I had walked a lot. Now I found myself exploring the neighborhood. One day I saw Murray waving at me from across Santa Monica Boulevard. He was lettering Johnny Appleseed on a sign in front of the ~~pk~~ Players Ring Theatre.

"How about doing a sketch of John Appleseed over here?"

He pointed to a blank space on the sign.

"All right," I said and, using Murray's paints and brushes, painted in the figure striding along, sowing the seed.

"Put a beat-up old hat on him," put in a voice out of a group that had formed, watching me.

I did and stood back, looking at my work. My study and work in New York had paid off.

"I couldn't have done that without a model when I left here," I said to Murray who had brought up a dark-haired man, introducing him as Paul Levitt."

"I like that," Levitt said. "Come in and see me when you are finished."

"that was one of the owners of the theatre," Murray said after he left.

Off a small rectangular lobby a dark hall led into a very cluttered room where Levitt was sitting at a desk.

"Sit down," he invited, smiling. The phone rang, and there was a short conversation. "That's fine," Levitt concluded and hung up. Turning to me, he began, "Murray tells me you are an artist."

Murray beamed and started to add something, but Levitt continued.

"How would you like to make some paintings of the cast of this play we are going to do and hang them in the lobby?" He stopped for a moment to get my reaction, but I said nothing. So he continued, "They will all pose for you. We can only pay for the materials you use, but the actors will probably want to buy them after the show. Anyway, we will get you some good publicity."

It was an opportunity, I thought, to get some good models. This is what I needed. I could apply my ideas on design and start out with an abstraction, working in the subject. I had not actually seen it done this way before, so it presented quite a challenge. I guess Levitt realized I didn't know much about actors when he said they would buy the paintings. This wasn't important right now, I agreed.

"Fine," Levitt enthused, calling to a girl who was walking down the hall, "Send Sam in." Presently a tall, gaunt, dark-haired man appeared.

"Sam Rosen, the director," Levitt introduced us.

Rosen seemed only mildly agreeable to the idea. There was an uncomfortable silence during which Murray spoke up, "We will figure out how to display them best."

Levitt took over.

"Do Helen Walker first," he directed. Rosen still hesitated. "Come out and we will talk to Helen."

We all went out into the theatre. It was a theatre in the round, reminding me of the showhouse in Poughkeepsie I'd gone to with Marie, only this was a rectangle ~~with~~ with seats on all four sides. Rosen spoke briefly to a woman definitely in her thirties, with dirty ~~black~~ slacks, a sweat shirt, and mussed-up hair. At first she shook her head, but she followed Rosen to where Levitt and I stood. She remained skeptical at first, but Levitt was insistent. Finally she relented, agreeing to come to my apartment the following afternoon. Levitt turned to me.

"See the show tonight," ~~MX~~ he said.

Murray grinned that evening, saying, "See, we don't have to pay for tickets."

"It's really a showcase," he explained, as we waited for the lights to go down. "Actors in pictures want to show what they can really do on a stage. Agents and talent scouts watch these shows very carefully."

There was quite a line at the box office, but we walked right in. Levitt had told the usher to give us front-row seats. I felt very much in show business ~~with~~ already and really enjoyed the evening. More, I told myself, than shows I had paid to see on Broadway. Actually the quality of the production was tops.

This is no ordinary little theatre group, as you might expect from the outside," Murray agreed. "These people are real professionals."

After the show we went across the street to a little bar. The cast was all there. Everyone knew everyone, and the atmosphere was very informal, with the talk all theatre.

Helen Walker proved a most cooperative model. She appeared on time, dressed in ~~the~~ an attractive pink sweater that complimented the color of her hair and complexion. Like all professionals, she slipped into an easy relaxed pose immediately.

Again I found my New York work was paying off. Using her color scheme, I repeated it in the background and brought in complementaries and darks to set it off. I did the same with the lines, repeating them and adding opposites to strengthen what had become an interesting and colorful abstraction, keeping all edges painty so it was only necessary to bring out the most striking and interesting parts, her eyes particularly. With ~~such~~ such an attractive model, my enthusiasm and feeling showed in the work.

During the breaks she talked fluently and intelligently on art and New York. Murray had filled her in on the background. Several years ~~before~~ before she had been the fastest rising young star in Hollywood. On a drive down from San Francisco, she had picked up two hitchhiking sailors. There was an accident, and one of the sailors had been killed. The other claimed she had been drinking. Eventually she was cleared, but her career had been ruined. Now the Ring was giving her a new start, a lead in this play. Finishing the painting in about two hours, we both were pleased, and after her glowing account of the sitting at the theatre, now everyone wanted his done.

Sam Rohen, the director contrary to my first impression I

We had found actors very sensitive about their positions on the wall and had to rehang several before everybody was happy. After the show, at the little bar across the street, the cast waited breathlessly because Milt Lewis, the casting director at Paramount, had been in the audience. Finally Sam Rosen came in, shaking his head.

"What did Lewis say?" someone asked.

"Who did the paintings?" Rosen replied.

The next day a very resonant voice informed me over the phone, "I'm Jim Logan, producer ~~at~~ ^{Las} at the/Palmas Theatre. I saw your paintings last night. It's a wonderful idea. I would like you to do some for my show." Without letting me answer, he went on, "Be my guest at our show tonight. Ask at the box office for your ticket. Bring somebody."

The Las Palmas was a regular theatre. It would be interesting after seeing the performance in the round. Murray was skeptical, rightfully we found after sitting through a play called Tormented. It was pretty bad. I could see Murray, really a very good instinctive critic, sliding further and further down in his seat.

"You're crazy if you do anything for this show," he said, as we walked up the aisle after the final curtain.

Logan was not in the lobby and had not seen me during the intermission.

"Let's go," Murray said.

He was still depressed as we walked out into the parking lot next to the theatre. Suddenly a very tall man caught up with us.

Out of breath, he managed to get out, "I'm Logan," and apologized for not being in the theatre. "This is Wednesday, I had to conduct ~~a~~ a prayer meeting. I'm a minister of the Congregational Church."

Murray had gone over to the car.

"I want you to make a painting, just one to hang in the lobby, and then some for another play I'm working on. You will love this one; all costume."

Something about this shabbily dressed man impressed me.

"You know the girl in the green dress sitting at the bar in that last scene?" I said slowly.

"Vikki Baaken," Logan said. "I'll send her over. She will be a good subject. How about tomorrow afternoon?"

"You're crazy." Murray had no use for bad theatre. "Did you see the house, only half full? It won't run a week."

It was not the girl who'd been in green at the bar who knocked timidly on my door the next afternoon.

"I'm Alex Nagy." She looked up at me. "Vikki couldn't make it. Jim says to do one of me." My first reaction was one of annoyance, but looking at her a second time showed a very earthy vitality. Her wide cheekbones and straight dark hair made interesting patterns, and I started with a strongly designed abstraction of greens and dark browns which emphasized the vital forms of her face. The canvas was a little larger than those for the Ring players, giving me more area to develop the abstraction. Bringing out certain things by painting other parts close together made the effect more robust and more expressive of her individuality.

The day after I delivered the painting, the show closed.

"I told you-" Murray said. "I bet you never get the cost of the materials."

He was probably right. What seemed more important to me, the using of the patterns on the canvas showed many new possibilities, so

it wasn't a wasted effort.

"Logan's a fool," Murray went on, "to try to put on theatre here. The Ring is the only real professional group in town, and they have a hard enough time.

The class at North Hollywood was made up of an entirely different type of students than at Hollywood where one could expect, and usually had, the unusual. The North Hollywood group was a much more middle class, family-sort of students. Husbands and wives came together quite often. It was typical suburbia, but one evening probably the handsomest man I had ever seen — slim, gray-haired, with Prussian severity — came striding in, holding out his hand with brisk directness.

"My name is Lou Hippe," he declared. "I saw some of your work. I want to study with you."

It turned out that he had been in Ted Lukits' class.

"How is Ted?" I asked. "I haven't seen him since I have been back."

Hippe shook his head.

"I don't know. We had a falling out about six months ago. Ted's a great artist but a difficult person to get along with." as I did
This was no news to me, remembering/the Valley Club meetings.

"How long did you study with him?" I asked.

"Oh, off and on ~~ex~~ for about fifteen years."

I picked up a sheet of paper and a stick of charcoal, handing them to him.

"Make a sketch of the model," I said, meaning it to be more of an invitation than a direction.

"Tonight?" Rippe said, taken aback. "I thought you would want to talk to me first."

I shook my head.

"I'm more interested in what you have to tell me on the paper."

He still hesitated.

"I want to learn your way of working," he said slowly. Having

had experience with Prussians before, I knew it would not do to antagonize what was no doubt a ramrod personality.

I began slowly, "You must learn to express yourself, not work like someone else." He thought it over for a moment. Obviously it tied in ^{with} something about Lukits.

"All right," he said and sat down.

I let him alone for about an hour. Finally I walked over and stood behind him. Just as I'd expected, the drawing was made up of well-constructed details. Lukits, being a good teacher, had stressed this, and Hippo² had been a good student. The fact that he had left showed he had wanted something more and had seen it in my work. The emphasis on the academic had made the drawing gray, stiff, and uninteresting except to someone who wanted to see the anatomy of a nose or ~~his~~ mouth. Hippo² waited for my comment.

"You construct the features very well," I said, "but did you have any fun doing it?"

He obviously was taken aback.

"What does fun have to do with it?" he demanded. "I'm here to learn."

Shaking my head slowly, I asked, "Why do you want to be an artist?"

Hippo relaxed a little, thinking for a moment. "I've always wanted to be one. I used to draw when I was a boy."

"You had fun then, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess I did," he admitted.

"More fun than you had doing this?"

He was silent, thinking this over, but was still unconvinced. To touch his drawing would antagonize him and probably lose him as a

student. Instead, taking a clean sheet of paper and a piece of charcoal, I sat down and started to sketch the model, being careful not to draw any lines or make any construction. Instead, with the broad side of the charcoal stick, it was simple literally to paint the way the hair went softly into the shadow on the face and into the background, giving a rich effect. In the same way, I made the light flow across the face, only suggesting the form of the features. Finally, borrowing a piece of kneaded rubber eraser from a nearby student, I lifted a couple of highlights from the general flesh tone, talking as I drew to try to show the fun of putting down just the beauty of the effect.

Finally turning around to Hippe, I asked, "See what I mean?"

Y Hippe stood stiffly, looking at the drawing.

Finally he said, "You are going to finish it more than that?"

One of a small group of students that were watching behind us answered, "No, don't touch it, it's nice the way it is."

Hippe said nothing, still looking at the drawing. I moved to another student. He did not return to class the next week or the next. Ruefully, I felt he had not been handled right, but there were too many other students to worry about it long.

About a week after the closing of Tormented, Logan called.

Y "I'm sending Vikki over tomorrow in a great costume. She is Sita," he enthused and, without waiting for an answer, hung up. Shaking my head at the phone I realized if Los Angeles was ever going to have any culture, it would be individuals like Logan who would bring it. One had to admire his spirit. Here he was in another try to put on a show.

Vikki showed up, and I had to admit she was great in a harem

costume.

"I'm Sita," she announced, walking through the door. As the painting progressed, she told me something about the play. "It's called Nathen the Wise and was written by Lessing, the great German dramatist. He is called the Central European Shakespeare. Oddly, she went on, Nathen had never been translated into English until Otto did it."

"Otto?" I said, looking up from my work.

"Otto Waldis," she answered. "He is directing and plays the part of Nathen. You will enjoy painting him." She was silent for a while. The face I had done did not look exactly like Vikki. It was more interesting and fitted the costume better. On the stage Vikki was a good actress and could project glamor, but up close, even with the makeup, she was still just a girl from North Dakota.

"I like it, particularly the face," she commented when it was finished.

"See that girl over there," Murray said of an attractive brunette sitting around the other end of the new curved counter in the reopened Schwab's. I nodded. "She is the manicurist at the barber shop. She would like you to make a painting of her. I was talking about it today with her. Do you want me to set it up."

"Sure," I replied. "She would make a good painting. She has a dark, sultry quality.

"Her name is Renee," he said, adding, "She comes from Paris."

"There are many painters. I have posed several times before," she spoke with a very French accent. "In Paris there are many painters. But not, what you call it, nude." She was very definite. "I'm a French girl, but I do not pose that way."

"O.K.," I assured her.

"O.K.," she repeated, walking away primly.

Murray and I walked across the street to a bar. It was half empty, very dark with loud music which played continuously. Small tables lined the wall opposite the bar above which were caricatures lighted from behind, making them spots in the darkness. The place had the feeling of unwholesomeness, that violence was just about to begin. We did not have long to wait. Murray spoke above the music.

— "The bartender, Wally Ford, was picked up with ^{actor} Robert Mitchum in that marijuana case, remember?"

I nodded.

"And see that girl in the black dress," he continued. Her dark hair was brushed tightly to her head with a large curl in front of her ear coming around on her cheek, and she had too much makeup even in this dark room. "She's a hundred dollar hustler," he said, adding, "and that girl at the end of the bar sits there every night until closing, waiting for Ford. Sometimes he takes her home. Some nights he just leaves her here."

The ~~xx~~ music was discordant and annoying, ~~xx~~ Suddenly a woman screamed. I saw a man, sitting a couple stools from us, holding a hand to his face with blood running down between his fingers, and another man standing, looking at him with a broken glass in his hand. A tall man, very blonde, appeared and hustled the man holding the glass out in front, while Ford, the bartender half-led, half-pulled the other through a door in the back with a girl following. He returned and mopped up the blood off the bar and strolled over casually ^{where} to the girl who waited for him was sitting. They both laughed.

"Com on, let's go," Murray said.

"What about the man who was hurt?"

I wanted to see if we could help him.

Murray shrugged.

"They know what to do in a case like this."

We crossed Sunset again and walked west to the Garden of Allah. Here the long bar was crowded, so we did not sit down but walked its length, Murray pausing to speak with a gray-haired man very briefly. A blonde, very drunk, was making a disturbance when we left. Out on Sunset again, Murray laughed possessively.

"This is our corner, and, you know, if you ^{even} have to hit anyone with a bottle, hit him, don't just stand there, threatening." He laughed. "We learned that in the army. If you are going to point a gun at someone, use it. Don't just stand there."

Vikki Baaken was right. Otto Waldis proved to be an excellent subject seeming to know what would make a good painting immediately.

He took a very expressive pose, bringing his hand up to ~~him~~ his face in a typical Jewish gesture. His makeup was excellent. It was hard to believe his beard was not real. He held the pose exactly. Refusing to talk while the painting was progressing. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

"Concentrate on your work," he said in a guttural voice which showed his German heritage.

Finally, when it was finished, he came around and looked for some time without comment.

"It lives," he said at last.

He became quite interesting, telling me a great deal about the play which he said was the first produced in Germany after the war.

The paintings, eight all together, were hung in the lobby of the theatre. Logan had been right. The costumes were beautiful and the subjects had been wonderful to paint, particularly Waldis as Nathan,

and Peter Brocco as the friar, with several others rounding out the cast. Logan told me that his wife Winnie Chandler had made all the costumes.

"She doesn't need a pattern," he went on proudly. "She just looks at a picture, ~~as~~ and sometimes all we had were back views."

These paintings were all made in one sitting. It was excellent discipline, with the elaborate costumes and hats requiring the abstraction be put down directly and not changed; significant details selected and stated directly, giving them a vitality I had not achieved before.

The class at North Hollywood interfered with my attending the opening. Logan had given away enough free tickets to insure a good house. The next night my class was at Hollywood which made it possible to catch the last act.

With one of the students, I quietly slipped into the back row just as the lights went down, noting the theatre was about half full. Waldis and Peter Brocco had a long dialogue very well done, with deep feeling, and even though we did not know what had gone on before, it showed what two fine actors could accomplish.

The time spent backstage at the Players Ring made me appreciate the fine points of acting and also the realization that this sort of a play, like Shakespeare would not go over in Hollywood. Fine as it was, it was talking instead of creating scenes as they did at the Ring, involving the audience through action, as Murray would have said. However, the student I brought was involved; I could see him in the semi-darkness, practically hanging onto the seat in front of him, he was so interested. An individual with absolutely no natural feeling for painting, he would never do anything resembling good work, but he never missed a class. He was an intelligent person, a graduate of a

Middle Western University with a good job as chief engineer in a large plant in East Los Angeles, and I wondered why he kept on so persistently. As we walked out of the theatre, he turned to me.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked in a serious tone of voice.

"What?" I replied, puzzled.

"Why," he stumbled for words, "the actors being real."

Surprised, I looked at him.

"Haven't you ever seen a play before?"

He shook his head. "Only in the movies. I didn't know they really did it. He hesitated. "Will they do it again?"

"Sure," I replied, "tomorrow night."

"I would like to see the beginning."

I laughed.

"That's easy. Go to the box office a little before ~~xxxx~~ eight-thirty and tell Jim Logan I sent you."

He was silent. ~~on~~the way back to the school to pick up his car.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

One could see he was still back on that stage. No wonder theatres have such a hard time in Hollywood unless, like the Players Ring, they have a Jewish audience with a New York background.

Jack Greiner stopped me one night after class. "When are you coming back to the Art Club? It's now called the Valley Artists Guild and has grown so much you wouldn't recognize it."

"I'm not a member," I said.

"Sure you are. You are a life member, in fact, our only one. "Don't you remember Grace Wallis's little girl?" He didn't give me time to answer. "We are giving a show in a real gallery, and ~~xxx~~ we want you to do a demonstration painting. We have a beautiful blonde this time for a model."

Jack was right. The show was in a gallery in the basement of an art store in downtown Los Angeles. I was a little nonplused at hanging the two paintings which Jack insisted I enter, with steam pipes going along the walls and ceiling. The demonstration would be Saturday afternoon at two. I brought a spotlight which by considerable manipulation I fitted among the pipes in the ceiling to get it higher than the model's head when she was seated, her chair being on a table which had to do as a model stand. Jack was right, she was blonde. Not just pretty but with a classic beauty, a wonderful subject to paint.

By two o'clock the place was jammed, with about as many ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ standees as there were people sitting. It was hot and stifling in that crowded basement, and after posing for a while the model asked in a plaintive voice, "Couldn't we have some air in here?"

I looked around and spoke to Jack Greiner who was sitting in the front row. He shook his head, "I don't see how.

I had problems of my own. There were so many people I couldn't step back and look at what I was doing. I had realized at the start something dramatic must be done quickly to hold the interest in this heat. My method of blocking in an abstraction was the answer, as the ~ watchers then saw something happening ~~fast~~. To have done a drawing on the canvas, the way most people would have started, was out.

Everyone crowded around, looking at the palette and asking questions. An old lady asked me if I knew some painter from Glendale, and about six people told me that someone in their family painted, one woman going ~~xx~~ as far as to say her daughter had copied a picture out of the National Geographic. One man showed some insight into ~~painting~~ painting by his question, which to answer required mixing some color on the palette.

He thanked me, and I replied, "Let me ask you a question?"

"Of course," he said, surprised.

"Why, in a city of this size do we have to show our paintings and put on this program in a place like this?" I mopped my face with an end of a paint rag. "I'm surprised that anyone stayed to the end."

The man thought for a moment.

"You don't know how much we appreciate just getting this opportunity."

The manager of the store appeared with a frame, taking the painting.

"This goes in the front window," he said.

I began gathering up my equipment, when ~~xxx~~ someone put his hand on my shoulder. The handsome Prussian who had only come once to class was standing there, smiling.

"Can I help you carry out some of this?" he offered, picking up the light stand.

"I'm Lou Hippe," he said, looking at Jean, the beautiful model, who had grasped the palette.

Hippe ~~xxx~~ exclaimed, "Let's put all this in the car and all three go to Cook's next door."

"The way you work is so different from anything I have seen before. I would like to learn it," Hippe began after we had ordered our drinks.

"Nobody I ever posed for before did it that quickly," Jean put in.

I shook my head at Hippe.

"Don't think of it as learning a way to do it," I said seriously. "Express yourself. Let that be your guide. It's obvious that you like

the academic, the thorough study of the construction of the head and features. There's something in it that appeals to you or you wouldn't have stayed with Lukits that long."

He was the only one around," Hippe said.

I shook my head.

"There was Macdonald-Wright, Hans Hoffman, many others"

"I didn't like their work," he interrupted. "See what I mean?"

We both laughed.

I went on, "What you learned from Lukits is very valuable. I studied the same thing with George Bridgman at the League. It's that kind of discipline and training that makes a professional. I let this sink in. "There are other things, too, but don't think of learning them. Like them, and you will find them creeping into your work and becoming part of it."

Hippe thought this over. Jean broke the silence.

"It's like my brothers. They never had to learn to play baseball. They just liked to do it."

"Exactly," I said. "But there are things in baseball that can only be acquired by discipline, which like in painting make the pro."

I could see this idea appealed to Hippe.

"But," I said, smiling, "there are many pros but only one Dizzy Dean."

Hippe thought a moment.

"I see what you mean," he said slowly.

Along Sunset Strip, the Interlude was one of my favorite spots above a noisy, expensive joint called the Crescendo that featured bands and name entertainers. It was quiet, half indoors and half out. A large circular fireplace, white wrought-iron furniture, and a fine

view of the city gave it a delightful setting in which to sit and enjoy a drink. Oddly enough, both places were owned by an ex-pro football player and small-time thug. He was around occasionally, and Murray, who knew everything about everyone in Hollywood, told me his sideline was ~~plaka~~ pornography, stag movies, and the like. One learns never to be surprised about anything in Hollywood.

The bar girls, with their low-cut blouses, little white skirts, and hair piled up top of their heads made me bring out my sketch pad. The tables being close together, it wasn't long before that part of the room became one big party, with all the girls wanting me to sketch them. A felt ^{pen} turned out to be best for these drawings, giving a rich charcoal black that didn't smudge. Of course, there could be no erasing, but this kind of thing developed a facility in drawing ^{that doesn't allow for} ~~where one doesn't~~ make mistakes. I always kept these sketches, although it was not unusual for a girl to whisper in my ear, "I'll come around to your place and pose nude for you if you will give it to me."

Once a rather homely woman in her fifties insisted on a sketch of herself. Because this wasn't my usual kind of subject and because I didn't want to embarrass her, I consented, leaving out all the lines in her face. It was not a sketch to keep, and when I handed it to her, she was so moved she kissed me on the cheek while pressing something into my hand which turned out to be a hundred-dollar bill.

This kind of thing reminded me of the summer after my first year in New York which I spent home in Colorado. Needing models to paint, I found my family friends running in the other direction any time they saw me coming. Those days it took me several days to complete a head. The problem of how to keep up the momentum of what I had been doing, using all the ideas Mr. Du Mond had given us, made me a little

desperate. Very often problems are solved in strange ways. When I sat down after a set of tennis in the park one day, an old man with baggy, worn-out clothes whom everyone called Joe spoke to me. He was a fixture, coming every day watching the players. One found him an intelligent person; a Harvard graduate, he claimed. Soon we were talking about my studying in New York, and I told him my need for models.

"Why don't you come out to my place?" he said.

"Where's that?" I asked.

"The County Poorhouse," he said. "There are some old folks out there who would be wonderful subjects. They just sit around all day anyway. You might as well be painting them."

It was a wonderful idea, and when I returned to New York, in the fall, Mr. Du Mond was surprised at my improvement. When he learned what had happened, he laughed.

"You know," he said, "it's formality that holds so many people back. Everything must be set up for them, or they can't work. Get out of the studio, I tell them. There is a great subject right around the corner." He warmed up to his subject, as several students gathered around to listen. "Sargent and Monet used to go to a little town in England called Broadway to paint landscapes during the summer, and when someone asked them how they chose their subjects, they would say, 'We find a good one and then turn around and paint in the opposite direction'".

Several in the group were a little confused.

"Why would they do that?" one asked.

Mr. Du Mond smiled. "Don't you see, Sargent, for example, was more interested in making a Sargent painting than a picture of

a particular subject."

So it was that my latest subject was found in a barber shop. Renee, the manicurist, turned out to be a very interesting girl, with considerable knowledge about art.

"I should, I lived in Paris for several years," she explained after I had complimented her on the fact. "My family live in Brittany. That/s along the northeast coast of France."

"I know," I replied. "Several of my friends in New York have painted in Conconreau."

Her face brightened.

"That's very close to my home. You would love it there, with the fishermen and the goats." She was silent while I painted. "You would like Croisey, and Argenteuil. That's where Renoir and Monet painted so often, just a short distance out of Paris."

My painting was just a small head. "Please, can I send it to my Mother?"

I agreed reluctantly, wishing I could keep it.

"It's one of my best," I complained.

"I'll pose for another," she promised and insisted I come to her apartment to dinner this Saturday. You have no class."

It was a pleasant surprise to see how she lived, in a very nice apartment in a smart building, much better than mine. She brought in an apertif and sat down with me in the living room.

"I'm continental," she said, indicating the drink. "You Americans and English with your mixed drinks and martinis," she shook her head. "This will make you enjoy your dinner."

A young man in shirt sleeves opened the front door, carrying a tray of food, and disappeared into the kitchen.

My brother Louis," she introduced us. "He lives in the apartment directly under this and he is cooking the dinner."

"Why do you live in America instead of Europe?" I asked after he had gone back downstairs.

She thought for a moment and smiled. "Because I am neither wealthy or an artist." She paused and continued, "My people are tradespeople. Class distinction is very strong there. In this country the middle class, which corresponds to our tradespeople, have a much greater opportunity to advance, to change their way of living, than in France. See, I have a nice apartment and a car."

I said nothing, so she went on, "But the artist and the wealthy person, they are much better off in Europe. And the poor, they are worse off here. We don't have slums like you do."

At this point her brother came in with his wife and, joining us, had apertifs. Presently dinner was ready. The brother, serving, told me the name of each dish. I am afraid I had never heard of any of them, but I had to admit they were very good. A different wine was served with each dish.

"Louis is having a wonderful time," his wife laughed, making things they won't let him take time to do at work."

"Where do you work?" I asked.

Renee answered, "Louis is the chef at Romanoff's."

After dinner, Louis showed some of the slides he had made on — a trip to Italy with his ~~wife and Renee~~ wife and Renee feeding the pigeons in Venice, feeding the pigeons in Rome, etc. We all laughed.

"I want you to paint a portrait of me in my white coat and hat," Louis said as I was leaving, "perhaps with a pheasant."

"Anytime for a dinner like that," I answered, laughing. X

"No," he replied, "I will pay you for it. I'm French, and I know the value of art."

Paul Levitt told me over the telephone, "I have something you will have fun doing. And bring Murray."

We met him at the Gallery Theatre a couple blocks up Santa Monica Boulevard from the Players Ring.

"They run this theatre, too," Murray said. "It's also in the round." I found it to be triangular, with seats on three sides.

"How would you like to design a set for the next play?" he began.

"What's the play?" Murray asked.

"Me Candido. It takes place in Spanish Harlem." Levitt turned to me. "You are from New York. Do you know the section around 116th Street and First Avenue?"

"I've passed it many times. I never lived over there," I said.

"I didn't think you did."

"But," I interrupted, "when I first went to New York, I lived in Hell's Kitchen. That's just as bad."

We were all silent for a minute.

"Want to try it? You make a design for it, and we will put it up."

"Sure," I said.

Levitt looked at Murray. "Oh, sure," he said. "How about the clerk's part?"

Paul looked surprised.

"You know the play?"

"I've read it," Murray said. "We will see."

I had know that Murray had been in a couple of movies before

the war, then had studied acting with Ben Bard on the G. I. Bill, so his wanting a part was understandable.

We didn't know what we were getting into. The design, made to ~~xxx~~ the scale of the sort of old tenements that line the streets of that section, even to putting in the elevated tracts. There were old, dirty, worn ~~xxxxx~~ stoops, garbage pails, pillows and mattresses in the windows, and even some full clothes lines hanging from the ceilings. Paul had supplied a couple of actors to put it up, but we found they could not follow the design well enough to suit me. So Murray and I, when he was not rehearsing — Levitt gave him the part of the clerk — practically did the whole thing ourselves.

At the final dress rehearsal we finished painting and stepped back to survey our work. The whole cast spontaneously broke into applause. Thann Wynn, an actor of many years experience, told me he had never seen this happen before.

"I feel the grime, the closed-in feeling and almost the noise of the elevated," he said.

After the opening we got the reviews in the trades.

"Listen to this," Murray read, ~~xxxx~~ "'Best set the Ring has had. Right on 116th Street!" He read the whole review again. "But it doesn't mention me, I thought I was good as the clerk." I laughed.

~~xxxxxxxx~~

"Look," I said, "Variety says, ~~xxxxx~~ "'Set outstanding'".

"I'm not in that one, either." Murray moaned.

"How does it feel to get good reviews?" someone asked.

"Fine," I said, "but never again. No more stage designs."

Logan came up to the counter one evening at Schwab's. It had been about six months since Nathen had closed.

"Want some beautiful costume models to paint?" he asked abruptly.

"Another play?" I asked warily.

"Not mine. This is something big, I have a part in it." He
 — hesitated for a moment. "^{Joan} Jean Wilcoxon of the Wilcoxon Group. You
 have heard of them?"

I had, several times. They were very professional. I knew
 most of the actors working for Paramount Studios.

"They did the Vigil," I said.

"That's right, but this is even bigger. And," he continued,
 "Joan wants to know if you would be interested in making some paint-
 ings for her. Go ahead. You won't regret it."

Always interested in a new source of models, I though this
 sounded interesting.

"Fine," Logan looked relieved. I know now he had been told
 to get me. "Joan will call you."

The next day she did, inviting me to cocktails at her home in
 Beverly Hills. Later that evening Joe told me what he knew about Joan
 Wilcoxon. "She used to be Joan Woodbury, one of that Twentieth Century
 Fox group with Rita Hayworth and Lynn Barrie. She dropped out of
 — pictures to marry Henry Wilcoxon. Remember him in the Crusades. He ^{with Loretta Young}
 ~ was great as ~~HE~~ Richard. (Why do you ask?)"

"She has a group of actors," I started.

Joe interrupted. "And very good ones," he said. "She has Paramount
 studios to pick from. Henry is Cecil B. De Mille's right-hand man there.
 He was assistant director of The Ten Commandments." He shook his head.
 "It's hard to get into that group. They don't have readings. She picks
 whom
 /when she wants."

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The Wilcoxon house ^{was} white Spanish stucco with a red tile roof on the side of a hill overlooking Coldwater Canyon. It was a typical California and quite impressive. A maid opened the door, quieted a little white dog, and led me downstairs into a high ceilinged living room. Easily recognizable as the Joan Woodbury I had seen in many pictures before the ^{day} ~~was~~, Mrs. Wilcoxon was dressed in a Mexican costume, her hair long to her shoulders, with bangs in front.

"I liked your paintings for Nathen." She came toward me, holding out her hand with great directness. "Jim Logan says you will do some for us.

I found her a person of great distinction and vitality.

"He said it would be interesting."

She smiled. "You will also find it most exciting.

Even the way she lighted a cigarette had a flair. Inhaling deeply a couple of times, she did this, I later found, whenever telling about something she was really interested in, ~~XXXXXXX~~ She said, "Let me give you some of the background. I don't know how much Jim told you."

Without waiting for me to answer, she began, "My husband, Bif — you will meet him — and I were in England. He is an English actor, you know. We wanted to see the famous York mystery plays, given in that wonderful old walled city in the north of England, York."

"Where Constantine became Emperor of Rome," I put in.

"Of course! That's wonderful you know about it," she ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXX~~ enthused. "But we couldn't make it for some reason or other, and it's only presented every three years. Some day I am going back and see them." She was becoming more enthused in her subject, and lit another cigarette. "Back in 1370 the various guilds of York, like

the silversmiths and the pewters each presented a play on flat wagons which they pulled through the streets. Because of the English weather they were always given on Corpus Christi day, the end of July." She stopped a moment and then said, "Do you realize this was the beginning of the English theatre, in fact the first theatre in the western world for over a thousand years? This is pre-Chaucer."

She laughed.

"Well, after quite a few years of this the actors began to make it into a drunken brawl on the ale; that dark ale in Yorkshire is strong. Finally it came to the point where the clergy from the Minster, that's the great church in York, and the largest church in — England, said enough was enough and took all the scripts and hid them. In fact, they hid them so well that they were not found for five hundred years."

"Who wrote the scripts for these plays?" I asked.

"The Guilds themselves," she answered, "and each Guild handed down the script from generation to generation. Anyway, about fifty years ago a Mrs. Smith, working in the Minster, found them hidden away and translated a part of them. Later someone from the British Museum did a complete job, and they are now in the Museum where we saw them."

"Translated?" I said, puzzled.

"From the Old English of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," she replied. "I'll show you."

She jumped up and brought back some photostats.

"See," she said, reading out a line in the Old English. "That means in the city of David."

She also had some photographs of costume figures.

"I used Mrs. Smith's translation," she said, as her husband walked down the stairs.

"And added to it, and made it a play," he said in a voice I had heard many times on the screen. In real life he looked the epic hero, in which role Cecil De Mille had used him so often.

Joining us, he sat down in a large leather chair and lit his pipe. "Joannie didn't like the English costumes," he said with a smile, "so she used the ones in Italian Renaissance paintings."

She handed me a photo of Joseph and Mary.

"I would like the first painting to be of them together," she said, adding to her husband, "We are going to do the paintings. Isn't that wonderful? They will make great subjects." She turned ~~xxxxx~~ to me. "I'll have Andre and Amanda at your studio at two o'clock tomorrow."

The next morning Logan called.

"I'm ~~xxxx~~ bringing two of my actors this afternoon, one of them a famous ballet dancer," he announced.

"Wait a minute," I said, "Joan ~~xxxxxx~~ Wilcoxon is sending Joseph and Mary here this afternoon.

"Oh, Joannie called you?" he said. "That's fine. But this is more important. Call them and postpone. Or, better, call Joan and have her do it. She is directing this show, too."

He hung up.

Exasperated, I picked up the telephone and dialed Logan's number. His wife answered.

"Jim is out, working on that church show. I wouldn't have any idea where he is." Reluctantly putting down the phone, I called Mrs. Wilcoxon. If I had known her better, that call would not have

been made. She blew up.

"I made that date with you and them. They probably broke appointments to come."

"Logan says"

"I don't care what Jim Logan says," she interrupted. I thought a moment, annoyed at Logan.

"All right," I said. She hung up.

E. J. Andre and Amanda Blake*, as Joseph and Mary, made me forget my exasperation at Logan. Right out of a Renaissance painting, one with his craggy face and dark beard, the other with blonde hair flowing over a blue and red robe, they wore their costumes with a flair and naturalness, quite unlike a costume party. I quickly blocked in the big areas to get my design established, the large patterns of shadow emphasising the Baroque feeling of the flowing draperies and forms. Casually mentioning the Italian Renaissance costumes, Amanda Blake* laughed.

2. "That's where Joannie got them."

"I mean from that period," I said.

"Winnie Chandler makes them," Andre said, adding, "She is Jim Logan's wife. Do you know Logan?"

"I sure do," I expressed with feeling. "In fact he's coming over here this afternoon with a couple of actors to be painted."

At their surprise, I explained the situation. They both laughed.

— "That's Joannie for you. Everything has to run as planned,"

— Amanda said, Andre's adding, "Logan's right. She is directing this."

— "It is a series of tableaux on the Reformation," Amanda said. X

"I'm Queen Elizabeth and E. J. here is Calvin, and it is this coming Sunday. That's the reason for Logan's pushing you. So get as much

done on us as you can before they come, and we can come back separately to finish it. I know Joan. This is the painting she is really interested in.

"This other one Logan wants is to have in the church foyer during the performance. The girl he is bringing," she added, "is quite interesting. Her name is Joyce Vanderveen. She is a Dutch ballet dancer who has performed in Paris. She was brought to this country by Senator John Kennedy. Get her to tell you about her experiences in Nazi-occupied Amsterdam."

The painting was very well along when we heard Logan at the door. There were three, all dressed in costume, including Logan, as John Knox, and a girl whom he introduced as Mary Queen of Scots. She was a very pretty girl with white skin and large dark eyes.

"I'm Joyce Vanderveen," she introduced herself, laughing.

The young man with them was dressed as a courtier.

There were a few things I wanted to do on the painting of Joseph and Mary but after a while Joyce began to get very impatient at the delay. "It's well along now," I said. "I'll sharpen it up next time. It won't take long."

With a new canvas on the easel I put the three together in an — interesting composition. Logan and Joyce, both in black, made a large pattern, emphasising Joyce's light skin framed by a heart-shaped white trim around the face, and a ruff collar. Only the courtier had some color; gold and rich browns.

"A red background," I told them, after blocking in all the black areas, would bring out the cool colors, the blues and greens, in the shadows.

"That sounds very colorful," Joyce said, Logan adding, "The

Reformation was a very bloody era."

The light was falling as the latest portrait was finished. Joyce had lost her irritation and liked the painting.

"Five costume figures in one afternoon," she exclaimed, turning to Logan. "Isn't that amazing?"

Logan grinned. "Come to rehearsal tonight," he said to me, "We will all be in costume," adding, "Bring the painting. Have you a frame?"

"The paint's wet," I objected.

"We will be careful," he said assuringly.

Luckily I had a rather ornate frame that fitted.

"That red background really does it," Logan commented.

"And see how the ^{colors} coils are repeated," Joyce added. "I paint, too, you know."

"Joyce had a great heritage in art," Logan said, "She comes from Amsterdam."

The Reformation was a series of short scenes; Martin Luther striding up the aisle and nailing his proclamation on a large ornate door; Calvin and John Knox telling the story of the rebellion against the Church of Rome. After the rehearsal, the cast crowded together, listening to Joan Wilcoxon read from a pad of notes.

"You have to get up that aisle faster," she told Luther. "The music was ahead of you."

Luther nodded.

"We couldn't hear ~~if~~ you," she told a girl. "Speak up."

Turning to me, she smiled. "I hear you are coming along beautifully on Joseph and Mary."

She did not mention Logan's painting.

Sunday afternoon Logan called.

"Get down to the church right away," he said in an agitated voice, "and bring your paints. We had the painting in the vestry this morning for the services, and somebody wanted to see if the paint was wet so they stuck a finger on it, smearing Joyce's eyes. She is much upset." The painting was on an easel, but, when I got there, looking at it, I couldn't see anything wrong with either of Joyce's eyes. The cast was rehearsing. Logan was in the dressing room.

"Joan fixed it, just smeared the paint around with her thumb." He laughed. "Nothing much she can't do."

The double portrait was finished, along with a single of each; Mary with a dove in an annunciation painting, her eyes looking up, Joseph holding a child wrapped in swaddling clothes. As we didn't have a child, I left the space blank, not knowing how a child was wrapped. That evening I spoke to one of the students, ~~a~~ a Jewish woman whom I knew had some children and who would probably know how. She was rather ~~xx~~ surprised at first, but when I explained she told me to come to her home ~~xx~~ the next afternoon and make some sketches. She would wrap and hold her baby for me.

"Actumilly, Christ was Jewish," she said laughing.

Lou Hippe was coming to class ~~a~~ regularly now and since his divorce had time to join in the discussions that took place around my white kitchen table late in the afternoon. We argued about everything from art to women.

2 (I guess I had always been interested in doing something and until my year in New York had never really given ~~many~~ much thought to anything else. After the war I'd been filled with resentment, like

so many others, at the outrageous misfortune that had stopped my painting, not realizing many were much worse off. In New York afterwards and since I had returned I began to look around, read the papers, and see what was happening and how it related to conditions now and in the future. The causes for the events that had caused me and everyone else so much grief were very evident and, looking at what was happening now, one could see where they were leading me.

It was obvious that main accomplishment of the war was to make Russia and communism formidable world powers. Marx's philosophy had been around long before my days at the League. It had, as a part, caused Germany's inflation, setting the stage for the rise of Hitler. Now with the Truman Doctrine we had contained it at great expense in Korea and Berlin, calling the action the Cold War. Joe McCarthy's trial brought pros and cons, making the issues very confused, with people like Lou Hippe finding communists under every rock and with others unhappy at the finger pointing.

"Really what we have is two different philosophies, pushing their beliefs forward throughout the rest of the world," I told Lou.

"Say what you want, but they are a bunch of dirty rats," he retorted with feeling.

Letting this pass, I went on, "It's just that we are using different methods. The Communists are moving ~~politically~~ politically and forcibly whereas we do it with capital investment." I pointed at the annual report of Standard Oil of New Jersey. "They make Esso gasoline," I said. "I know," Lou interrupted.

"Well," I went on, "Esso has filling stations across Europe from the Arctic Circle to Libya. They² have invested a great deal of American capital to do this, and American stockholders like myself

will profit from it."

"What's wrong with that?" Lou asked.

"It makes those countries more prosperous, and they buy our gas with the money we give them with foreign aid," I said, and went on, "We both pay the taxes, but I get some of it back in dividends."

I saw from Lou's face I better change the subject.

"I remember during the war there was a great spirit of togetherness with everyone working for a common cause, sharing rides, keeping prices down, working together." I stopped, but Lou said nothing, so I went on. "There was an editorial in The New York Times that was widely quoted, 'They that go to work in the dark,' that gave credit to the spirit of those people producing war materials who were out and on their way long before it was light. I know," I said with feeling. "I was one of them. I felt this common effort, this being part of a common cause even if I felt the war would not solve anything."

"I'll agree to that," Lou said, "but what are you getting at?"

"Just this," I said. "This spirit of common cause is what the Communists are selling in Europe and Asia and what we are fighting to contain in this Cold War. I noticed after the war, money became the individual goal here. Anything like a common cause disappeared. Everyone went to work as late as they could and demanded more money. You know that." Lou agreed. "Instead of fighting to contain Communism, we concentrate our efforts in making our system of Capitalism work better than their common cause. Capitalism certainly has the advantages of free enterprise and the dignity of the individual. Our problem is that we don't really believe in it, and fear of Communism is ruling us. Fear is a negative thought. We should think positively."

I think Lou was convinced. At least, he was thinking about it.

"I remember before the war," I went on, "I heard Marcia Davenport, the writer, say that Slavic Race is the only Race that has not ruled the world at some time. They feel now it is their turn."

It was a Slavic girl that Eddie Rocco, a photographer friend, brought around one day.

"This is Tanya," H he said.

She was blonde and beautiful and moved around with that liquid grace one sees in the big cats at the zoo. She agreed to pose for a painting. While posing, she told me about Yugo Slavia during the war and how she had fought in the partisan resistance. Later she became Miss Yugo Slavia, she said, and also a member of the Olympic swimming team. After the Olympics she took off and made her way to Caracas, singing in a night club.

"I always wanted to go to Hollywood, so here I am," she told me.

Movement was her life. It was obvious in the many sketches I made of her that she could not get into an ungraceful pose. She reminded me of the kind of model Rodan must have had. Strangely enough, the furthest she got in show business was being photographed in a bathtub by Peter Basch for a magazine.

As one would expect, Hollywood was full of real characters; those people who are complete individuals, Jane Moore for instance. She was a tall blonde in the Hollywood class and did very feminine, little line drawings. She and her mother lived in a small house, doll-like inside and out. I found she had a good job at Paramount Studios, but her main interest was in cars. She had a little Grand National, a car so rare that the studio rented it from her for Dana Andrews to drive around in the picture Elephant Walk.

"Teacher," that's what she always called me, "I'm out here in

Van Nuys," her excited voice came over the phone one day.

"What would anybody be doing in Van Nuys," I answered.

That was before I started a class there.

"No kidding," she said excitedly, "I've found an XK120 in a lot out here.xx It's in beautiful shape — should I buy it?"

"Sure," I said immediately. I knew how much she admired its sleek lines, and the sound of the exhaust.

"It's seven hundred, that will take almost all my savings."

Probably I should have told her she was crazy, but I didn't, of course, thinking of myself back in 1942 in almost exactly the same situation with the Buick.

— "Why not?" I said. You have a good job. Have you checked it good, compression and all?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. A mechanic from the studio went all over it."

"Get it, then," I said.

"I have," she laughed. "I just wanted to hear somebody say I should. I'll be right over and take you for a ride."

She hung up.

I had not ridden in a Jaguar before. It was certainly beautiful, shining black and polished chrome. There was no top nor side windows. Getting in was not like the Olds, but once I was sitting low in the bucket seat with that long hood in front, I could feel what she saw in sports cars, especially after she started the engine with that characteristic Jaguar roar and went through the gears with the stick on the floor.

XXX"I'm supposed to keep it above two thousand RPM," she said, pointing at the tachometer. It was an entirely different kind of ride than with an American car. First, it was obviously fun to point the

car the way Jane was doing and have it follow without any sway or wobble. Coming up Laurel Canyon ~~it~~ gave her opportunity to show off its cornering; she didn't slow up a bit for a turn, went right into it.

Finally the paintings for Joan Wilcoxon's nativity play were finished, all fifteen of them. She was enthusiastic, and I felt they were the best things I had done. Besides the ones of Joseph and Mary there was the angel posed for by Vikki Baaken, Logan as Saladin, and several like the three shepherds and the three kings, with more than one figure.

After some argument Henshey's Department Store in Santa Monica was persuaded to give us a window to display them. The window dresser, a little round-shouldered man, did a beautiful job with a dark blue ~~it~~ background and hand-lettered scrolls in Old English under each painting, giving the lines in the Bible that it illustrated. Under the angel the scroll read, "I bring you glad tidings for tonight in the city of David."

The sidewalks were crowded with Christmas shoppers, and I was gratified at how many people stopped and looked. A girl in a red beret, short kilts, and red stockings came up to me, smiling.

"I like the three shepherds best. That expression on Jim Logan is wonderful. It looks as if he has just seen the angel."

~~RNM~~ "He has," I told her.

"I know that," the girl answered, looking at me, grinning.

"I'm Rosemary. I work for Joan Wilcoxon." She laughed, as I remembered the maid who had opened the door. "I'm putting these cards in windows." She held one up. "You're coming to the opening tonight?"

"I have to get a gift," I answered.

"There was no admission, but everyone was supposed to bring a

child's gift that the Marines would pick up at the door. Toys for Tots they called it.

"Come around to the stage door and ask for me, Rosemary," she directed.

Walking up Lincoln Boulevard later, I saw what she meant. A long double line was waiting to get in. Marines in dress uniforms were taking the gifts and putting them in large round cartons.

As I handed mine to a ramrod lieutenant with a white cap, a man nearby complained, "I've tried for three years to see this show and haven't got in yet. You watch. When they open the doors, the theatre will be almost full." The Marine was silent. Strolling around to the rear of the theatre, I found the stage door. Immediately I found myself in a scene of what appeared to be great confusion. All my subjects were moving about. Suddenly a tug on my coat made me look down to see Rosemary.

"Come on," she whispered.

I followed her out onto the side of the stage and down some steps into the audience. Pointing to a seat in the third row, she whispered something to a very erect, elderly woman in the next seat and was gone before I could thank her.

"I liked your paintings very much," the old woman said in a strangely resonant voice. "The ~~xxx~~ Annunciation, particularly."

I must have looked a little surprised.

"I'm Mrs. Woodbury, Joan's Mother," she said.

The lights went on before I could answer.

Some of the scenes I had seen in rehearsal without the costumes and lighting, but I was unprepared for the both moving and spectacular presentation. It was not an involving human drama such as the Players

Ring put on, and probably if the story had not been familiar to everyone, it would not have held together, as it ranged from a procession to the marriage of Joseph and Mary — a pictorially dramatic scene on an almost dark stage with Joseph and Mary coming in, Joseph's holding a lantern and looking for the inn.

Then there was a very humorous scene where the three shepherds see the angel. Logan, the deaf shepherd is so shaken that his large ear trumpet slides under the angel's foot. While the two others run, he by use of his long crook retrieved the horn with the angel smiling down at him. This humorous note was placed just right in an otherwise serious evening. The audience loved it. A spectacular ballet in Herod's court, the three kings bearing myrrh and frankincense, and Mary's holding a live baby in the spotlight completed the show.

John Wilcoxon stepped out on the stage after the curtain calls and thanked the audience for their contributions to Toys for Tots for the Marines, then came down into the audience to where her Mother and I were seated.

"I see you met my Mother," ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ she said, putting her arm around the older woman. "Stay a while," she said to me. We are all going to the Broken Drum."

She walked back onto the stage where the actors had formed a half circle and, looking at some notes, went over the show scene by scene.

"What happened to you?" she asked one of the girls in the procession.

"My candle went out," the girl said unhappily.

"Vikki had to help you," she said to Logan.

"The horn didn't roll far enough," he admitted.

At the restaurant Andre was telling about the nativity float that led the Santa Claus parade down Hollywood Boulevard.

"Gadge and I," he began — I knew by now that meant Amanda ~~WEBB~~ Webb who played Mary and who for some reason everyone called — Gadge — "got into our costumes at the Church at Fountain and Fairfax and rode down with the float. When the parade broke up I found I'd left my pocketbook with my clothes at the Church. You can picture us."

He laughed.

— "Joseph and Mary, who was carrying the baby, asking the Sunset Boulevard bus driver if he would take us up to Fairfax, as I had no money to pay. Of course, he refused, and told us to get off the bus. I was beginning to think times had changed little in two thousand years."

"What did you do?" somebody asked.

"Happily," Andre answered, "there was a Marine on the bus, and he came forward and paid our fare. I almost called him 'Soldier of Rome' when I thanked him."

"I have a real great model for you."

Lou Hippe and I were leaving the class at Hollywood.

"You know Lou Lacava," he began, speaking of another makeup artist at the studios. Lacava was a gray-haired Italian in his ~~XXXXX~~ late fifties but with all the romantic vitality of his people. He was also a devout Catholic.

"He has this girl," ~~HEX~~ It's a long story. He met her down in Mississippi on location, making a picture, and she followed him out here. Anyway, she is now working in a drugstore on Riverside Drive. I'll give you her number." He whistled slightly.

"She is a real beauty."

This was rare for Lou Hippe to enthuse over a pretty girl,

as he spends all day making up the beautiful movie stars.

"We could use her in the class," I said.

"She would like that," he went on. "I made a pastel of her. I don't think she ever has seen anyone paint or draw before."

"Could you pick me up?" She spoke with a Mississippi accent. "My car won't go over the hill."

I had become reconciled to the fact that if you want models, you must pick them up. The chances of their coming on time or even getting there at all were so slim it was the only solution. She was waiting on the corner in front of the drugstore. Like Lou, being around Hollywood had inured me to beautiful girls, but this one was really something. As we drove along, I found she also had a lively mind, and this business of art was a new and fascinating experience to her.

"It's not just because it's a painting of me," she said. "It's because I feel I become part of something great. See what I mean? Art is great. I know it."

I found this a very refreshing state of mind after most of the self-centered girls I had known.

At the class, she was quite perceptive. Looking, during a rest period, at one student's work who had used a strong blue background, "I look like I'm pasted on it," she whispered to me.

Her hair was up on top of her head, and she had on a very ordinary collar.

"I wish now I had worn my hair down," she said. "It would have softened the lines of the dress."

After class I suggested out of habit that we stop at Schwab's, but she didn't seem to want to.

"Let's go to that drive-in on Sunset where we can sit in the car."

She ordered a large coke and surprised me by pouring all the liquid on the ground.

"I just like the ice," she admitted, crushing it between her teeth with a loud noise. From her conversation, one could see her background was very limited. "My family were sharecroppers in Mississippi. I spent my time picking cotton in the hot sun. Did you ever pick cotton in the hot sun?"

I admitted I hadn't. "Would you make a painting of me?" she asked suddenly. "I mean a real portrait."

I wondered where she had heard about portraits; not in Mississippi, I knew.

"Sure," I replied. She looked relieved. I sensed she'd felt strange asking me. "I have a black dress, cut very low in front. I think it would be nice. Tomorrow is my day off."

She also brought along a piece of black silk.

"See, this goes with the dress," she said, putting it over her ^{head} hand, giving her a very Spanish look with large black patterns framing her face. Few models could have stood the severity of this effect, - but the shape of her ^{head} hand and features were so fine, it looked right. Keeping the Spanish feeling with rich greens and browns in the background complimented her naturally dark skin. It was one of those times a painting almost paints itself. We were both very happy the way it came out.

"My day off is Thursday, like today." She couldn't take her eyes off the painting. "Let's do another next week."

"How about a pastel?" I said.

I had a special lighting effect in mind.

Murray came in presently and was introduced.

"I wish I lived around here. Burbank, it's terrible over there," she said suddenly.

Murray brightened visibly. "My brother owns an apartment right up the street. I think he has a vacancy." He picked up the phone and spoke briefly. "First floor front all right?"

Cornese nodded. I looked at the time.

"I have to go to class. You two go and see it."

Just before the class ended at ten, Murray and Cornese walked in.

"I rented it," she beamed, then frowned. Lou Lacava stood in the doorway. "Don't tell him," she whispered.

"Let's go across the street to the pancake house," I said quickly.

Murray was a little put out when she went home with Lacava.

"What gives here," he said. "I ~~was~~ buy the girl dinner, and one minute she is going home with me. Then he shows up. Who told him?"

"I didn't," I said.

Jane Moor wanted me to go to the sports car race with her on Sunday.

"Get that crate out of here and park it around the corner, way around," Jane called laughingly, as I got out of the Olds in front of her little house.

I looked at my Oldsmobile. It was a beautiful car, but I said nothing and obliged, thinking to myself she was carrying this sports car business a bit too far. Walking back, I found two cars had come up, both open and smaller than the Jaguar. Jane introduced

me to the two men driving the cars and to another girl, Suzie, with long blonde hair.

"You ride with Bill," Jane said to me, "and Suzie will ride with me. She's afraid to ride with them." She laughed. "I hope you are not."

"This is an ACE," Bill said, spelling out the letters as we weaved our way up crowded Highland Avenue at about fifty miles an hour. "It's an English car," he went on, "and has the 125 Bristol engine." We were now going out Ventura Boulevard about sixty miles an hour, following the other sports car with only a few feet between bumpers.

"That's a Porsche," Bill yelled above the noise of the wind, pointing at the car ahead. Then he pointed behind us. The same distance behind us, we had picked ^{up} another sports car somewhere.

"That's a 190SL," Bill yelled.

It was a slightly larger car with a hard top and a man and girl inside. The three cars were making the lights perfectly and moved as one, changing lanes in the crowded traffic, often passing other cars on the right, sometimes climbing up on the curb. Where one went, the other two followed without a break. Jane was somewhere way behind in her Jaguar. The track was way out on Ventura Boulevard and shaped like a figure eight, with an underpass in the center. A mile-long straightaway had big signs toward the end, with large numbers on each.

The hills around the track were filling up with cars and people. Bill followed the Porsche to a spot overlooking a couple of curves and the straightaway which went over the underpass. All three cars pulled up side by side. After a while, Jane came up beside us.

"Where have you been?" they all chorused.

She smiled, saying, "I don't drive like you all do," and to me, "How do you like a sports car when an expert drives it?"

They kidded each other for a while. I learned this was the Paramount Studio Sports Car Club. All worked in the Studio.

"Isn't that 190SL a beauty?" Jane enthused. "Look at the engine."

The owner was only too happy to open the hood.

"See those two solex carburetors," he said, as I looked at the polished engine.

"They are on the side," I said, surprised.

"It lowers the contour of the hood, makes better lines," he told me.

This car was really a beauty.

"Look at that 300SL over there." He pointed to a red coupe with gull-wing doors. "That's the fastest sports car in the world."

"What about a Ferrari?" the Porsche owner put in.

"The 300SL beat the Ferrari in the Mexican road race this year," Jane answered with authority. "Let's go over and see it."

We all walked over to the red car, the owner's opening up the hood so we could see the engine.

Bill spoke up, "See those manifolds. They call them ramshorns. That is because it has fuel injection."

"What does the 300SL and 190SL mean?" I asked.

Jane answered, "You know what piston displacement means?"

I nodded.

"Mercedes-Benz measures their in liters. This has 3 liters and the other 1.9. The race today is limited to cars with less than two liters."

The cars qualifying were all Porches, MGs, and ~~TRIM~~ Triumphs. As we walked back to our cars a two-seat T-Bird pulled up beside the Porsche. I could see the scorn on everyone's face.

"What's the matter with the T-Bird?" I asked. "I sort of like its lines.

"Well," Bill said, "that's because it's a copy of a Ferrari, but underneath it is just an old family sedan.

"You know how they get around a corner?" Jane said sarcastically. "Drive up to the corner, take it all apart, carry the parts around, and put them together again." They all laughed.

Driving the Olds ~~mk~~ home after Bill let me off, I felt the smoothness of the engine and the weight and security of the car. I knew it had about 370 cubic inches displacement. That would be about six liters, I figured.

It was a strange party. Amanda Webb, the Mary of the Nativity Play, called me. "You know Joannie is moving to Palm Springs?" It was not so much a question, as we all knew she had left Henry and sold the big house.

"I know," I said. "When is she going?"

"Tomorrow. Tonight she and Rosemary and the two girls are in that empty house. All the furniture is gone. They don't know it, at least Joan doesn't — Rosie does — that we are giving a farewell party. It's Rosie's idea. Can you come?"

As I put down the phone, I knew this was the end of this wonderful group. Joan might come back for a play now and then, but she ~~was~~ would soon become involved down there. I had known for a long while she and Henry were separating. She had talked about it with me along with art, theatre, and other subjects. One day she came over. "I've bought a little house on the desert. I've always loved the desert."

She looked a little sad, so I changed the subject.

"Look at these," I handed her a bunch of slides in a viewer. They were of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum in New York that I had taken the summer before.

"These are excellent, just like looking at the painting itself. Look at this one. She handed me the viewer. It was a portrait of a round-faced Dutchman with a large black hat."

Franz Hals," I said. "These were all done with available light. I brought back almost the whole museum."

"That's wonderful," she said.

Suddenly she put down the viewer and looked at me with her eyes glowing.

"Let's go to Europe." I was so surprised I just said "When?" "This summer," she enthused. "England, Paris, Spain, Italy — imagine."

"It sounds great," I said a little hesitantly.

After she had gone I thought it over. My first reaction was to say no. What would my aunt and uncle say? What would Lou say? Later I began to think of what I had heard and read of the beauties of Europe, how necessary it all was for an artist to see this — from old Mr. Reid in Colorado, ^{wh^a} on Long Island, and just recently Renee and her brother. The ones who would object had never been there.

Amanda was right. There was no furniture in the house, and Joan had on an old sweatshirt, levis, and no makeup. The whole group was there and very gay, but I knew as I watched Vikki Baken, talking animatedly to Jim Logan, that she never again would shine in the spotlight as she had as the angel. Neither would Logan or Amanda. They didn't have it in them to do it on their own. Joan had given them their brief time of glory. But watching Joan talking to the writer Ed Penney, I knew she would build another group down on the desert,

perhaps better than this.

Neither Lou nor Murray knew about ~~the~~ the proposed trip to Europe, and it wasn't until some time later when we were all in Palm Springs, having a cocktail at the bar in Howard Manor, that Joan burst out, "I've written the boys in London. We have a place to stay there." She went on with her eyes shining, "Let's go up to York and photograph the mystery plays. This is the year they give them."

— Neither Lou nor^{ly} Murray said anything, but I could feel Lou's disapproval. Murray would be all for it, I knew.

~ Murray was having his problems with a girl. It had always amused me to watch at the procession of attractive girls that would stay with him for a few days and then vanish out of the picture, usually to Murray's relief. This time it was the hat check girl at the Cresendo, a blonde by the name of Molly O'Brian. He really fell hard this time, even to the point of buying her a car, a little red Ford convertible. Murray himself was driving around in an old Buick, ready to fall apart.

Things went along fine until he discovered her using the car to visit another boy friend, a policeman. Poor Murray was really beside himself. After several hectic scenes during which Murray took back the car, gave it to her again, and then repossessed it once more, he suddenly fell off his stool at Schwab's counter. We dragged him to my car and took him to a doctor.

"Nervous exhaustion. Take it easy for a while," the doctor told him after he came to, and gave him some pills.

For a while after that things went smoothly, and then he met Hannah, a tall beautiful girl out from New York who claimed to be a Vogue fashion model. ~~MM~~ Murray carried a copy of the magazine around,

showing "her" picture. Frankly, I did not think it was Hannah and at first said so but Murray defended, "It's the makeup." I had painted too many heads not to notice the shape of the head and bone structure were not hers but I hesitated to dampen Murray's enthusiasm.

One morning loud noises from a car horn interrupted my work on a painting. I went to the window and saw Hannah, Murray, and Jim English in English's Corvette with the top down. Murray looked very uncomfortable between the two bucket seats, but everyone was smiling.

"We are going to Las Vegas," Murray called.

"We are getting married," Hannah put in.

I went down to the curb.

"Come on with us," Murray invited.

"I have a class tonight," I answered, wondering where I would have sat. In fact, I wondered how Murray was going to feel after that long ride in such an uncomfortable position, but they drove off, waving.

"We're home," Hannah's voice sounded very happy over the phone a couple days later. "Come over and have a drink with us."

Hannah had fixed the place up some, but I could see it would be hard to do much. They seemed very happy.

Lou, Frank Hague a photographer, and I were sitting around my white kitchen table one afternoon, drinking beer wondering what to argue about, when Murray knocked on the door.

"Hannah wants to move," he said, taking a beer. "She doesn't like it down there."

I started to say something, but Frank stopped me.

"You're single, Lou's divorced, and I'm married." He smiled wisely. "I'm the one who ~~shak~~ should help Murray and give him advice." He grinned at Murray. "After you get a nice apartment, she will decorate it."

He let this sink in.

Finally Murray said plaintively, "How will I pay for all of this?"

"You will," Frank answered firmly. "What time do you have breakfast?"

"Oh, I get up to Schwab's about nine or nine:thirty."

Frank laughed, Lou looked grim and started to say something, but Frank held up his hand.

"You will be there when the doors open, or better still you will get your own breakfast at home." Murray started to stand up as if to say nobody could make him do that, but Frank went on with great seriousness, "Murray, you married her because you love her. She must be something special, not like all those others. Isn't that right?" Murray nodded.

"I thought," he began, but Frank stopped him.

"Just a minute," Frank started. "If you love her, you should want to understand her, to know how she feels." He stopped for a moment, then went on. "That's where someone with experience like me can help you. When a girl loves a man, her instinct is to make a home for him as beautiful as she can — to feather the nest, you might say — and you must realize this. Rent a nice apartment. Let her fix it up, and she will be happy, and you will have a nice place to live. She will add those little touches that make it attractive and pleasant to be in. It's worth that extra work you will have to do to earn the money, believe me."

I added, "You can eat at home all the time, no more Schwab's cooking."

Lou burst out angrily at me, "You're single. You don't know

what you are talking about and how lucky you are. You can buy a fine camera when you want to. You can go to Palm Springs when you want. You could even buy that 190SL you are always talking about if you weren't so chinzy."

Frank interrupted him, speaking to me, "Are you happy here? Look at this apartment," he waved his hand around, "Does this look happy? I ask you?"

I looked around in chagrin. It was no home at all, just a lot of painting materials, a bed, and this table in the kitchen.

Defensively I said, "It's all I need to work."

Frank shook his head and smiled wisely. "You would be much happier if you had a wife and a nice apartment, all fixed up. I know."

Lou interrupted, "Do you think any wife would allow him to have these rooms filled with lights and easels. He needs these to work with." Frank shook his head.

"He could rent a studio."

Lou stood up angrily and left without speaking.

Frank also stood up to go, saying to Murray, "Take my advice. Hold on to your wife. Work hard and give her a nice home." He pointed to the door which Lou had left. "You won't regret it, and you won't end up a sorehead like that one." *Nothing Towards the door Lou had left through*
Murray left, looking more confused than ever.

"What's going to happen when she starts buying clothes?" I said. Frank laughed.

"I don't think Murray has it in him to change. He has had it too easy too long." He shook his head. "He will be sorry some day, like those people who don't save their money when they have it."

Murray did not rent an apartment, and in about a month Hannah

said she had some jobs she had to do in New York. I knew, and I think Murray did, too, she wouldn't be back. He became very bitter.

"We loved each other so much until the last few days. Then she acted as if I wasn't even here."

I said slowly, "Frank told you to rent a nice apartment."

"Don't give me that," Murray retorted angrily. "I don't have that kind of money."

He walked away.

Europe made a great impression on me. I had the strange feeling of being more at home there, even if I did not speak the languages of the countries we visited. The attitudes of the people and their feeling for making everything an art tied in with what I had always felt and made me see why I had really always been an outsider in America where making money was the prime consideration. Of course, there had been exceptions. Reid in Colorado, Strunsky in the Village, Logan and Joan in Hollywood, the day at the sports car races. All these had more the feeling of quality and beauty than wondering what was in it moneywise. I picked up in Paris a little Renault which I had ordered in Hollywood. Joan and I drove, walked, laughed, and philosophized across France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland. It was my first foreign car, and while bad things have been said about the Dauphine, we had only affection and respect for the little car after ten thousand miles of crossing the Pyrenees, the Apennines, the Dolomites, and the Alps. It thrived on the rough roads and poor gasoline of Spain. It was easy to park in the big cities like Rome and Madrid; it went along without a problem.

We only really dressed up twice, to sit on the Via Veneto and to go out to dinner in Madrid. Consuelo Trigoff, a friend of Joan's had a beautiful apartment with a balcony looking out over the

I could tell by his expression he had already found this out. He showed us a small pencil sketch that the American artist Millard Sheets had done of her at Consuelo's a few days before. After a couple of drinks and more advice from both Joan and Consuelo, they left.

"That boy's family in Seattle is very unhappy," Consuelo said, shaking her head.

At dinner she proposed we go see a Velasquez painting that she knew was for sale.

When it comes to driving a car, all I can say is that Consuelo was in a class by herself. It is safe to say she did everything wrong, up to having an eight-year-old Massachusetts license on her Pugeot. By speaking English she could convince any policeman who stopped her that she was an American and couldn't understand a word — they said. They generally shook their heads in despair and let her go.

We stopped in front of a castlelike building in the old section of town. Pressing the bell in the gate eventually brought about the sound of rattling chains being drawn up. A distinguished looking, elderly ~~MAN~~ man finally opened the gate and, hurrying toward Consuelo, kissed her hand. After the introductions, we all went into the old building which was obviously in a very bad state of repair. Leaks in the roof had made dark lines down walls covered with paintings, many of which bore famous names of the last century. When we had all been seated and been given some Bavarian beer, the old man brought in the Velasquez.

The frame was several inches longer than the painting, so he had put a piece of wood in to fill up the space.

With great flourish typically Viennese, he put it on a rickety old easel. Velasquez paintings have never been much on the market,

being held by the Kings of Spain and Austria for whom they were painted, making me very dubious when it was first mentioned that this could be an original. Of course, he did portraits in Italy like the great portrait of Pope Innocent, now in the ~~EX~~ Doria Palace in Rome. Then there is an early painting The Water Carrier of Seville which was taken by the Duke of Wellington back to England when he was in Spain fighting Napoleon. But most of his work is in the Prado or in Vienna.

Joan looked at me questioningly. "It's real, all right," I said.

"Of course, it's a ~~XXIX~~ Velasquez," the old man said, pronouncing the name fully instead of lisping it like a Castillian.

 I commented on this.

"That's right," he said. "The master was from Andalucia.

Austria, as you know, was under Spanish rule in the Seventeenth Century, ⁱⁿ and this particular painting has been/our family since that time. I brought it out rolled under my coat. I had to leave the country, you know, and come to Spain when the Nazi's came in. We went first to Toledo where we lived many years. These other paintings," he indicated the paintings on the walls, "were collected during our stay in Toledo."

Joan had been examining the painting very closely.

"How can you tell it's real?" she asked me. "I would like to know."

"It's hard to explain," I began slowly, "like trying to see why any great man is great. It looks so simple, yet is so impossible to do. Look at the way he relates the elements in the head."

I pointed with my finger, showing how the eyebrows flowed into the nose and were symmetrical with the other side of the face.

"And," I went on, "see how the flow of light follows the forms and makes a solid head without obvious modeling."

I pointed how the eye had been done with simple patterns that described it perfectly but let your vision flow over it without stopping at it to look at detail.

"It's his ability to create the illusion of light on form. See, if you look at this cheek closely, there is no apparent modeling. But step back, and the cheek is a solid form. It's that complex rhythm of forms, values, and colors, by which he creates a complete unity of effect, that only one who has tried to do it can really appreciate."

Consuelo threw up her hands.

"These painters can mix me up more than anything, and that goes for politicians."

The old man made no mention of the painting being for sale, as we left. Back at Consuelo's over a brandy, Joan wondered how much a Velasquez would be worth.

Consuelo answered, "Spain does not allow them to leave the country."

"That wouldn't be hard," I put in, remembering how lackadaisically the frontiers were checked. "It's quite small. It should be worth at least a half a million dollars, I should say."

"We are going to Toromolinos." Consuelo changed the subject, and laughed wickedly. "But first you must see Old Castile, Sagovia, and Avila. I will take you up there tomorrow."

She was out in front of our hotel the next morning.

"You drive," she said, handing the keys to me.

The route lay across the Goya Bridge, reminding me of his

BRAD — Insert in proper place, please. The following was typed from reverse of pages in 1st rough draft, pages 274 and 275. I could not decipher where you wanted this copy placed.

GLAD

There is a certain truth or rightness about Velasquez work from his earliest " " to his last period of the "Mienias" and the Spinners that is impossible to copy. It is not difficult for a competent painter to do a Thomas Sully or Gilbert Stuart or even a Corot and make it just as good or in some cases a little better. The one great mistake all painters make is overdoing each tone, each detail a little, because of concentrating on that particular part, with the result the whole effect suffers; that is, all painters except Velasquez. There is a painting by him at the Hispanic Museum in New York, of a Cardinal which Mr. Dumond used to tell his students to study. "Look at the planes on the side of the nose," he would say. "Stand up close to the painting and it is impossible to see any change of tone defining those planes, but step back and the nose appears a solid form." Then there are many other things that look so easy until a painter tries to do them.

famous painting May Third which took place on this bridge, past the Excorial, over the mountains to an almost treeless land that recalled our western prairies. Consuelo thought of this land as her heritage, as Americans think of Mount Vernon. "The Roman aquaduct," she said, pointing ~~EM~~ at a great stone structure that crosses Sagovia, "was built by the Emperor Trajan. Nothing holds those great stones together but the weight. No cement. And it's stood there for two thousand years. Isn't that amazing?"

She told me to follow a tree-lined road.

"You have heard of castles in Spain," she said, as we came to a turn in the road. "Look up there."

— A tall, turreted castle stood on the brow of a hill above us, a most spectacular sight.

"Juane's castle, they call it, after the queen for whom it was built," she went on, adding, "The story is that Columbus visited Isabella there, seeking money for his trip to America. She had to refuse until the Moors were driven out of Granada."

On the way back, Consuelo asked if we had been to the Prado.

"Of course," Joan said and then laughed. "We drove into Madrid about noon, checked into the hotel, and the first thing I said was, 'Let's go to the Prado. And do you know what he said?' — pointing at me — "'It's time for lunch.'" "Imagine thinking of eating at a time like that!"

They both looked at me with mock scorn.

"Yes," I retorted, "and when we got there, we found it closed; a church holiday."

As we drove up the Jose Antonio to our ~~N~~ hotel, Consuelo reminded us, "Tomorrow we go to Totomolinos."

The sign was just a simple ~~PI~~ piece of wood painted white, with black letters, the end sawed to form a point, and as we rounded the Place de Sol, it conjured up a feeling of romance and anticipation in the single word, Andalucia. We followed it, turning south. We made several stops to walk around picturesque towns. At one place two little girls came up, indicating they wanted some fingernail polish. Joan obliged by stooping down to put it on. After a while we saw the Village priest coming up the hill.

"Let's get out of here," Joan said. "He will want some money to fix the hole in the church."

I started to ask how she knew there was a hole, but, looking around at the buildings, I laughed, and we climbed in the car and drove off. It was growing dark as the road divided at Belan, one sign reading Granada and the other Cordoba. We took the latter, following the Guadalequivir River.

"Imagine who has come along this road," I said, looking at the natural cut in the mountains. "First the Phoenicians, then the Vandals, the Romans who built the road, then the Visigoths, the Moors, and then the Catholic Kings, and that only takes us to 1492."

"Then Velasquez traveling to Madrid to become court painter. And now us," Joan put in.

"That covers twenty-eight centuries," I added.

It was slow going in the darkness. The road was crowded with wagons without lights, donkeys, and people walking. Finally, at about eleven, we came into ~~g~~ordoba. What was undoubtedly a ten-watt lamp hung from every other street corner, which were crowded with men walking slowly and groups talking. Presently we saw a policeman, dressed all in white, on Joan's side. She leaned out the window.

"Portavoir Cordoba Palace Hotel?" she asked.

We were to meet Consuelo there. She was driving down with her daughter and a famous poet.

The policeman answered with a big smile, indicating with his hands a circle. Seeing we understood, he held his hand up at an angle of about ten o'clock and pointed forward. We nodded that we understood. Then he made another circle, this time holding his hand at about two o'clock and again pointing forward. Then with another big smile he shook hands with Joan, walked around and did the same with me, bowed slightly, and with a gesture of his hand invited us to proceed.

"Now that's what I mean by communicating," I said as we moved away.

The Cordoba Palace was really top rate, reminding me of the Beverly Hills Hotel, only newer. After registering, we asked about dinner. The clerk apologized, holding up his hands in despair.

"The dining room has just closed."

He pointed at the clock. It was twenty minutes to twelve. ~~XXXXX~~ Suddenly, his expression changed. He motioned for us to wait and disappeared. In a few moments he was back, all smiles, indicating we follow him into the dining room. The waiters appeared in their black coats, one of them telling us the chef would stay and prepare our dinner. The food was delicious and served with all the flourish of a Paris restaurant. After dinner the chef came in to be complimented. We all shook hands, and they all bowed and retired.

The next morning, while we were sitting around the pool after breakfast, Consuelo called, saying they were back up the road a ways and would be with us within the hour. Her daughter was a heavy-set

girl with thick glasses. Her companion was an older woman whom I assumed was the famous poet. The bill came to about three dollars each, for a most comfortable room apiece and a beautiful dinner and breakfast.

I said seriously, "Why don't we just stay here?"

Joan laughed, ~~EM~~ urging, "Come on, Consuelo wants to show us the great Mosque. This was built in the year Seven Hundred and, with the Alhambra, are the only remaining great buildings of Moorish Spain. Walking through an interior forest of multicolored Moorish columns, we came suddenly to a clearing in which was obviously a Catholic Church. Amazed, I looked questioningly at Consuelo.

Joan said, "What is this?"

"A Catholic Church," she answered.

"In the middle of a mosque," we said incredulously.

"Yes," she said, shaking her head. "When Charles II saw it he said, 'I never would have allowed it if I had known what they were going to do. They have destroyed something great for something ordinary.'"

The streets of Cordoba were narrow but beautiful, with all the ~~M~~ white houses and wrought-iron balconies. Consuelo rang the bell of a friend, who, after introductions, ushered us into a large, inside, open patio with a canvas awning pulled partly across the top to keep out the morning sun. Consuelo pointed to what appeared to be a beautifully designed carpet but which turned out to be tiny colored pebbles made into a Mosaic.

"Indoor-outdoor carpeting," Joan observed.

"We will meet you in Seville," Consuelo said. "Go to the Hotel Madrid."

Seville is a most difficult city to find one's way through, -with winding narrow streets. Finally we saw a wooden sign, hanging down from one nail, Hotel Madrid. The hotel did not look like much from the outside, but inside we found a Moorish palace right out of the Arabian Nights. I counted fourteen fountains with running water in the lobby, along with red and white columns and potted palms. We had finished our dinner and were having a brandy when Consuelo came in.

About eleven Consuelo announced gaily, "Seville, you must see it at night." She walked out the front door and hailed an open carriage standing across the street. Consuelo spoke to the driver in Spanish. Finally, after the streets had become narrower and narrower, the driver told Consuelo we would have to walk, the street she had asked for being too narrow for the carriage. "I'll meet you at the other end," he announced, and sure enough, at the end of the block the carriage was waiting.

The drive along the Costa del Sol is beautiful, past the great rock of Gibraltar and sleepy little Moorish towns like Tarifa where the coast of Africa and the Atlas Mountains are clearly visible.

"You remember Ollie Oransky," Joan said suddenly.

"Sure," I said, picturing a rather attractive girl in Hollywood.

"Did you know anything about her?"

I shook my head.

"Ollie's family," Joan began, "are Czechs who settled in Canada. I first knew her when she came to Hollywood and wanted to be a fashion designer. She got a job as a sketcher at Paramount with Edith Head, who told her to work in a famous shop in Paris for a while if she wanted to get anywhere. She starved and froze in Paris one

winter and finally did get a job working for a famous couturier.

"Then deciding she would like to see Spain, she came alone here to Toromolinos, where she met a very handsome Swede in a real ~~xxx~~ estate office where he worked. They had a sort of an affair, and when Ollie was to leave he wanted her to come and live with him in his small villa. The day of her departure he would not see her off, but waited for her to come to him. Poor Ollie was in a quandry. Should she take the train or not? Finally, her strict Czech upbringing made her get on the train, and immediately she was sorry. So she asked me, if we happened to be in Toromolinos, would I look up the Swede and apologize."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to look up the Swede."

Consuelo kept along with us all this time, so we followed her — to the Hotel Mercedes where she was supposed to have reserved rooms. Finally, in the lobby, she admitted she had forgotten.

"Follow me," the clerk said, walking outside and getting into a jeep. We did.

"Can your car go over rough roads?" he called and without waiting for an answer started off. We finally came to a hotel not quite completed. Jumping out, he came over to us.

"The dining room is open," he smiled, "and the rooms are very, what you say, swanky." Pointing to some men laying tile, he added, "No pool yet."

We never did know where Consuelo went. That was the last we saw of her.

Next day Joan said, "Let's find that real estate office."

I could see she was curious about that handsome Swede. Instead, we found a homely American named Barney. He was delighted to see a

couple of fellow country folk.

"I will take you both to lunch," he offered grandly, with an aside to me, "if you will pay /for it. Business is slow here."

I agreed.

He took us to an outdoor restaurant on the beach, shaded by a cover of palm leaves. Barney knew everyone, pointing out the King — of the Gypsies, a tall young man looking like Caesar Romero. With him — was a blonde girl who couldn't have been over seventeen. Barney worked us in at a table that included the Spanish Louella Parsons, the owner of the large sherry winery nearby, an internationally famous playgirl rather worn and beat, along with some others definitely of the jet set. The topic of conversation was the bullfight that afternoon.

"I can get you tickets?" Barney remarked, looking at me.

"I know," I said, "I buy one for you, too."

At Malaga a long procession was entering the Placa del Toro; carriages with Spanish shawls over the sides and beautiful dark-skinned girls in mantillas, and men in colorful costumes.

"What a picture," I exclaimed.

The next day at the Provincial Museum, we saw a sketch of — this procession by an eleven-year native of Malaga, Pablo Picasso, his first known drawing.

Everywhere in Europe we found the people friendly, helpful, and considerate. In Florence the desk clerk asked if we would like to see the Palio, the famous horse race in Siena, saying, "I can get — you tickets," and doing so; in Roma Pia, a friend of Joan's, showed us the hill towns although she spoke no English and we spoke no Italian; and so it went.

From London we went up to the old walled city of York in the north of England and photographed the mystery plays, the ones that had been the start of Joan's Nativity Play in Santa Monica.

We took the train back to London, and, as we sat in our compartment, the conversation got around to ~~royalty~~ royalty. One cannot go through Europe or England without feeling the power and prestige that, by reason of birth, some people like the Tudors, the Hapsbergs, the Bourbons, and their like had had, and the great show they had put on both to gratify themselves and convince the people.

"They are the be-ers," I said.

"The what?" Joan interrupted.

"I mean," I began again, "the people who by some chance of fate are what they are and capitalize on it like royalty, or a pretty girl — we have all known pretty girls who are popular because they are pretty girls — or a Rockefeller because he is a Rockefeller. Then there are those who demanded or persuaded everyone they are something special."

"Like some movie stars I know," Joan broke in. "What's the other kind?"

"The do-ers," I replied, "those who do something and who are known for that. In short, there are those who do what they do because of what they are; and those who are what they are because of what they do."

At that moment lunch was announced in the dining car. After we had given our order Joan said, "Say that again."

I repeated it.

"I see what you mean," she said slowly. A queen is queenly because she was born a queen, and a writer or a painter is what he is

because of what he puts down on paper or canvas."

"You have known many artists," I went on, "who are artists because of the Bohemian life they live or the way they dress, and never do any painting. As we used to say at the League, 'A painter is one who depends upon what he puts on the canvas. An artist depends on what he puts on his back.' Of course, that's not always true."

The big DC3 pulled away from Idlewild, bound for Los Angeles.

"It's about over," Joan said a little wistfully.

I thought of her little exclamation, "Oh, no!" as we had driven through Queens earlier in the day during our several hours in New York. The drab buildings and the ponderous American automobiles were such a change from the charm and the smart rapierlike feeling of the Parisian streets of the last few days. We were silent awhile.

"I have been thinking," I ~~has~~ began, "what were my main impressions of Europe. Of course, there was Art spelled with a capital A and the great sights; Charters, the Sistine Chapel, St. Peters, Michelangelo's David — all art. But what also impressed me was to be able to walk around safely any place day or night; Paris, Rome, Madrid, the small towns."

"You can't say that about the cities and towns here," Joan nodded.

"Another thing," I went on, "I wonder if Ike is not wrong in having all those American soldiers all over the place. Remember the air base in Madrid, and the fleet in the Mediterranean. People over there seem so involved, trying to improve their way of life and to do it artistically that it seems to me we are just creating tension by all this show of force. It's the way the London Bobbies who carry no -guns are not fired at as much as our armed police who are."

"We have yellow-orange sunlight and blue-violet shadows," I said to Lou Hippe one day, holding up a color wheel, and adding, "See, they are complimentary colors."

"The foliage is basically green and the earth is basically red. Those are also complementaries. See how simple it is to make a landscape?"

"You mean by red a very neutralized red?" Lou asked.

"That's right," I said, "and different varieties of red, some toward the violet and some toward the orange; all greatly neutralized."

"I see," Lou said. "Complimentary colored objects with complimentary colored lights falling on them."

"That's exactly right," I said, adding, "Then there are all the individual colors. Flowers, houses, sweaters, and skies all have their own colors."

"And with the yellow-orange sunlight and blue-violet shadows on them" Lou said, smiling. "I see your point." He turned to a desert landscape I was painting. Here I had to get the effect of distance by color; color perspective, as there was no haze or moisture in the air. I turned the painting upside down.

"See what I mean?" With the familiar look of detail removed this way, the illusion was startling. "All the colors are in the foreground, but as we go back, the warm colors drop off until only the blue-violet shows in the distance." Lou thought a moment.

"Then it's the effect of warm colors in the foreground that gives us the effect of distance. But," he stopped, "the whole canvas looks ~~xxx~~ sunny, and you say the warm or sunshine colors are in the foreground and the cool or shadow colors are distance. How come?"

"That's because of the values," I said. "See in the foreground there is the effect of light and shadow. In the distance the

shadow value drops off so there is only light there. Also you have the brightness of colors. Have you ever noticed a ~~xx~~ red car going down the road? The further it gets the duller red it becomes, until about the middle distance you can't tell it's red."

"I get the idea," Lou said slowly.

I ~~XXXXXXXX~~ changed the subject.

"You know that Art Appreciation class that Joan teaches at the college in Palm Desert?" I said. "I filled in teaching the class one night she had to be away."

Lou interrupted, "What does she know about art?"

"You know JOan," I answered. "She may not have before, but she does now. And anything she does, she does well. It is the most ~ ~~popular~~ popular class at the college. Anyway, I drove down and made a painting for the class. She had a good subject ready. It was a lot of fun. A girl visiting the class from Hollywood asked me for a ride back. I agreed to pick her up the next morning in Banning; you know, that little town off the highway?"

Lou nodded.

She was sitting on the front step of a beat-up store with a big sign Ellen's Attic, beside a little man with a beret and a scrubby beard. He turned out to be a Buddy Fisher, and Ellen, his wife, worked in Palm Springs."

"Go on," Lou said.

"He said he was starting a gallery."

"In Banning?" Lou exclaimed.

"Yes, and I promised him a couple of paintings to try to sell."

Lou said nothing.

"He's a real live wire. He will sell them," I said. "I can tell. You will see."

"Want to bet?" was all Lou had to say.

Since that first John Appleseed sign for the Players Ring, I had been almost continuously involved with backstage life, using the actors as models or just sitting around with them in bars and restaurants after shows and rehearsals. Other artists have done this — Degas with the ballet and Toulouse Latrech at the Moulin Rouge. The tie was strong between painting and the theatre. Besides the Bohemian life that both favored, the problems of creating illusions in different mediums were very similar.

I even sat in sometimes at X classes ~~WITH~~ the Players Ring gave on Sunday afternoons. One time there was a scene from Bachelor Party in which two young men were riding on a subway to Brooklyn. Placing two chairs close together to indicate the seats along the side of a subway car, they talked about a party there were going to attend.

"What did you think?" ~~At~~Robert Vaughn, the teacher, asked me.

"They weren't on a subway," I said, adding, "I mean they did not give the illusion that they were."

"Right," Vaughn said. "And without that illusion, the audience will only half-believe the scene." There was a pause. "How would you create that illusion?" Vaughn asked me.

"It's the noise that's missing," I said. "They are not suggesting the noise. They should show their reaction to it."

Vaughn nodded. I went on, "They can actually give the audience the feeling there is noise. A New Yorker takes the noise on a subway as a matter of course, instead of cringing as do outsiders. They do certain things automatically, such as on the subway they talk into one's ear, and then turn for him to talk into the other's ear.

Vaughn nodded and turned to the actors.

"Understand?"

They shook their heads, and everyone laughed.

"Show them," he ~~was~~ said to me.

The demonstration painting I made for the California Art Club was the first time Lou Hippe served as the narrator. This proved such an instant success that we continued with all I made from then on.

The idea of doing this was the result of the many martinis at a party. In the course of an evening where drinks flowed freely, we found ourselves with the host and some others in the play room with an easel and canvas, paints and palettes, all set up.

"Paint my portrait," he invited, handing me another drink.

"Why do you do that?" someone asked. "What is that color?"

Lou stepped up and, watching me mix a color, began explaining, "That's red and green, a little toward the red. He's doing that because Well, painters have always painted shadows on a hand with red and green. It gives the right value, and he can vary the color easily."

He continued, describing certain colors in the background and in the light areas. The audience enjoyed his explanations.

"Why don't you do it next week at the California Art Club?" someone put in.

"It's fine with me," I said, "if Lou wants to."

"Sure," he said. "I enjoyed it."

— Beatrice Montell, a very dram^{atic}-looking girl, both in her costume and makeup, was the model. She wore a large black hat lined with purple, with an off-the-shoulder black dress and purple gloves. We rimmed the whole with a blue light. The painting, done very freely

with broad brush strokes and lots of paint, was one of those where -- everything went right. Lou also was excellent, explaining why I did things and putting in a few antedotes of his own, illustrating different points.

I had only worked about forty-five minutes when several voices from the crowd called out, "Leave it that way. Don't work on it any more."

Afterward, a group went to Betty Blue's house in Beverly Hills. Betty, a very good painter herself, had been married to Monte Blue, a movie great who had died not too long before. We were sitting around the kitchen table, Betty, a movie director, a cameraman, Lou, and myself, eating a chocolate cake Betty had baked in my ~~name~~ honor.

"It was a very good idea," Betty said, "to have Lou with you. I haven't seen it done that way before. Who thought of it?" "Well," I began, but Lou interrupted.

"It was this way," and he told about the party.

Betty turned to me and said seriously, "I feel you paint ~~the~~ two different ways, and it puzzles me."

"How's that?" I replied.

"The paintings," she went on, "that you do in your studio and that I have seen are all quiet, peaceful, relaxed; I'm not going to say without feeling because you do give the feeling of the subject. But," she hesitated, "stop me if I'm wrong, but compared with these demonstrations I have seen you do with a sense of urgency and a feeling for the paint -- I mean, putting it down and leaving it there Well I like the way you paint the demonstrations better."

She looked at me questioningly.

XX Lou spoke up, "I agree. I've felt the same way but didn't say anything."

They all looked at me.

"When I do these demonstrations I only have an hour," I said defensively. "I have to get something down quickly."

"And in doing so," Betty said with a smile, "you bring out qualities that you don't get painting peacefully." She looked around the table as if for confirmation. "And this makes the painting exciting."

— The movie director put in, "There's that electric something between performer and audience."

I spoke up, "I will admit, I have also noticed the same thing. In fact, the big steps forward in my work have been at some of those demonstrations. And qualities I've done accidentally in a rush have been incorporated later into my regular work. It's not ~~at~~ quite the same, though. You can't feel the urgency when there is nothing to be urgent about." I looked at the movie director. "It's not the audience. It's the time limit with an exciting subject you want so desperately to get down. I did a pastel of Diane not long ago with a group I sometimes paint with, in a studio in Beverly Hills. She was such an interesting subject and it was a one-time pose. It has the same quality, and nobody was watching me. Everyone was too busy with his own work. We all need someone to tell us when to stop."

Lou put in, "Remember that painting of Beatrice as a gypsy you did at the Valley Club?"

"That's the one," I said. "I blocked in the light on the hair with a palette knife, expecting to finish it, and then Steve Martin, the president, who was standing there, whispered, 'Fix up the eye a bit and stop.' Then he turned to the audience and announced, 'Only a couple more minutes to get your tickets.' There was a flurry to get them, and Steve spoke aside to me, 'See, I made you some money.' After

— After I put it in the ~~ix~~ frame, I like^d the effect. People have been telling me to 'leave it that way' since I had a studio in the Village."

The cameraman spoke up for the first time.

"Really, ~~h~~ow important is this spontaneous quality, this looseness everyone speaks of?"

— Lou was about to an^ser, but I spoke first.

"Let me tell you about this girl. She was studying painting; a very nice person, but definitely on the prim side. All she talked about was how free a painting ~~h~~ should be. She couldn't stand detailed, tight work. 'A painting must be loose,' she repeated several times during the conversation. I couldn't resist telling her, "It's the same way with girls. I like the loose ones." She went off in a huff, saying I was terrible."

They all laughed.

"But seriously," the cameraman started ~~ag~~i again, "I like paintings very well worked out, like those of Andrew Wyeth. Look at his work. There is nothing spontaneous or loose about it."

"In his paintings, no," Lou put in. "In his water colors, yes."

"I haven't seen those," he said, adding, "Look at Robert Brackman and John Koch."

I was surprised at his knowledge of art. "I like Brackman's work especially, and Ogden Pleisener's." And turning to me, he said, "I want to ask you a question. Most artists have no use for photography. How do you feel about it?" I shook my head.

— "They may not admit it, but, take my word^d, most of them make use of it. Actually, I used to feel like this. I have always had cameras and taken pictures for the fun of it. But it wasn't until — lately I saw its great possibilities. ~~R~~arl Moran used back projection

on a ground glass, like a process screen in the studios, in doing his work. When I saw his setup, I fixed the same for myself and found it very good to work from. But if one just literally copies it, and this is the same when ~~doing~~ doing it from a model, the work will be static. You see when you paint outdoors there are ^{no}_A borders or edges around, so you compose and select and group as you go along. This gives one a sense of freedom. But if you copy a photograph, unless one is very careful he will copy an already composed picture. It's ~~an~~ been composed by the photographer already."

"But," Lou interrupted, "if you make the picture yourself, you are composing it, in the finder. It just makes two steps."

"That's the trouble," I said. "You lose something in dividing it into those two stepsXX unless you are aware of thisXXX and realize the painting is what is really important; that is what you are really creating, and that the ~~the~~ photograph is just a tool."

"Another thing photography is good for," I went on, "are the slides made in great Museums like the Metropolitan, the National, the Louvre, and the Prado. When projected on a screen, they are almost like looking at the painting, they come out so well. They are wonderful to study."

The director spoke up.

"This is all new to me and the first time I have seen a demonstration painting done. Do you do it often?"

Lou answered, "Every month each of the clubs holds a meeting and dinner with someone doing one."

"That's interesting," the director reacted, "and I imagine each artist has his own way of doing it." "That's right," Lou and Betty answered together.

"There's Leon Frank," Lou went on. "He always brings a painting of his own and copies it."

"And wears different hats," I spoke up.

Lou smiled. "He brings around a bunch of hats, a cowboy hat, a top hat, a sombrero, and wears them at different times while he is painting."

"The crowd loves it," Betty added.

"Paul Lauritz," Lou went on, "generally does a landscape with the drawing done lightly on the canvas. He thinks the people can't see it, but I did. He starts at the upper left hand corner and paints across and down, finishing at the lower right hand corner, never going back and changing anything."

"Clark Ellis," Betty said, "draws it in charcoal, mixes up all the colors on his palette before he comes, and just fills in the spaces."

"Like numbers painting," Lou said with a laugh, adding, "But you should see Feodor Rodsinsky do one. He makes a real production out of it. First he comes in a little late with his retinue of followers. He never comes to dinner, and he immediately objects to the place that has been set off for him to work."

"I cannot possibly work there," he announces with a strong Russian accent, so all the setup is changed, and people rearrange themselves. "I must have absolute silence while I create," he says in a stern voice."

"Then one time he made a very jagged cut through a ripe water-melon, flourishing a big knife someone had brought from the Kitchen. ~~XXXXXX~~ Selecting a piece, he /put it on a table along with a jade-colored vase and a Russian ikon.

"I will Paint a still life," he said, beginning to slash

away at the canvas with surprisingly small brushes. After every few strokes he would walk back about twenty paces and scowl at his work, puffing deeply on a cigarette. He ~~xxxx~~ remained this way for at least a half a minute before rushing back and attacking the canvas like a fencer. During these periods of contemplation if someone began talking, Rodsinsky would immediately explode, "I cannot work under such conditions," slumping into a posture of complete defeat.

One of his followers would rush to the bar, coming back with a glass of vodka. Drinking this in one gulp and shaking his head vigorously, he'd pick up the brush and attack his work again courageously." Lou laughed. "It seemed the time for applause, but I think everyone was afraid to do it."

"How was the painting?" the director asked.

"He took so much time cont&mplating, and with starting late," Lou answered, "he didn't have too much done in the hour and a half that demonstration took, so people started to leave. This made him angry. 'Impossible rudeness,' he ~~xxxx~~ told his followers and quit, putting away his brushes.

Someone said with a laugh, "It would make a good short."

The next afternoon the cameraman knocked on my door.

"I wasn't working today, so here I am."

He laughed at my surprise at seeing him so soon. I set up the screen, and put the slides in the projector. He was particularly impressed with the large groups by Franz Hals that I had taken in Harlem. I had made a slide of the entire group and moved in to take ~~a~~ some of the heads alone.

"A wonderful way to study the technique," he commented.

"Look at these drawings by Rembrandt," I said. "I have a

Macro lens, so I can take them out of a book. I can take a picture of a cut only three inches wide."

One of them was of two women teaching a child to walk. In the simplest lines he had shown the two figures, one on each side of the child, holding it up. There was not a single unnecessary line.

"Wonderful," he commented.

I showed him other slides, a very finely lighted old man's head by Rembrandt from the Louvre, a Rubens with three figures from the Prado, and a group of Hals from Harlem of five old women.

"Look at this Hals," I said. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "They were the directors of the poor house in Harlem where he lived. He was eighty years old when he did this." I changed the slide to one showing a head. It had all of the feeling and strength of a Rembrandt. I then screened the other four.

"Amazing," he said with feeling. "What kind of camera did you take these with?"

"A Leica," I answered, ~~XXXX~~ one I got back in 1938. I had the lens coated."

He smiled. "Never have much trouble with it, do you?"

"Never," I said.

"Those prewar German cameras were great," he said.

"I have a Contax, too," I said, and, changing the subject, "I have a question for you."

I showed him a slide of Murray's sister-in-law Camille, a pretty blonde, I had taken with my Rollei. "It has no modeling. It's flat, looks like a photograph."

He nodded.

"You fellows in the studios," I went on, "get the effect as

Tell about
Hals in poor
house & 2
colors &
paint

it would be looking at her, very real. What's the trouble?"

"Latitude of the film," he said immediately. "You are a painter. You know what that means; not as many tones between black and white as there are in nature."

"Sure," I replied, "instead of copying the values one sees, one must space them correctly. As painting a white house in the sunshine, your canvas is in the shadow under a tree, so if I put pure white on the canvas, it would only be as light as the shadow on the white house. You must make the values give the same effect as you see even if the painting is shown inside."

The camaraman agreed, shaking his head slowly.

"I never thought of it quite that way, but it's the same thing." He went on, "Let's see the lighting you are using."

I just had a small spot on a stand. He looked at it.

"That's all right for your key light, but you need ~~X~~ more lights; one to fill in the shadows and one to light up the background. These should be more broadside. And another small spot for highlights. What kind of meter do you use?"

I showed him my G.E. meter.

"That's a reflected-type meter. It only measures the light reflected off the head. Get an incident meter. That's one that measures the amount of light falling on the head. It's more accurate." He went on, "Make the key light have twice as much light — you measure that in candle power on the meter — as the shadow and the background in between. Then you have group~~ed~~ your values within a small range, and the beautiful modeling will show up."

"I see," I said slowly. "I'll get those and try it."

"You will see a great difference," he said. "Let me know how it comes."

Every Saturday morning Lou and I drove to Palm Springs. The hiking club met a little before nine in front of the Desert Museum, where Joan had entered our names on the list as 'two crazy artists.' I would pick Lou up at five, and we'd have breakfast in a restaurant we liked in Redlands and be in Palm Springs in time for the start. On these hikes I found most of the subjects for the desert paintings I was making. Each hike took in a different canyon with ~~a~~ different kinds of landscape, and difficulties. Taquiz, Andreas, and Murray *Canyon* had been relatively easy, but Wildcat was a particularly rugged stretch with big boulders and rocks to climb over. Lou and I sat down after a real tough place we had managed to scale. Joan, Beatrice, and the others were behind somewhere.

"Probably still trying to get over that big boulder," I said.
 "We should have stayed back to help them."

"They will be all right," he said.

We had been talking about Europe and our trip.

"Murray and I didn't think you and Joan would stay together the whole time," Lou said. "We thought sure you would have a row and split up."

I laughed.

"We came back better friends than when we left."

Lou said nothing.

"We each paid our own way and had separate rooms the whole way," I said. "That's why. We ended up respecting each other. Joan is really great to travel with. She never gripes, no matter what happens, and is always ready to see everything. You have no idea the way we walked. Why, in Paris we would start out early in the morning and still be walking when it got dark, and then we'd walk to our hotel. It's the only way to see a city like Paris or Rome. She has spirit."

I stopped and thought a moment.

"Spirit," I said slowly, "is a very ambiguous word — there is a spirit, the spirit, spirits, and just spirit. Did you ever think of that?"

"Here we go ~~xxx~~ again," Lou said with a mock gesture or resignation.

I went on, regardless, "A Spirit is a sort of ghost. The spirit is, well, the essence of something, and spirits is something to drink."

"I know all those," Lou complained.

I went on, unheeding the interruption. "Spirit is — well, spirit."

"That's a great help," Lou commented, getting up. "We have to get over that big rick."

I laughed.

"That's what I mean by spirit." Walking along a level stretch I continued, "To understand anything, one must be aware of the two opposites. Like with values, there is black and white. With color there is bright color and neutral." Lou nodded agreement.

"With life, it seems to be spirit and indulgence."

Lou thought a while.

"You always try to oversimplify," he said. "There is more than that."

"I know," I answered, "but that is the only way to understand things." Lou did not answer. The rest were coming up behind us.

Shermans was our favorite place for steaks back in Palm Springs. Still dirty and sweaty, we piled into the bar and relaxed with martinis. Lou was sitting next to Joan.

"You should have heard his idea," he said, pointing at me.

She laughed.

"I remember one on a train going through the English midlands, about 'are' and 'do.' What was that one?"

I thought a moment.

"Let's see. Oh, I remember. You are what you are because of what you do, and you do what you do because of what you are."

Lou put down his glass with a gesture of frustration.

Joan laughed, saying, "See what I mean."

"It's true," I said firmly.

Buddy Fisher called, "I sold the two paintings. Bring down some more."

I tried to place the name, asking, "Buddy who?" Impatiently, the voice said, Ellen's Attic, in Banning."

"Oh," I remembered the little fellow with the beret and beard, sitting on the store steps. "In Banning?" I said incredulously. Fisher was indignant. "What's the matter with Banning? Don't answer. This is long distance. When can I have some more?"

"Saturday," I answered. "Fine," Fisher said hurriedly and hung up.

I put the receiver down, slowly shaking my head.

The stocks that I had held onto so frugally through the years had been rising with the great bull market after the Korean War that swept the Dow-Jones up to eight hundred. The Oldsmobile passed the hundred thousand mile mark and started fresh with all zeros. Ever since that Sunday in the Valley at the sports car races, I had watched the used-car lot Mercedes Benz had on Sunset for a 190SL. Several had been in fair condition, but on this particular afternoon I saw an almost new black coupe. It was in beautiful condition, not a

scratch on the gleaming paint or chrome. The salesman came up behind me.

"That's a beauty, isn't it?" he said. "Only four thousand miles."

I admitted it, walking around again. "How much?" I asked.

"Four thousand," he said, "and a steal at that."

I said nothing, knowing the car cost well over five thousand new, but I was used to the prices of American used cars which lost half after the first time around the block, unless you were buying a new car.

"That's sort of high," I commented.

"Not at all," the salesman said. "You can drive one of these cars a hundred thousand miles and still get a good price for it, perhaps fifteen hundred dollars if you keep the appearance up. Service them regularly, and they will never wear out. Thinking of the Oldsmobile, I realized I could only get about a hundred for it now. The salesman opened up the hood.

"Look at those two solex carburators. You know how much they cost?" I shook my head. "And look at the construction," he continued warming to his subject. He opened the glove compartment. "Look at this," he pointed inside, "all steel. Do you know what your American cars have?"

"Paper," I said.

I had just had the radio fixed and was surprised to find the cardboard.

"Right," he went on. "Quality production throughout." "I know," I said, but suddenly four thousand dollars seemed a great deal of money.

"This is practically a new car," the salesman added, "just as if you were driving it out of the showroom."

I hesitated, finally saying slowly, "I'll think about it." "Don't think too long," he said, starting to walk away. Over his shoulder he added, "That won't last long."

Something held me back from saying, "I'll take it." If anyone had asked my advice about their buying it, I would have said, "Go ahead."

As it was, I was still thinking about the car sitting at the counter at Schwab's that evening. Murray came in and sat down beside me.

"Go ahead and get it, you've got the money," he said immediately after I had told him about it. "You have always wanted one." Murray was right, I thought. I would go down in the morning.

"I warned you not to wait," The salesman shook his head. "I sold it fifteen minutes after you left."

He saw my disappointment.

"I have something really special," he said confidentially. "Look over here." We walked to the back of the lot. "It just came in," he said, pointing to a white 300SL. He pulled open the gullwing doors. The inside showed considerable wear.

"What year is it?" I asked.

"Fifty-five," he said. "These are rare. They only made fourteen hundred of them." That's seven years old, I thought. "Five thousand," the salesman said.

I shook my head.

"I don't like the idea of not being able to open the ~~XXXX~~ side windows," I said.

"They come out, and besides there is such good ventilation you don't need the windows open. Here, I'll take you for a ride."

"I'm not going to buy it," I said in a positive voice.

I wasn't going to spend five thousand for a seven-year-old, worn car with sixty thousand miles on it even if it was a collectors' car. I just wanted a car like that 190 that I had missed.

"Get in," the salesman said, ~~XXXXXX~~ opening the door for me. "I never drove one of these, and here's my chance. This is my coffee break."

He grinned. The engine was a little hard to start, but finally it caught hold with a loud roar. He idled it for a few moments while it smoothed up, and then drove up Cahunga toward the Freeway. At Hollywood Boulevard we stopped for a light. Idling, it had a hard metallic sound. I spoke of it.

"Two things," he answered, "the fuel injection and the large valve overlap." When we got on the Freeway, heading west, he reached over to my side of the dash and pulled across two levers. It had been quite warm from the heat of the engine, but now I could immediately feel the cool coming both from around my feet and through the defroster holes under the windshield. He then pulled a toggle switch under the dash, and a blast of air came in.

"I haven't turned the blower on yet," he yelled. "Plenty of air. You don't need the windows open."

As we gained speed, the sound of the engine became a steady drum-like roar. On the straight stretch near Laurel Canyon, he pointed to the speedometer. I watched it go from seventy past the top of the circle at eighty to ninety and then to ninety-five. He held it there for a few moments and then slowed back gradually to seventy.

"I was hardly pressing on the gas pedal," he said. "Notice how stable it rode?"

I had to admit there was no sway at all. It was like fifty on other cars. Back at the lot I thanked him for the ride.

"Go over to the showroom," he said, "and see the roadster they make now."

He pointed across the street. It was beautiful red, with the top down, with black leather upholstery. I didn't have to ask how much that one was.

The idea that I had not bought that car, that I stopped when I should have acted, bothered me for several days. I even told Lou about it, and found that this time his usual Prussian personality was - oddly more sympathetic and understanding.

"Parents influence their childrens' lives," he began, "much more than we realize. From what you have said, your mother was a very unhappy person." I had told from time to time how ~~we~~ we had lived during my grade school and high school days, with bill collectors sitting on the front porch, and about the time she took in some private students and taught them shorthand; not that she knew shorthand, but by keeping a couple of pages ahead of the students, she made out. In fact, one of the students told me later she was a very good teacher.

"That's right," I said, "she was unhappy because she was a very intelligent person. She graduated from the University in the College of Music in Cincinnati. She also studied with Norman Guthrie in literature when his classes were reading Ibsen at the time almost nobody read him, and here she was stuck in a dumpy Missouri or Colorado town with no money."

"That's what I mean," Lou went on. "She fought back and taught

you never mention your father or his influence. It is always mother mother.

you to work, work, and save, save your money, and taught you to be afraid of being poor. Mine did the same to me, that's why I have been a makeup artist in the studios all these years, which I hate, instead of painting which I love. My parents taught me to be afraid of giving up a sure thing and trying the uncertainties of being a painter."

He stopped for a moment and then asked, "Remember the famous saying of Pericles in Athens?" And without waiting, quoted, "Happiness is only gained by freedom, and freedom is only gained by courage. Just think. He said that over two thousand years ago, and it still holds good." I was thinking about this when he went on, "The hardest thing in the world, and I should know, is to go against your conditioning."

"That's right," I said.

"But," he went on, "You were lucky. Your parents set you free to paint, in fact encouraged you, whereas mine made me feel it was a crime to get into something as risky as being an artist. That's why I couldn't any more get up and do one of those demonstrations you do so easily; I just couldn't. Actually, you were lucky. They just made you afraid of spending money. That's why you have it to spend." I was about to say something when he looked at his wristwatch. "I have to go. I have to get up before five. We have a lot of Indians to make up tomorrow morning."

After he had left, I began to see things more clearly. Ironically, this was somewhat the story of America. I had seen it plainly when I was in ~~XX~~ Europe. We over here worked and worked and saved and saved and were very rich in production, but very poor in those things that mankind has always considered most important like appreciating

greatness in things like art or that 190SL. We have been afraid.

It was in a little Italian coast town I was talking to a fisherman who spoke some English. He was enjoying himself, sitting in the warm sun on a dock beside a boat and ~~was~~ telling me about the American he had met the day before.

"Is that your boat?" the American had asked him, and the Italian said it was. He was a fisherman.

"In our country," the American told him, "you ~~will~~ would work hard, and get another boat, and then another, and have a fleet of fishing boats working for you, and then all you would have to do would be to sit in the sun."

"That's what I'm doing right now," the fisherman had answered.

It was not long before another chance came for me to break away from my fear of spending money and to develop more awareness of -the idea of being. A letter came from my landlady, saying the apartment had been sold and would be torn down. I would have to move.

"A good thing," Lou said. "That building was pretty bad."

Murray walked in.

"There is a nice apartment in my building for rent," he said. After Hannah had walked out, he had promptly moved into a very nice modern building with a pool. We walked down and looked at the place; a very large living room, dinette, modern kitchen, two bedrooms, and two baths.

"What do I need with two baths?" I said.

"You never know," Murray put in.

The rent was almost three times what I was paying.

"You can live nicely for a change," Lou said.

I thought of the 190SL and determined, "All right, I'll take it."

"We will help you move," Lou and Murray said together.

"This is something like it," Joan said enthusiastically on her next trip to town. "We will decorate it."

The next morning we went out and bought some things like a copper pan with a flame underneath, a large wooden salad bowl, some fancy tea cups with no handles, and a lot of artificial flowers.

On the way back, ~~IM~~ Joan said suddenly, "We want a simple door with some wrought-iron legs." She laughed at my puzzled expression.

For a coffee table."

At a glass shop we got a piece of plate glass the same size and had the man round off the sharp edges. Murray fitted the legs to the door, and we were about to put the piece of glass on it when Joan stopped us.

"Diane," she said. By this time, Diane, Cornese, and the rest of the neighborhood was watching us. "Get that stack of drawings. You and I are going to arrange them on the table and then put the glass down."

~~IX~~ It made a most unusual coffee table. They had arranged about fifty drawings, mostly of pretty girls' heads, done mainly in felt pen. Murray and Joan stepped back and looked at the apartment. The artificial flowers put in different places gave touches of color.

"Now you are living," Murray said to me.

"And about time," Joan added. "Let's have a party. I'll make ~~xxxxx~~ my chicken cacciatore."

"I'll make the salad," Murray said.

"It's Milt's birthday, a week from Saturday," Diane added gaily. We all agreed.

Diane was an English girl. Her father had been in the foreign service, and they had lived in a variety of places around the Middle East. She had attended a school in Malta and had learned there to speak fluent French. As her family was now living in Santa Monica, she had gravitated naturally to Hollywood, getting a job in the Telephone Company as the information girl, and with her clipped British accent intrigued a well-to-do playboy named Rick. He asked her for a date. She laughed and put him off, but he kept on so persistently she finally gave in. They went to a party where he introduced her to Milt, his partner in many escapades including sailing a small boat across the Atlantic in the middle of winter. Milt was tall, blonde, and handsome, whereas Rick was quite ordinary looking. Diane immediately fell for Milt, and now they were living together in a large, airy, but somewhat beat-up apartment nearby. Milt owned a small business that built racing airplanes. He was a champion stunt flyer, and this took up a lot of his time, with the result that Diane took to coming around to the apartment on Fairfax. She liked the artistic Bohemian atmosphere with Lou, Cornese, Murray, and others. We would walk up to Schwab's for something to eat, unless one of the girls was in the mood to help Murray cook a dinner.

The next day Diane was back.

"I want to give Milt a birthday present," she began. "Do you remember that painting we saw in that art supply store in the Valley?"

I thought a moment.

"You mean the one by Fritz Willis?" It was a nude in which the girl had a very fancy hairdo and a string of pearls around her neck. It was all very low in color except for a brilliant touch of color in the green ~~XX~~ cloth she was sitting on. We had both agreed it was very effectively done.

"That's the one," Diane clapped her hands. "I could put my hair up on top of my head like that," She laughed. "Wait until you see it."

Diane had a beautiful body and the hairdo was really something. "It took me two hours," she said. She held a pair of long white gloves. "I thought maybe these"

"That's good," I interrupted. "Adds a nice white note, and gloves are good to paint. Will Foster used them a lot."

"I remember," Diane said.

When the painting was finished, I was not too happy with the result. Somehow, I felt, trying to make it look like M Fritz Willie's had caused me to get it a little stiff. The pose Diane had wanted was definitely pinup down to the arched instep, which caused it to be a little unnatural. Besides, in decorating the apartment, my easel and painting materials had been relegated to one of the bedrooms, in which the light was bad, and I couldn't get back from the painting to see it as a whole. Diane was very pleased, though.

"Just what I wanted," she exclaimed when I had finished.

We put it on an easel in the living room corner and covered it with the piece of shocking pink silk I had used for her to sit on. This color contrast in the painting had made her skin very velvety looking.

"Milt will love it," Diane said excitedly.

And he did at the party where it was properly unveiled.

"So that's what you have been doing these last few afternoons? I'll keep it always," he said with feeling.

Cornese sulked the rest of the evening. I saw her sitting alone.

"What's the matter?" I asked. She turned and faced me angrily.

"I thought I was your favorite model."

"This was for Milt's birthday," I answered, a little annoyed. I didn't tell her I was going to make another of Diane my way. She stood up and walked out the open front door. I could hear her high heels disappearing into the darkness. I did not follow but looked for Diane.

"I have another idea. Will you /pose for it?" I asked.

"Of course, anytime. You know that." She laughed.

The next morning, after cleaning up the debris from the party, I looked at the living room. It was attractive, I had to admit. Then I walked into the second bedroom where Joan had insisted I do my painting.

"You can work in here," she had said.

I liked Joan and had gone along, although it was crowded and faced the south, so the sunlight streamed in the windows. Walking back into the living room, I sat down on the sofa.

"You must begin to live now," she had kept saying. "The living room is very important. It is what people judge you by."

We had had a couple of disagreements on which frames to use.

"The painting looks better in this," I had said.

"But the room looks better with this," she had countered immediately.

On ~~xxx~~ another instance, I had felt that hanging one of my favorite ~~paintings~~ paintings suffered by being next to a highly colored landscape.

"It's the size that is important," she had said. "See how the tops of the paintings line up. You know about design in your work. And see the color tieup with this color over here," she pointed to

some large orange artificial flowers she had put in a vase.

Somehow I felt a little guilty sitting in this large, well lighted room. I was paying rent ~~for~~ just for living, as Joan called it. I had a bit of a hangover from the party. Was it really fun? Everyone was plastered before the dinner was served. People ate it - automatically. It could have ^{been} sawdust for how much they really tasted it. That was a shame, I thought, because Joan and Diane had worked hard on preparing it. Why do people get drunk at parties before the dinner, or if they have to, why waste time preparing the food. These thoughts were going through my head when Murray and Diane came in and sat down.

— Murray held his head and said ruefully, "I drank too much." Diane ~~it~~ seemed better off. "It was a lovely party," she said sweetly. "Milt was so thrilled with the painting."

Nobody said anything for a while. I found myself thinking a little nostalgically about the apartment on Fairfax. I had done some good painting there, and there had been some interesting arguments around that old white table. I looked at the two across the room; Murray, feeling sorry for the way he felt, and Diane looking very paintable, curled up in a chair. I was about to get out my Rollie and take a shot of her when I changed my mind.

"Help me move some furniture," I said standing up.

"Sure," Murray said automatically. "What do you want moved?"

"Let's bring the easel and all that ~~xx~~ stuff," I began, pointing to the paints, "into the living room."

Murray looked surprised but helped me, and Diane picked up a few small pieces, shaking her head in puzzlement.

Finally when there was an island of easel, lights, and equipment

in the center of the living room, I said, "Let's take the coffee table and sofa in there," ~~XXXXXXXX~~ pointing to the bedroom.

"What is Joan going to say?" Diane said with a nervous laugh.

"Yeah," Murray put in, "af-er she fixed it up so nice."

"She will like it this way," I said, not too confidently.

"Want to bet," Murray said grimly.

We put the easel near the large north window and the cabinets and ~~XXXXXX~~ painting table around it.

"Leave this end of the room clear," I said, pushing my light stands around in a semicircle. "Let's paint that wall white for a background.

"See, doesn't that look good?" I exclaimed, looking into the bedroom. It was now a small sitting room with the coffee table, sofa, and a couple of large chairs. Both Murray and Diane agreed a little reluctantly. I picked up a blank canvas and sat down at the easel. Squeezing out some paint on the palette, I said to Diane, "How about posing some?"

"I'd love to," she said immediately and disappeared to take off her clothes.

"I have to paint a sign," Murray said reluctantly and left.

"I have a slide I took of a real stormy sky," I said when she came ~~MM~~ out. "See."

I showed her the drawing I had made from it. Taking a large brush, I blocked in on the canvas strongly the basic design of the drawing. Then I blocked in a large triangular mass.

"See how that relates to the background?" I said, pointing out repeating lines and right angles. "Let's make a horizon line low. This could be a ~~xxx~~ beach scene." I drew a horizontal line near the

bottom of the triangle. Stepp-ng back, I looked at the results. It was just big bold dark lines and masses.

"Looks like a Fritz Klein painting," Diane said. "Leave it like that."

I laughed.

"The fun is just starting. Now take a pose, stooping down. You could be picking up something — get into the shape of that triangle." I picked up my Rollei and looked into the ground glass as she moved around.

"That's it," I said and snapped it. "Try ~~ng~~ ~~it~~ it again."

We took several variations of the pose, all of which fitted generally into the triangle on the canvas.

"That's good," I said. She had rubbed glycerin all over her — body so the highlights were beautiful and shine,^{ing} making her look wet.

"Remember the time we tried to get that wet look before Lou told us how to do it?" I said.

She laughed. It had been on Fairfax. She had stepped out from under the shower and ran to where she was posing, but all the water fell off. She tried it again, but she didn't really look wet. All the water was on the floor.

"I'll have to ask Lou," I had said, "how they do it in the studio."

Now Diane put on her clothes and came back and looked at the layout.

"Why did you do this one taking slides of me instead of doing it as you did the one for Milt?"

I thought a moment.

"Well," I said slowly, "I'm always trying different approaches."

Actually, it's a matter of emphasizing different things. On the one I did of you, that was a perfect approach. You were what I featured, whereas in this it is the painting itself.

"Also," I went on, "I'm always trying to maintain the moment of truth throughout the whole painting; I mean where things are happening, well spontaneously, that suggest other spontaneous happenings. I see in this, that slide of the sky, which I took because it impressed me with its stormy mood, you might say inspired me to make that drawing which is really a design from it. This design suggested the strong triangular shape. See how one compliments the other on the painting there."

We both looked at the painting with its bold, dark shapes on the white canvas.

"Now the slides of you, the pose suggested by that shape — I got about five, each one with a little different feeling ~~XXXX~~ but each with a moment of truth, not a held pose — one of them will be just what I want. Now I will make a drawing from that, like the sky really a design I'm still creating, you might say, a moment of truth. Then I will paint from that drawing, with reference to the slide for color and tonality, still designing. Then if I know enough to stop, it will have that feeling of urgency that I get in those demonstrations when I'm working against the clock."

— Diane was silent for a moment.

"Painting," she said, "I guess anything creative is like getting a fire on the hearth started. It's a struggle to keep it from going out."

I had not heard from Cornese for several days after the party. She was a very good model, I had done several good heads of her, both in oil and pastel, and two demonstrations, one in a Mexican dress and the other in a black evening gown. She had no right to be jealous of

my painting Diane, who fitted just what I had in mind with this painting. I wasn't going to call her, I had enough good models without bothering with her temperament. I had^{had}/the classes twelve years now, and every week I'd had to get a different model, sometimes two. That's a lot of models.

This week, I remembered, I was using Wild Bill Tucker, a man in his seventies who was a sort of institution on Hollywood Boulevard, walking up and down in a white leather cowboy costume, white hat, and pointed beard; his hair, long and flowing, also white. Someone described him as a white Buffalo Bill. He had no car, so I picked him up and took him out to the class. During the ride I found him a most interesting person.

"Did you know the name Titus," he began, "is one of original names in America?"

"That's right," I said. "They came to Boston in 1630, I even know the name of the boat and that of the captain who brought them." He nodded.

"My Mother's name was Chapin," he said. X "They came about the same time. Families are interesting," he went on. "There are those who can trace back to 1900, lots of those; those to 1800 not so -many; what is rare is the ones before 1700. They were French, English, and Dutch only. The Germans came in with Pastorious. They were bonded to him and had to work out their passage. They established themselves in Penn's settlement. Then the Irish came in to build the railroads as laborers. It's interesting."

"Coit," that's another great name," he went on, "and Cushing, and Mead."

"And," I put in, "Bradford. I used to know a Bradford Mead."

"And Brewster, and Randolph," he added.

"Those are all English," I said. "How about Rensselaer?"

"That's Dutch," he said.

"Well, Stuvensant and Schuyler,"

We changed the subject.

"I'll bet you have had some strange experiences with models."

I laughed.

"Just last week," I said, "I had a girl over here posing, and on the way over she told me at least three times how afraid she was of cats. I didn't pay too much attention, but you won't believe this, but it's true — after class we were getting into the car out on the parking lot. She seated herself, but as I was getting in, a student called to me, and I left the door open on my side and went over to speak to him. Without her knowing it, a big black cat got in through the open door and onto the (floor) back of the seats. Nothing happened until we were going down Lankershim Boulevard. You know how much traffic there is there. She happened to look at the back seat, and there is the cat sitting there, looking at her. She screams and opens the door to get out. We were going down the center lane, cars passing us on the right, and we were going about thirty-five. At first, I couldn't figure what she was screaming about. The screams were loud enough that people on the sidewalk turned to look at us."

"Let me out of here," she was yelling over and over. I slowed down real quick and was pulling over into the right lane, when she jumped out. Luckily, we were only going about five miles an hour. She stood there, pointing at the ~~XXXX~~ back seat, still screaming with a crowd gathering. A police car, cruising by, also stopped. After explanations and looking at my registration and driver's license, the

cat was still sitting on the back seat.

"I won't get in the car with that cat in there," the girl said.

"We'll take him for you," one of the officers said.

"Put him down in the school parking lot," I said.

After class, on the way home, I thought of another model. "We had an old fellow with a wooden leg," I told Tucker, "dressed up as a pirate, even to the patch over his eye. He was really great, only he smoked a cigarette at each rest period. It seems sort of silly, but the only thing they really object to in these adult classes is smoking. I told him at first not to do it, but he gruffly laughed it off with, 'Are you kidding?' I guess he was such a good model I let it go, figuring no one would notice, but that was the day the principal had to visit the class. He told him in no uncertain terms that smoking was not allowed."

"'Avast there,' the model yells, jumping down off the model stand and pegging it out the door and ~~gm~~ down the hall. The way he looked with the one crutch spread wide and that wooden leg made me think of N. C. Wyeth's illustration of Long John Silver. The principal looked at me in amazement."

"What do we do now?" he asked rather lamely.

"Go down and talk him into coming back," I said, "if you want the class to go on for the rest of the session."

"Of course, we do," he said.

Our pirate was down at the bottom of the stairs, waiting. I guess when he got there he began to think about losing that four-fifty he was going to get. Anyway, we talked him into coming back. He smoked the same at rests, and the principal didn't come in again."

— The phone ^{awakened?} woke me. I answered sleepily. Cornese's voice said,

"Wake up, let's go out and make a painting."

"What time is it?" I muttered, looking for the clock.

"Four o'clock," she said. "Let's go out to the beach and make one in that early morning light. Grab a canvas. I'll be right over."

I got up and dressed, sleepily picking up the first canvas I saw, a long narrow one. She appeared, looking very beautiful, wearing a white dress with a low-cut square neck and a full skirt.

"Want to do September Morn?" I asked, as we drove out Sunset in the darkness.

She looked at me disapprovingly.

"Of course not. It's too cold."

We drove quite a way up the Coast Highway where I knew there were some good rocks. The sun was just rising, as we climbed out of the car. I found a spot where she could lie on the sand — I had to get a pose that would fit that long canvas — where the rocks and surf made a good composition. The sand was dark, so we took a dark blanket and put it under her, so she wasn't too uncomfortable.

By 10:30 the light had changed. I had brought the camera and made some shots of her when we started. So now we quit. Actually, I was finished. I had known the light would change, and I guess this gave me that urgency, so the picture had that spontaneous moment-of-truth quality that I achieved in the demonstrations. I had protected myself with the slides, but doubted if I would need them.

"Let's get some breakfast," I said picking up my outfit and thinking of the painting of Diane.

"This is a new approach," I said, partly to myself.

"What's that?" Cornese asked.

"A new way of doing a painting," I said.

"It was fun," she said enthusiastically.

I had never invested in a TV. Murray liked to watch it while he did his signs, but I did play some music on the radio sometimes while I was painting. This particular morning I was listening to KFRC, the music station, when the program was interrupted with, "President Kennedy has been shot."

Murray came into the apartment, asking, "Did you hear the news?"

I said I had.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "Johnson's a Democrat, I guess there will not be much change." I went back to my painting unaware there was a big change coming, but Johnson didn't have anything to do with it, not for a couple of years, anyway.

A painter, by nature of his training and the difficulties in mastering his craft, is apt to look at life in terms of shapes, colors, textures, and values. The great portrait painter, Sargent, said once that to paint a good portrait the artist does not have to know psychology because the subject forms a map of his personality in the forms and planes and lines of his head, and the painter skillfully depicts this. In fact, Sargent's portraits often have been described as looking more like the persons than they did themselves. So skillfully did he do this that some people were afraid to sit for him. But looking at Rembrandt's work, one can see that he went further and gave the feelings of the person besides what he was like.

I found I was much more aware of people as people, instead of a complicated shape in a certain light, because of the classes and my contact with the theatre. One cannot teach classes of adults for all

those years without forming some opinions of what makes people tick. I also found I geared my way of teaching to my developing awareness.

More than anything else, I think people are striving to be themselves or actually to find themselves. In the classes, knowing that these were adults and were not going to make a profession of art, I did not make them undergo the rigorous discipline in drawing we'd had in New York where we were all young and were in this for keeps, or so we thought then. Instead, I always looked for something good in their work. I'll admit it was sometimes difficult to find, but usually there was something, and I mentioned it and praised it particularly. The student, expecting me to criticize the painting, either had his defenses up, and the criticism wouldn't have helped anyway, or he was discouraged with the whole thing and ready to quit, and a criticism would have certainly made him take this firm step.

I realized what a slender thread the desire to express themselves and do something creative was to make these people leave their TV sets, brave the traffic, and find~~ing~~ a parking place to come to these evening classes. So when I found something good about their work, they just beamed, and in the next painting I could see they had tried to go further with it. After a while of this, they would actually ask me really to criticize their work, and with their defenses down I could make them work on their weak points and see why they were doing it.

Really what they were beginning to do was not only to express themselves but to develop. Their conditioning from the time they were children had been to conform, to their parents because of fear of disapproval, to their friends because of fear of not being accepted, and to a job they didn't like for fear of being unemployed.

I thought of the Pericles quotation that Lou had repeated, "To have happiness one must have freedom, and to have ~~if~~ freedom one must have courage." All this creates in a person tremendous conflict, and to save his face he usually builds up a defense for his lack of courage in his own mind.

I found this same held true in the theatre and in real life. Temperament in an actor, being impossible as some are, is a defense he has built up. Snobbishness, bigotry, prudishness, and selfishness are all the same. Someone has said that "Humbleness and patience are the mark of a great man." Looking around, one sees greatness is very rare. Some of these defenses are carried to the point where they are not only hard on the person but devastating to others near him.

mother again
My mother had a word preciousness that she used for a kind of selfishness. I remember her telling me about her mother and my father's father. Both were precious people. My grandfather she particularly disliked.

"Old man Titus," as she used to speak of him, was a Gentleman with a capital G, and as such ~~was~~ was above such mundane things as work.

"Gentlemen don't work," ~~was~~ he would say. He had his dogs to raise. By the time his wife's money ran out, he had long before gone through his. My father, who was about fifteen, had to go to work. A romantic, artistic boy, his photographs, made with an old ~~xxx~~ wet-plate camera, of well-known houses around the area still hang framed in the Lyceum. He got a job as a bookkeeper which he hated, and he soon developed asthma which plagued him the rest of his life. He was totally out of place in the rough-and-tumble world of the fast-growing West and remained a bookkeeper the rest of his life. Quite a bit of the time he was out of a job.

"It was a crime," my mother used to say angrily. "He could have been a fine architect. He drew the plans of the house on Forest Avenue. That was the first house they had in Kansas City and the only one they ever owned. "All he needed was training."

In her case it was her mother who was the Great Lady. She kept my grandfather in debt their whole married life with her entertaining and all the trappings — house man, Oriental rugs, cut glass, and silver — that went with it.

"She was one of the precious people," my mother would say.

— "Had to be waited on hand and foot. It was polishing all that silver that made me get married."

She, like her brothers and sister, had gone to dancing school, and she had graduated from the College of Music.

"I had no talent for the piano," she admitted, being more interested in literature, taking courses with the then avant-garde Norman Guthrie where they actually read Ibsen.

I remember a visit to my grandparents. I was about eight or nine, and my father was out of a job at the time. It was a Sunday, and my grandfather had gone across the river to pick up my grandmother's two sisters, Aunt Fannie and Aunt Bess, to bring them back to dinner. He did this almost every week. After dinner we all sat down in the parlor, my grandfather'd starting the conversation by asking my mother something about Kansas City where we were living then.

Before she could answer, my grandmother broke in, "Mr. Craig," — she always called him Mr. Craig — "I feel a draft." After some closing of doors and pushing her chair around a little, he sat down and started again, but before mother could answer, Aunt Fanny broke in in a plaintive voice, "Now I feel a draft."

He got her fixed and stood waiting for Aunt Bess.

"It's fine," she ~~xx~~ assured him, but before he could sit down: "Mr. Craig," my grandmother spoke up again, "I need my smelling salts. They are on the dresser upstairs." And before he could start, she turned to me. "You go get them, Walton, like a good boy." I ran up and got them for her.

After my grandfather had left to take the two aunts back to Kentucky, she scolded me for not standing immediately when Aunt Fanny stood up to leave.

"A gentleman never remains seated when a lady is standing." She emphasized the word, "Lady."

"I was right in the middle of a sentence," I defended myself, "in this book."

I had asked my grandfather a question that had been puzzling me.

"When/ the back wheels of a car go round a turn, how do they make them go at different speeds? They have to, you can see."

Instead of allowing my grandfather to answer she had given me a book to read. After the scolding, I said I would after this, adding, "Grandmother." Are Aunt Fanny and Aunt Bess both ladies?"

"Of course," she answered, her head held high. "They are Mitchells."

I persisted, "Are all ladies fat?"

My grandmother and her sisters were all very much on the ponderous side.

She answered in a severely stern voice, "Ladies are never fat. They are plump. Only common people use the word fat."

She looked at me in disdain. "Why," I continued, "is grandfather so thin?" and I remembered what my mother had said, "Why does

he have to work so hard?"

"Because," she said imperiously, "he associates with that common, terrible man Spenser." My grandfather had come back and was standing, listening. After a moment he spoke to me. "Let's go down and see if there is any ice cream left in the freezer."

Later I asked my mother who Mr. Spenser was. She didn't answer for a while.

"He is an Englishman," she said finally, "and your grandfather's partner. He put up the money for the business and is very hard to get along with."

I think the classes taught me to see people as individuals, some of whom try and have the courage to find in varying measures the freedom to be themselves in a world that demands conformity.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

MEETING MONA

The new semester at the school started the end of January with the usual crowd of new students. From experience, I grouped the newcomers over on one side of the room to get them going. This year at Hollywood there was a particularly large group. As during other beginning semesters, I thought of them as a group until individuals began to stand out for some reason or another. About the third week I noticed one of the girls particularly.

She was quite different from the type of girl I usually singled out as a model possibility. She was older, perhaps thirty-five or so, and beautiful, but more important, for I had known plenty of beautiful girls, she had quality in her eyes and in her voice that I realized was very rare. Someone had told her I had some paintings in a Gallery in Palm Springs, and she mentioned she was going to drive down there to see them.

"Why drive all that way?" I asked. "I have a lot over at my place."

"Oh, I would love to see them," she answered immediately.

I liked her straight-forward manner. Most girls would have come over, but they would have turned coy and hesitated for appearance's sake.

"How about after class?" I said casually.

She smiled, saying, "That would be fine."

At Schwab's, where we stopped for something to eat, she told me her name was Mona. I was glad now I had a nice apartment and not the place on Fairfax. She enthused over the paintings and showed a great deal of discernment. We had a brandy, and I drove her back to the school where her car was parked. It was a late model white Chevy sport coupe. I always notice people's cars.

The next week we went to Schwab's again and talked a long while. She told me she ^{was just divorced & was living} ~~lived~~ with her mother and ~~worked in the picture department of a large downtown department store.~~ ^{I started showing her & seeing her after?} Back at her car she invited me to their apartment for a drink the next Sunday afternoon.

"It will have to be about five or so," I told her. "I have to finish a portrait in Palm Springs first."

I needed a drink by the time I got to her apartment.

"The Sunday traffic coming in is terrible," I apologized for being a little late, "and the portrait took a little longer than I thought it would."

She smiled sympathetically.

"Come meet my mother, and I'll fix you a drink."

Her mother was sitting on a light-colored sofa. I thought of my aunt's favorite admonition to me.

"You can always tell a lot about a girl from her mother," she used to say, believing there were only two kinds of people, nice and common.

Mona's mother was definitely nice. The apartment was furnished in the period that my aunt would have approved of. I relaxed with the drink and some of the hor d'oeuvres ^{was} Mona had set beside me. There was a feeling of love and refinement in this little apartment that I

had not experienced before in California. In fact, Mona was the first girl I'd met out here in a long while who had introduced me to her mother. After a while, Mona and I went to a little German Hof Brau on Sunset. We talked about the paintings I was making from material I had gathered in Mexico the summer before, when Joan and I had driven down in her old beat-up station wagon. Mona said she had also been in Mexico and we found we had both been in many of the same towns, Taxco, Cuernavaca, and Mexico City.

"We were driving out the Boulevard Insurgentes," I said. "that's that big boulevard that goes out to the University, when the engine just slowed up and stopped. I coasted over to the curb and stopped."

"What's the trouble?" Joan asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "We have plenty of gas."

She looked around.

"What will we do? It's Saturday afternoon."

I didn't answer as a ~~CHEVY~~ Cadillac pulled up behind me, and three well-dressed Mexicans jumped out and asked us what was the trouble. After I told them, one of them pulled off his coat and shirt, opened up the hood, and started working on the engine.

"It's your fuel pump, and we will get you a new one."

They all jumped in their car and took off with the old pump.

"Weren't you worried?" Mona asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Nothing like this would happen in this country now. It would have in the early days of motoring."

"Did they come back?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I said. "With a new pump which the one of the trio with mechanical leanings put in. Then pulling his shirt and coat back

— on, he retied his tie." I laughed, "He charged us less than we would have paid here if we had taken it to a shop."

We talked about the class. Mona said she enjoyed coming to it.

"I haven't ~~done~~ done anything like this for a long while," she said.

"Your first two came out very well," I assured her. "I'm going to New York this summer to look at the galleries and try to ^{choose} get one to represent my work there. The Grand Central, I know, is a very good one."

"That would be wonderful," she said.

Murray and I had been talking about a trip to New York for a couple of months. To me such a trip was no big deal, I just took off, but for Murray it took a lot of preparation, particularly as he was planning to stay there perhaps permanently, at least all winter.

"You will be back in the spring," I told him, thinking of that ice and snow.

Murray had been brought up in Toronto, I thought, so he should know better. While Murray never mentioned it, I believe Hannah was partially behind the move. He had not been too happy in his new apartment. It had become as Bohemian as the old place, only now he payed \$125 instead of \$35. He watched the travel ads in the Trades each morning.

"Look at this," he would greet me, holding either the Hollywood Reporter or Variety. "'Driving to New York, passengers ~~wanted~~ wanted,'" or "Look, here's one, 'Sublet, Village apartment, Charles Street.' Is that a good section?"

I went along with all this, remembering the summer before when Joan and I drove to Mexico. Murray had planned on going with us, and

then at the last moment he backed out, and we left without him. He soon changed his mind again and, knowing our route, tried to call us at various stops along the way. Mexican telephone service being what it is, he never did make connections.

Finally, desperate, with only the knowledge of the pensions — where we had planned to seek lodging in Mexico City, he took a place. We were driving down the Reforma, looking for a place, when a jet — liner coming in for a landing went overhead. We mentioned it, now knowing that Murray was aboard. We had hardly checked in when Murray arrived in a cab. He went along with us the rest of the trip.

"Charles Street would be pretty expensive," I told him. "The East Village would be better."

Mona called early the ~~M~~ next week.

"My mother fell down the front steps and is in the hospital. I won't be at class this week."

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Well, she broke her pelvis. At her age, ~~M~~ you know what that means."

She sounded very upset. I told her how sorry I was and to let me know if I could help her in any way. That night I had a class in art appreciation at Van Nuys and was surprised to see her walk in the door toward the end of the class. She had not had dinner, so we stopped at Schwab's. Her mother, she said, was in a hospital on La Brea, ~~and she had gone there directly after work.~~ *we will have dinner together*

"I'll come by the hospital tomorrow after class," I told her.

We did this each evening until her mother left the hospital, and then I started driving down to her apartment after class instead of going to Schwab's.

Saturday mornings I would drive to Palm Springs. I taught a class at the Art Center there in the afternoons. They had promised me a full class, but at the first session I found they had only signed up seven.

"It'll build up as you go along," the director said, adding, "We ~~MM~~ can't pay for models until it does."

I suggested we drop the whole thing.

"You can't do that," he pleaded. "We have spent the tuition money we took for those seven."

How do I get into these things, I thought to myself. The director was a little embarrassed.

"You will have to wait for your pay, also."

"Oh, fine," I said.

He brightened. "Tell you what we will do. You can have ~~MM~~ a one-man show of your paintings in the gallery for a month. How about that?" adding, "During April! That's a good month. You will sell a lot."

I knew April was the end of the season, but I let that go. I had several portraits to do in Palm Springs, ~~MM~~ so I would have to come down there anyway.

"All right," I told him.

Joan, meanwhile, was having problems getting her theatre started. She had gathered around her, as I knew she would, a fine group of people really dedicated to the theatre, and they had painted and fixed up the building to such a point that when the landlord saw it he decided it was worth more rent.

In the meantime I had received a lens, a Kinoptik 150mm which I had ordered from Paris the year before, and Murray had ~~N~~ got the part

of a bus driver in the play that Stage Society, one of the better theatres in Hollywood, was putting on, The Night of the Iguana. It had a very good cast including Carl Betz and also John Harding, a friend of mine. I proposed they let me take some photos of their drama rehearsal.

"With this lens I can take heads of the actors while they are acting by putting my camera on a tripod just in front of the stage. It will ~~it~~ give much more life and better expressions than a regular posed photo."

"Very good," Harding agreed. "We ~~W~~ need some to go in the frames outside."

So I set up two tripods, side by side, one holding the Alfa with the new lens and the other a Rollie for group shots. Just as I said, the prints were much more animated and interesting than any they had used before. Of course, the cast all wanted prints, and luckily I had found a very good processor on Melrose. The show was a hit, and the pictures were in local papers and magazines.

I told Joan about it and did a set for her show down there. She was busy, too. Besides the theatre and her art appreciation course, she was writing a column for the Riverside paper.

The Art Center Show was a disappointment. At the last moment, we found they had promised the month of April to someone else.

"We can give you each half of the gallery," the director said.

Joan in the meantime had solved the problem of models.

"I'll get you a good model who won't cost anything, only you make a sketch of her and let her have it."

~~It~~

This worked out fine. In fact, I found the students would rather see me paint than do it themselves, so I spent the whole session making a portrait. The class grew, and I got paid. I found later that Bennet Bradbury, the marine painter, always conducted his classes this way; the students paid to see him paint.

I took Mona down to the opening of the show. Everyone was there, Milt and Diane, Lou, Murray, Joan, and so on, everyone except Cornese. She had married an older man and gone back to Mississippi.

We had a good time, but we didn't sell any paintings.

Now that school was over, Murray had told the manager he was ~~xxx~~ giving up his apartment. He was all packed, ready to go. He would knock on my door each morning.

"When are we going?" he would ask, holding up either a Variety or a Hollywood Reporter. "Look at this, 'New York, two riders wanted to help drive, share expenses/'"

I was now so much in love with Mona that I couldn't think of much else. Yet I knew Murray well enough after all these years to realize that he was terrified at the idea of going anyplace alone, and I hated to let him down.

After Murray had left, I shook my head. I must concentrate on a brochure of my paintings I was preparing for the printer. The layout I had made was in two colors, the framed paintings in black and white against a dull yellow-green background. It was an attractive piece and showed off my paintings well. Three prominent ^{artists} ~~xxxxx~~ each had written a paragraph about my work, to be printed in the spaces I had indicated on the layout. I read the typewritten copy.

Henry Van Wolff, the internationally famous sculptor, had written, "If anybody would ask me whom I would consider our most out-

standing artists, I would give a list of about ten, and Walton Titus would be one of them. His paintings are known for their brilliancy of color and power which he so well preserves with a master's touch. He stands alone like a voluminous pearl in his marvelous achievements in nude figures, portraits, and street and desert scenes.

Steve Martin, President of the Valley Artists Guild of California wrote, "An analysis of Walton Titus's work reveals a consistent capacity of superb draftsmanship depicting a sense of observation supported by the effects of light on form and the play of cool and warm colors, which makes his canvases a pleasure to look at."

And finally Victor Matson, President of the California Club of Los Angeles said, "I consider Walton Titus's paintings notable ~~in~~ in the fields of color and design, an essential to the creation of a work of art. His paintings are brilliant and dramatic, conveying the feeling that he literally paints with light."

Making that layout had reminded me of my days in advertising agency art departments. As I worked, I could almost see the dingy art room in Joe Katz's agency in Baltimore with Marietta hunched over her board in front of me/— she always wore a ribbon around her hair — and Morris Needle whistling as he worked at his board behind. I even — sensed some of the depression I used to feel looking down at the snow and rain falling on South Street. Walking over to my window now, I looked out at the brilliant sunshine on the swimming pool. I had come a long way from those dark days in Baltimore.

Besides Murray's pressing me to tell him ~~M~~ when we were leaving for New York, he had to get out of his apartment the next week or pay another month's rent. Lou wanted to borrow \$2,000. He'd already owed me \$1,400 for over a year, so at first I said, "No," but he was so

insistent -- he had to get the engine of his car overhauled, he said -- that I agreed to talk to him after class that night.

"I need the money myself," was all I would tell him. It was well after ten:thirty when I left the Van Nuys school parking lot and headed for Mona's apartment. Lou had stalked off in ~~my~~ anger. She was much upset, walking up and down in front of the apartment when I drove up.

~~"Give up your job down there,"~~ I told her.

I was really touched at her concern. This, I knew, was the most important decision of my life.

We were married in the Court House in Las Vegas about 10 p.m., and then went to dinner at the Sultan's Table at the Dunes. There were twenty or so violinists walking around the room. It was very romantic.

"I shall never forget this place," Mona sighed happily as we departed.

We had left the day before Murray had to vacate his apartment, so I gave him my key and told him to move his stuff in there and wait until we returned, which he did. He took the course of events philosophically, but I doubted if he would go to New York alone. I was too happy to feel guilty.

I had noticed that Mona had always wanted to go to the ocean when we went out to dinner, so a few days before going to Las Vegas I had driven out alone to Malibu and reserved a hotel room right on the beach. It was a wonderful time. We bought a stereo and had music, watching the sun go down from our porch.

I guess never having been married before, I didn't realize it was more than having a girl move in with you and continuing to go on

with your life, particularly with a girl like Mona. Although I knew now that I had never really loved anyone before I met her, and that she was what I unknowingly had been waiting for all my life, I was still a Bohemian. Life was more or less open house, no formality, "If you want a cup of coffee, there's the stove," sort of thing. It had seemed as if someone had always wanted a cup of coffee, or a ride to or from Palm Springs, or some details about the classes.

I had always said, "Sure, we've got plenty of room, or coffee," as the case might be. So it was perfectly natural the way I solved the problem of Murray and the New York trip by concluding gaily, "Let's all go."

This, I found, was a mistake, although Mona was a good sport and very patient, even when crossing the desert the heater in the car wouldn't shut off. I had never paid much attention to things like that before, only if it were the mechanical workings of the car. That I was very particular about. Comfort, no. I had a lot to learn along the lines of be-ing.

Everyone was much relieved when we arrived in New York, and Murray went out, looking for a job. Mona and I had a week alone, and I enjoyed showing her the town, not only the usual sights but places I had told her about.

"See that building," I said, pointing across West 57th Street to an old tenement. "That's where I froze my first winter in New York."

"How old were you?" she asked, looking at the old building. She was used to West Coast newness of things, this was her first experience in New York.

"Seventeen," I said. "I opened that window," pointing to where my room had been, "in September and never touched it until June."

"Why," she said incredulously, "weren't you cold?"

"Sure." I laughed. "But it was warmer outside than in. Those damp old buildings are terrible. There was no electricity. We would go in and light a match, looking for the gas mantle. It's a wonder we didn't blow the building up. A lot of places they did."

We walked around to Columbus Circle, and I looked at the bench now in the warm sunshine where I had sat that snowy night. That was really my last night in New York, I thought to myself. Mona was not too impressed with the town. "Summer is not the best time to see it," I told her. "You should be here on a winter evening and look up Fifty-Seventh Street with a Maxfield Parrish sky and smart people hurrying into the Plaza and the St. Regis. We will come here some day in winter and have a show of my paintings."

The Grand Central Galleries had moved across Vanderbilt Avenue into the Biltmore Hotel.

"This is much better than the old place," the director, Erwin Harris, told me. He looked at the photographs of my work. "You live in California now?" I nodded. "Send us some paintings. We would like to represent you in New York." He looked through the photos again. "Send us some California scenes and some small nudes."

"We have some painting to do," I told Mona ~~ME~~ back at the hotel. I had not given her an engagement ring, so we walked over to the diamond center on West 47th Street. Since the war, it had become a familiar sight just west of Fifth Avenue to see the bearded diamond cutters with their black hats and long black coats. Most of them were Orthodox Jews from Amsterdam. They had moved up from their old stand on the Bowery and Grand where they had been so many years. They worked in rows, wearing their small skull caps, cutting the facets on diamonds

in little cubbyholes on the upper floors, while the bosses sat in smaller rooms with their little scales, which they held in one hand with various weights on one tray and the diamond in the other. Downstairs there was a large open space with numerous booths where jewelers from all over the country came to buy. Mona and I shopped around the booths until we found one she liked, an emerald-cut stone about three-and-a-half carats.

"Now your uncle can't say anything." Mona smiled, as she held up her hand. When we had driven down to San Diego to tell him we were getting married, he asked Mona sarcastically, "Doesn't he have enough money to buy you a ring?"

We saw Murray before we left. He was working in a small shop on Third Avenue, doing lettering. The drive west was a nostalgic one for me as the New York visit had been. We drove along the river in New Hope where I had done so much painting. The big white frame house in Ohio where my aunt and uncle had lived for forty years, before going to Florida, had been torn down to make way for a school parking lot, but the ^{large beautiful} house in Glendale in ~~which~~ which my mother had lived and was married in was still there. We went to the ~~LYNN~~ Lyceum, and I showed Mona the photographs my father had taken of the ^{lovely} old houses there.

"All they had ^{were} ~~was~~ wet plates," I said. "He took these before 1898 when he left to go to what is now Kansas City. It was then two towns called Westport and Town of Kansas."

I pointed to the Sterret House, my great grandfather's.

In Kansas City we drove around the narrow streets in the vicinity of 39th and Troost where I had lived during my ^{grade} ~~high~~ school days. The old streets looked very familiar, but smaller than I

remembered. Standing in front of the house on Forest Avenue, I could almost see my father and Mr. Gentry, who had lived next door, start out for work on a summer morning. It had been a sweltering night, I thought, and they had both looked tired.

"Looks like another scorcher," one of them would always say.

My mother would immediately close all the windows and pull down all the shades.

"You stay out of the sun," she would warn me.

When she wasn't looking I would run out into the street to find the ice man with his small boxlike wagon and tired horse, which generally wore an old straw hat with his ears sticking through holes in the brim. The small boys would crowd around, hoping to get slivers of ice when the blocks of 25, 50, and 100 pounds were cut. Each house had put out a sign turned to indicate how much ice it needed.

One morning I climbed on top of the wagon and was lying face down, looking over the back, when the horse shied and started suddenly. Landing on my head on the street, I saw a thousand stars. My mother was very annoyed, and I had a large bump on my head for several days.

"It doesn't seem ^{so many?} like ~~forty~~ four years ago," I said to Mona.

In Kansas late in the afternoon we drove into a typical Middle Western line storm.

"Remember John Curry's painting?" Mona nodded. "I knew Curry at the League," I went on. "Last time I ~~x~~ saw him he was riding on the Seventh Avenue Subway."

The owner of the motel where we stopped was much perturbed.

"There have been tornadoes all around the last few days," he said, looking at the turbulent sky. "One could happen here."

We followed the Arkansas River a ways, and I showed Mona the

Cimarron crossing.

"Remember I told you about the time I rode out a flood on top of a boxcar when I was in high school?" She nodded. "That was the Arkansas River up at Pueblo.

At Trinidad I pointed out a traffic signal.

"That was the first one I ever saw." I laughed, remembering my amazement at such a contraption. "It rang a bell when it changed. And this road along here between Trinidad and Raton was the first paved highway on which I ever drove a car."

The famous old hill that went down into Raton had been bypassed by a modern road.

"The Santa Fe used to service their engines here in Raton," I said. "It was quite a sight to see one of those steam engines come in at night. Immediately there were men climbing all over it, each with a burning torch for light. They greased and checked it all over, and sometimes they added another engine to get over the Pass."

"I never say anything like that in Los Angeles," Mona said, *but more about Spanish, Mexican & China she said*.
 "You missed a lot of Americana," I told her, "living there."

Taos and Santa Fe had many more tourists than I remembered.

We drove out Canyon Road. "This is where the artists live," I said. "Randall Davey, one of my first teachers, lived here."

It was good to get back to the apartment in Hollywood.

I started the work I had promised to send to Grand Central in New York. Mona *brought in some of* had her things, a large Chinese screen, several barrels of books, and a large crystal lamp ~~brought in~~, and we rearranged the apartment. I still kept my space in the living room next to the window for painting.

The classes started, Mona going with me regularly and improving

greatly in her work. She had a great deal of talent for painting and immediately began to get the real feeling of the subject and always nice color.

"You should have been doing this before. Actually, you should have gone to New York when you were young. You would have early become a real painter."

"Oh, my ^{family} mother wouldn't have let me," she said.

Mona was concerned about her mother's living alone in that apartment ^{right after her illness} and called her every day, and we went down as often as we could to see her. She reminded me of my Aunt Marguerite in Florida in her taste for nice things and in her refined manner, only Marguerite was more outgoing and worldly. With Mona's mother, one felt that she expected everything to be done for her.

"She has always been beautiful and like a Dresden figure," Mona said, "and she expects to be looked after and cared for in the same way. She just learned to write a check recently."

"I don't see how," I said, "she could have got by in this day and age."

"You don't know Mother." Mona laughed. "She just freezes up when people or things don't come up to what she thinks they should. Isn't she funny? You should have been there when I took her in to apply for Medicare." She shook her head. "First she refused flatly, but finally I prevailed. You should have seen her. She took one look at the Social Security office and the people around and put up her nose and froze into a stony silence. I got her a Medicare card although it was a limited one; she does not have a Social Security number because my father would never have a Social Security card. He was a ~~Republican~~ Republican."

Mona had told me before how he was not her real father, her mother's having divorced the former when she was a child.

"He was Franch," Mona said, "and very talented."

"That's where you get your talent," I interrupted.

"He was first a lawyer, giving that up ^{for his 1st love music - he was a} to ~~study~~ music," she ^{sympathy} went on. "That's probably why your mother divorced him."

"I guess," she continued. "Someone told me he was ~~mixix~~ playing in ~~NNN~~ the New York Philharmonic. I should have looked him up when we were in New York. My stepfather was an architect. One of his jobs was the City Hospital. My real father and former Mayor ^{Myron Bowren} ~~Bayron~~ were all fraternity brothers in college, and during Bayron's administration Father was President of the Board of Public Works. He was a most honorable man."

"In a city government," I said incredulously.

"He really was," she said. "I don't know now how much money Mother has. She won't tell me; says it's none of my business. I know a lot of it went during my stepfather's last illness. He had Parkinson's disease and was ill and in sanitariums for several years."

We were very glad later that Mona had made her get that Medicare card.

Mona was a wonderful person to be with, always charming and interested in things. I realized how lonely I had always been though I had never realized it. We drove down to see my uncle in San Diego, and I thought back to how ~~much~~ much I used to dread the trip down by myself. In the classes she added a spark that made them much more gay and fun, such as telling a discouraged student how much he had improved. They all loved her and told me how lucky I was and how much she added to the class. The Hollywood class, as one would expect, had some

unique characters. Mona laughed when she told of her impression the first night.

"All the students were working from the model, except a woman in the back of the room. She had her hair done up in a big bun on top of her head and was painting flowers, copying them out of a book, not paying any attention to what the rest of the class was doing."

"Oh, that was Fifi D'Orsay. Remember her in the movies. She was making her Christmas presents. She paints flowers and clowns, and they are very individually done. *she made them for Xmas gifts* ~~They make a nice gift.~~"

We gave a dinner part one night for the old crowd, most of whom had not met Mona. She had fixed up the apartment beautifully with candles, giving it an atmosphere I found out later only Mona could achieve. Thinking of the other parties I'd had, where everything had been thrown together, I realized how lucky I was to have her and how much I loved her. Everyone spoke of the change, and I was very proud of her. It was that old idea of be-ing again, I thought to myself, that I had lacked and that she was supplying, like framing a painting. Just do-ing the painting was not enough; be-ing an artist was adding the frame.

Joan had spoken of this in Palm Springs before, "You must grow a beard and smoke a pipe; make them know you are an artist."

This changed with Mona, and I knew it was much more subtle and real.

But changes do not come easy. I guess I had lived the care-free Bohemian life too long. I found that Mona's, and I guess all women's, interest was in shopping. Everywhere we went we would find something to buy, and, thinking back, I realized the two hundred and fifty dollars I had been so upset in spending for fixing up the

apartment was actually nothing.

One day we were in Highland Park to get Mona's Chevy repaired — she had got it there — and were going down Colorado Boulevard when Mona said suddenly, "Stop, stop! I see something in the window."

It turned out to be a large carved oval frame, a beautiful one. We bought that and several others.

"We can paint some pictures for them," she said. We also procured six floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. "I need something to put my books in."

Writing out a check for over seven hundred dollars, I had to admit they were all good buys.

"You have to pick up things like this when you see them," Mona said. "How often do you come across a frame like that?" she inquired, looking at the oval one.

"That's right," I agreed.

We bought a television set.

"We don't want to sit around Schwab's after class," she said. "It's more fun to go home."

She was right, I didn't miss going up there even if it had become a habit of a dozen or so years. We watched the eleven o'clock news, and had a brandy, and had a wonderful time.

"You need a big leather chair to relax in when you come home," she said one night.

Strange, Joan had said the same thing, but I never did anything about it. We found a beautiful red leather chair and ottoman for me to put my feet up on at a large furniture store downtown.

"This is really living," I said as I watched the news.

"You just needed me to show you how," Mona said, smiling.

With ~~xxxxxx~~ the red leather chair, Mona's Chinese screen, the bookshelves, and the frames, and some other things we had bought, what I once thought was too large an apartment now looked very crowded.

"We need a house," Mona said with a laugh.

She didn't like living in an apartment anyway, particularly after the manager beat up his wife one night in the rooms across from ours. Thuds, howls, and shrieks came out of that apartment most of the night, Mona said. I didn't hear it, being a sound sleeper.

The neighborhood had gone down during the last couple of years. People in strange costumes began gathering around Huff's, an all-night coffee shop up at Sunset and Fairfax. The boys had long hair and coats with fringe on them. The girls had no makeup and wore levis. They seemed to be an offshoot, but much more way out, from the crowd that hung around the coffee houses in the vicinity. Hippies, someone called them. Some of them were generally hanging around the entrance of Whisky-Go-Go over on the Strip.

I had never thought of owning a house before. In fact, I once told Lou, "I'm sitting pretty. All my money is in good-earning stocks. I can go and live anywhere I want and paint."

He had agreed. But the truth was, I hadn't done it, always finding plenty to paint right where I was, and got my change by going some place each summer. Now that I was so happy with Mona, the idea of having a home was a wonderful idea.

"You have never really had a home before,": Mona said, which I admitted was true. "We can fix it up the way we want, have a garden, and most of all be near the ocean."

So now instead of looking for landscapes to paint, we looked for a house to buy. Driving along the ocean toward Palos Verdes and

up into Malibu, we got prices and information.

I was amazed how Los Angeles people almost shunned the ocean. Some of them liked to go to the beach ^{or beach clubs} and sit on the sand on Sundays and holidays. They had built their houses away from it, in contrast to what I had seen on the European Riviera. Bel Aire, Brentwood, and Beverly Hills all had beautiful homes and estates, all inland, while along the Malibu coast there were little beach houses on twenty-five-foot lots. Lou had told me after the war I could have got one of them for a few thousand dollars.

"Most of them are little hideaways, owned by picture people," he said. "They do a lot of their casting down there."

He laughed. One short strip had some nicer houses, but they were so close together a person could hardly walk between them.

"That's the Colony," Lou had said. "A lot of the top stars have beach houses there."

On the hills overlooking the ocean there were only a few medium-priced houses scattered around. Down around Santa Monica, there was a lot of public beach and some clubs. Mona's parents had been ~~MEM~~ members of the Beach Club, and she had gone there ^{often} as a ~~X~~ young girl. Below Santa Monica there were amusement piers, wharf restaurants, and more public beaches to Palos Verdes where there were a few nice homes overlooking the ocean. Below Palos Verdes, dirt cliffs rose abruptly from the water, with the ~~X~~ picturesque name of Portuguese Bend, which had been plagued with slides. Mona had a friend whose house slid into the sea.

"Malibu is our best ~~xxx~~ bet," I said to Mona finally. I was surprised at the prices those little beach houses, set up on poles, were selling for; eleven hundred dollars a front foot, and they were so

close to the highway it would be difficult to back a car out of the few that had garages. Also I found that section of Malibu had no sewers.

On one of our drives along the Coast Highway, when we were right at the lower end of Malibu, Mona said suddenly, "Let's drive up that road."

We did and found a row of houses on the edge of a small mesa facing the ocean. It was almost dark, but we could still see from the street that they had a spectacular view of the whole Santa Monica Bay.

"Go slow," she said. "Look, there is a for sale sign."

She wrote down the realtor's number. The next day we met him there and found we had been right about the house's having a most spectacular view of the ocean and bay. The hillside dropped away sharply for a stretch at the edge of the patio, then leveled off a ways and then went down almost perpendicularly to the Highway so this could not be seen, giving the appearance of dropping directly into the ocean. It was a most beautiful day with some sailboats on the water.

I thought it was the most wonderful view I had ever seen and could tell Mona felt the same way. We walked across the level patio and out on a wooden deck built over the hillside, half-hearing the realtor telling us about the two furnaces for each side of the house, three bedrooms ~~and~~ and a den, and had we looked at the kitchen; all modern?

We will have to think about it," we said to him after he had told us the price. Halfway down the hill we looked at each other. "Let's go buy it."

"Good," he answered. "Come to my office tomorrow, and I'll

have the papers for you to sign."

I got back into the car.

"Hello, property owner," Mona greeted me, and then said seriously, "How many bathrooms did it have?"

I shook my head, laughing.

"I didn't notice."

"Isn't that like us," Mona said. "We bought the view."

The next morning Murray called.

"I'm back." He hesitated for a moment. "You can have New York."

"That's great," I said. "We just bought a house. We are just going out there now to close the deal. We will see you this afternoon."

"Where?" he asked, a little deflated.

"Malibu," I answered. "I'm glad you are back."

"So am I," he answered with feeling.

"Isn't this something," I said. Murray, Mike, who lived in the apartment house, Mona, and I were standing on the patio, looking at the view. We had just brought over a load of frames and paintings in Mike's pickup. I showed them the radio intercom. "It plays all through the house and even out here."

"This is the first house he has ever owned," Mona laughed.

"The first night the people were out, we came over and slept on the floor in the living room. We couldn't even wait for the furniture."

Instead of the regular financing in which I would have had to pay seven per cent interest and carrying charges, I decided to borrow the money from the bank, using my stock as collateral. This way I had only to pay five per cent and no extra charges. Stocks had been rising for six or seven years, the Dow-Jones going past 500, then 600, to 700 and 800.

"I remember," I told Mona, "in 1950 they were 160. I know because I was working in an agency downtown then, and we had a picnic, and a prize was given to the one that came closest to guessing the closing average. That Proctor and Gamble I have should double within three or four years, then we'll sell it and pay for the house; well, not all of the house because we will have to pay a capital gains tax. It will be a long term one, though."

The manager of the bank thought this was a very sound idea. It would have been except for three things happening that I could not then foresee.

"You will have to get rid of that car," Mona said, looking at the Olds parked in front of the house. "It was all right for Hollywood, but I ~~don't want the neighbors to think we ride in a car like that.~~"

I looked at the car. It was pretty beat looking. It had 140,000 miles now.

"It's still runs well," I defended it. "Why, we went all the way to New York and back without the slightest problems."

"You have outgrown it now," she said.

Actually, I had found that these twenty-by-twenty-foot garages you get in California were just about large enough to get two American cars in, providing one did not want to get out of the car, especially when there was a water heater over in one side. "I'll get a 190SL," I said. "I've always wanted one, anyway. It will fit perfectly."

I did, a beautiful red one with a gray top.

"Look how it holds the road," I said to Mona, driving down the Freeway.

"You know," she said, "I haven't told you this before, but when

we first met and I took you to see my aunt, remember?" I nodded. "I had you park your car down the block so she couldn't see it." We both laughed.

We found it a long drive to the classes four nights a week, and a still longer one to Mona's mother's apartment downtown. ~~Mona had been uneasy about her living alone, particularly after she'd had that fall. She phoned every day, even when we were on the trip to New York.~~

"Let's bring her here," ⁹ ~~she~~ suggested one evening. "We have plenty of room. She can have the bedroom down the hall."

I hesitated. I guess that people only broaden themselves by throwing off the narrow conditioning they have had, and mine was that relatives were poison. "Relatives are fine where there is a thousand miles between you and them," I had heard my mother say so many times. But I could see how concerned Mona was.

"Fine," I replied, "if she will come."

We both knew she would object strenuously. So we invited her out to spend a few days and, leaving her there with the excuse that we had to go to town, went down, packed all her possessions, and got them into a moving van.

"Why those are my things," she cried in amazement, seeing them being brought in.

I know she was really glad, so she must have been very lonely down there, and she really loved the house. "Now that Mother is alone at nights while we are at class, we should have a dog," Mona said soon after.

We went to a pet shop in Santa Monica and looked around.

"Look at this one!" Mona exclaimed. "He looks so unhappy."

It was a little black puppy, and he did ~~MM~~ look sort of miserable.

"That dog will be a real conversation piece," the salesman said.

"Very rare. It's a Bedlington terrier."

"Oh, I want him," Mona enthused. "He needs love and care."

The puppy was a hundred and fifty dollars, and with the extras the salesman told us we must have, it came to about two hundred. He showed ~~MM~~ us a picture of what he would look like when he grew up, all blue-gray. "Skye," Diane named him, after the island of Skye. ^{off of England} "It's always blue-gray there," she said, visiting us a few days after we had brought him home.

She had given us a Siamese cat a short time before. She and Milt were living in Santa Monica now, and the apartment superintendent would not let her keep it. The meeting of the two was historic. The cat arched her back, and he waddled after her. They soon grew to love each other. Skye was sick for ~~MM~~ a while; they had wormed him too soon or something. We took him to the vet, and he almost died. But he recovered and grew up, reflecting our life the next few years; expensive, aristocratic, tense, and undisciplined, but very much loved.

"Let's give a party!" We were looking at our house with obvious satisfaction. It was beautiful. Where the patio had been a muddy lake when it rained was now dark cement with a fountain in the center, the water's playing on Rodin's ^{statue} The Hand of God. This was a copy, of course, but a very good one and looked exactly like marble. Fluted columns, statues, and classic stone benches lined the edge facing the ocean.

Inside, the large sliding-glass doors and antique-mirrored walls gave a particularly airy and bright effect during the day, and one of fairland at night, reflecting the crystal chandeliers. The open entrance in front had been covered and made into a gallery for our

paintings, with a small square pool of water in the floor, lined with tile in a Grecian motif, and with a bronze turtle on a piece of drift-wood out of which jets of water splashed with a particularly pleasing sound.

In the living room, a long, striped, blue velvet sofa had the same material on the wall behind it with an equally long painting I had done of the Ponte Vecchio, lit by hidden lights above it. Beautiful large Dresden vases were on tables at either end of the sofa. The bar was painted with the surprising combination of red-orange and dark green. When we showed the color first to the painter he almost refused, but seeing the result reacted, "I wouldn't have believed it."

The front outside was simple white Grecian with columns beside the center door and at each end. I made a painting like the ones on Greek vases across the entire front in muted grays and blues and oranges. *while Mona painted the borders around it.* Mona's mother's room we had had done in pink, and she was very happy with it.

It had been quite ~~a~~ a job, with as many as ten or twelve men working at once, and with Mona and I going into Beverly Hills every day to get lamps and cabinets and mirrors. All this gave me ~~a~~ little time to paint until I started getting up at 4:30 in the morning and getting in three hours work before the confusion started.

Mona had done a wonderful job, planning and buying all this, and I found my awareness for color and effects had been increased greatly, which showed in my work.

Nearly everyone whom we had invited came to the party and were rightly impressed, exclaiming how beautiful it all was. ^{new} ~~Both Mona and~~ ~~her mother were right in their element.~~ The latter, sitting on the sofa, had admirers around her all evening. I could feel the difference. I had always been just a painter to my friends. Now I was an artist.

For about a year after the house was finished we had smooth sailing, and I did the best painting I had ever done. They had a freshness of color and ^{point}ness in handling that I had not been able to achieve before. An agent bought several outright, framing and selling them in different parts of the ~~country~~^{world}. One, he told me, even went to South America. A gallery in Beverly Hills sold the ones I had left with them and asked for more. I also did some portraits, one of Malibu Judge Merrick, and when he came by to pick it up he also bought a painting of a Spanish girl with black hair and a red dress. We continued the classes, Mona still improving her work. She ~~wasn't~~ painted one of me at home which everyone said was excellent, and it was.

After classes we had formed the habit of stopping at the Saratoga Restaurant for a cocktail and dinner; the atmosphere with candlelight and music was pleasant, and we fell in love all over again. But the clouds were gathering on the horizon. Reports of a freeway to be built through Malibu filled the papers, some saying it would go back of us and some asserting it would cross the bay on a causeway.

"That would take ~~away~~ away from our view," Mona said, looking out at the ocean. The Point, a little restaurant directly below us on the Coast Highway, extended a parking lot by dumping rocks into water until it was plainly visible from our patio. "Anyone could build a high rise down there, and that really would ruin our view," she added. "We should have an ocean front. Then there never would be any chance of that."

"I need a studio, too," I said. I was painting a standing portrait of Mona to put in the large oval frame, and the only place I had room enough was in the gallery, where the light was not too good. I'd had to do several others, including Judge Merrick's, there. I had

*Lean Sacrificing
Wally
Mean
old
Mona*

been painting in the smallest of the three bedrooms. I thought about the wonderful light I'd had in the studio in Greenwich Village.

"We could build it down the hill on that level space," I told Mona, but I could see she had her heart set on an ocean front home.

So we started looking around again but found prices much too high on any ocean frontage. We had gone down every road with houses facing the water, even down around Oceanside and Encinitis, when we went down to see my uncle. There was a really spectacular one in Laguna with a swimming pool, a lookout tower on a big rock, and over a two-hundred-thousand-dollar price tag.

I had paid for the remodeling on the house by increasing the original loan, having enough stocks to cover the collateral requirements. The Dow Jones averages had gone up over one thousand, Proctor and Gamble had almost doubled, as I said it would, which would pay off the first cost of the house if I sold it. But I'm afraid I had been ~~XXXXXXXX~~ too busy to read the papers to realize what the government was really doing.

I read about the Vietnam business, and by that time stocks dropped twenty-five per cent, and interest rates went up. The banks were scared. The branch manager apologized, mentioning the bosses "downtown," and inferred he might have to call in the loan. It was — discouraging that Johnson and a few ⁷ brass could get us into the mess we seemed to be in when everything was so prosperous. My sentiments seemed to be felt around the country, with riots in Watts and other places.

I had just finished the last of five paintings I was making for the gallery.

"You have never been up the coast to Carmel," Mona said.

"Let's drive up there."

"We can take the red car," I agreed, "and drop off the paintings on the way."

Leaning them up against the wall in his gallery, the owner was very enthusiastic, "These are very salable. People like them free and painty like that. And your color is great."

Back in the car I told Mona, "I think I'm really going with the painting now," and told her what he had said.

"I'm glad," she said with a smile.

Driving up the coast past Santa Barbara, we found that country beautiful.

"Santa Maria is as far as I've been this way," I said. "Charles ~~WALK~~ Ross, he was President of the Valley Art Club, moved to Morro Bay. I remember Luke sent me a card from there once." Mona indicated a sign, Cambria, pointing to the right off the Highway.

"Turn here," she said. "This is the place where there was a big real estate boom some years ago. Cambria Pines, they called it, and it is supposed to be very beautiful." We went through a picturesque little village and came back to the highway again. "Some place around here is a famous lodge," she said, looking around.

"I remember someone speaking of Cambria, too," I said. "They said there were beautiful, long, deserted beaches."

I looked at the road across the Coast Highway, going toward a pine-covered hill.

"Let's go on," Mona said, so I turned back on the Highway and continued north. "There's Hearst Castle," she pointed a little further on.

From there to Carmel, especially around Big Sur, the mountains

went straight down to the ocean, and the road wound around curves and hung to the side of the cliffs.

"I drove this when it was a narrow dirt road," Mona told me.

Carmel proved to be a quaint town with lots of trees and little houses. We stopped at a motel with the unlikely name of Tickle Pink, where the view of the sea from our balcony would have been spectacular had we not been used to a similar one. By force of habit we inquired about real estate prices. As I expected they were very high, particularly ocean frontage.

"Bennet Bradbury lives around here, I think," I mentioned to the real estate man.

"Just down the road on the water," he said, adding, "His place is for sale."

"I like MM his seascapes," I said.

"Yes," the agent said. "I guess he's the best-known marine painter on the West Coast."

"That's right," I agreed.

We went up to Santa Cruz and then drove back, coming into Cambria about six in the evening.

"Let's stop here," I said, and Mona agreed.

I turned off the Highway and drove into the town. There was a row of real estate offices on both sides of the street.

"Must be their main business," I commented.

I saw a white-haired woman closing the door of one of them, so I drove up and stopped.

"Do you have any ocean-front property with rocks and trees?" I asked, thinking of Carmel.

There such a location, if it were for sale, would be prohibitive in price. "Not many like that," the real estate man there had said.

The white-haired woman shook her head slowly. "Where is a nice motel?" I asked her. She told us, "Give me your name and address, and I will let you know if one comes up," she ~~E~~ added.

Next mornigg, just as we were starting off, the manager of the motel ran over to our car.

"Mrs. Martin wants you to stop at her office," he told me. "She just telephoned." I was about to ask who Mrs. Martin was when I remembered the white-haired woman last night.

"I have an ocean front with rocks and trees, but the house is not much," she greeted us.

"How much?" I asked.

The price she quoted was small compared with the prices in Malibu and Carmel.

"I'll dirve you over there," she offered.

We were not prepared for the most beautiful piece of ocean front we had ever seen, rocky point and a little cove/ with large Monterey Cypress trees. We hardly looked at the house. It didn't seem too bad. But standing on the point, looking through the trees at the surf breaking over the rocks, Mona and I looked at each other. This was it.

Mrs. Martin drove us back to her office, explaining the woman we had met there, a Mrs. Jarrett, was a nurse. The property had been originally owned by a widow, a Mrs. Vernon who was a piano teacher. She had been ill ~~XX~~ a long time and, running out of money, told the nurse that if she would take care of her, she would leave the house to her.

"Now," Mrs. Martin went on, "she can't get enough work around here to keep it. But she's difficult. The last people I brought

around ~~NAME~~ wanted to buy it, but at the last moment she changed her mind and refused to sell."

She waited as we got out of her car.

"If you want it, I'll make another try. Maybe this time she won't change her mind.

"We'll let you know," we said getting into the red car. Driving off I was thinking, buying another house was the last thing we should do at this time, especially with the way things were at the bank.

~ We drove along about fifteen miles in silence. I knew Mona wanted it, and I had to admit I did too. It was one of those opportunities that doesn't happen but once, and we would always regret it if we didn't get it. I slowed the car.

"Let's go back and tell her we want it," I said. I could see by Mona's expression how much she agreed. "We can sell the stock, pay off the loan, and there will be enough left for this."

A week or so later we received an escrow form to sign. We now own ocean front property in Cambria.

"We can furnish it very simply," Mona said, "like a beach house."

Diane brought her new boy friend around to the Malibu house one evening. It had been off and on with Milt for some time, she had told us, and now it was off for good. She led Bob, a good looking blond out on the terrace into the moonlight. He looked at the lights from the bay reflecting into the water.

"Too much," I heard him say.

We told about our place in Cambria.

"We have been spending more time up there than down here."

Diane looked surprised.

"What about the classes?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. " I didn't have them in the summer, and then I only kept the Hollywood session this fall. So we only have to be down there on Thursdays."

"We come down just for that class," Mona said with a laugh, "and to check on Mother."

"Have you seen it yet?" Diane asked Mona's mother.

"Yes," she answered, "I like it better here."

Mona interceded, "Mother saw it under the worse conditions. It was gray and foggy all the time she was there."

"I don't like the house," her mother said with finality.

"It is about as different from this as you can imagine," Mona said, smiling at her mother. "We have furnished it like a beach house; maple sofa and ~~XXXX~~ tables, you know. And we had good luck. The house next door, facing a small cove, was rented to the fire chief. Well, we found out it was for sale in an estate, so we went up to Oakland and bought it from the Court. We are going to fix it up for a studio."

Bob was walking around, looking at the house while we had been talking to Diane. He disappeared into the bar.

Diane leaned over and whispered to Mona, "If you rent this, let us have it." She hesitated. "Maybe it would make up his mind about getting married. He can afford it. His father owns Wessen Buick down on Western Avenue."

Bob returned.

"How's the painting going?" she asked me.

I shook my head. "With all this we have been doing, driving up and back each week and fixing up two houses, there's been no time."

"That's too bad. I really liked that last group you did."

Diane said.

"We'll get going again," I said.

Skye, our Bedlington terrier, barked at something out the window.

"What do you do with him when you go up there?" Bob asked.

"We take him along," I answered. "He likes to ride."

"He runs from one side to the other, all the way up," Mona added.

They left without saying anything more about their plans.

The second house in Cambria, or the studio as we called it, put a real strain on our otherwise strained financial situation. To make matters worse, the capital gains on the stock that we had to sell, which had gone up so much during the years I had so frugally held on to it, really hit us hard.

"I would never be thrifty and save money again," I said to Mona bitterly. "The government just takes it away from you." All my friends, who had a little money, were always talking about ways to beat the government out of paying tax. It seemed as if it came up in every conversation. I should have listened more, I thought to myself. Telling Mona about it, we had listened every night to the rapidly increasing crime everywhere it was a national ~~pa~~ problem of number one importance, one commentator remarked.

I said, "You know, it's not surprising. These kids have been brought up, hearing every day how smart their parents are in figuring out ways to beat the government. They are just doing the same thing to society."

But the studio was one of those never-happen-again opportunities that one had to pick up. It was all knotty pine inside, with a large deck overlooking the ocean.

"It has really a better view than the first place," Mona said.

We found that the cover of the San Luis Obispo County Phone Book was a picture of our ~~new~~ point from our deck on the studio. Jim Dawson, the realtor who put through the studio sale for us, began calling our point Titus Point when he was showing other property.

"Why don't you call it that?" he asked, "Get a sign made."

We did.

These weekly drives up and down ^{from} Cambria to Malibu took about four hours each way and were about the first time that Mona and I'd had a chance to sit down and talk since those evenings after class at the Saratoga. There had been so much activity in our lives, buying the house and remodeling it, her mother coming to live with us, my painting, and now Cambria. I began to feel I understood her fairly well and was not so taken aback at some of the things she did.

Mainly, I had learned about the eternal feminine and that among their first thoughts are those of appearance, of how things look. I remember in class one evening a student, definitely one of the boys, was telling me of a painting he had just finished.

"What did you work in?" I asked, thinking of course of what medium he had used, X oil or watercolor.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I wore my blue sport shirt with blue slacks. It's a beautiful outfit to paint in."

I had been used to having people drop in during the late afternoon, take a can of beer out of the refrigerator, pull up a chair, and say what was on their minds. But with Mona, and particularly her mother, such a thing was unthinkable. If someone was coming that afternoon, preparations started at eight in the morning, a complete housecleaning, trips to the beauty parlor to have their hair done,

hors d'oeuvres made, several changes of costume, glasses polished, so that when the guests arrived, Mona and I were a little weary. But not Mona's mother. She radiated. Of course, everything had been done for her.

"What motivates people," I told Mona, "is not a person's conditioning but their reaction to it. It's the conflict that wears one out in a case like that."

"I guess so," she said.

We drove along in silence for a while. I was thinking how Mona, and especially her mother, were like beautiful orchids. They had to be handled with great care, and their surroundings must be just right. Such a setting they'd had in Malibu. But now here was Mona loving a windy, rocky point with twisted, gnarled bypress trees. **XXXXX** But I knew that she would soon have the house beautiful inside.

"I can't live without beauty around me," she'd said many times.

As we rode along, I was often very confused about things. I realized I was growing in awareness, but sometimes values that had always been axiomatic to me, I began to wonder about. More and more, I realized the tremendous gulf between Mona's mother and the conditioning she had given Mona and my mother and my conditioning, and really how strong this is no matter how independent a person believes himself to be. Mona's mother had to have a special face cream that cost twenty-five dollars a jar.

"It's the only kind she will use," Mona said. I thought back to my mother's ~~xxx~~ insistence that I put thirty-five dollars in my savings account each week, even if sometimes I had to go without to do it, and her insistence on being self-reliant.

"There is a higher power," Mona would say, "from which all

things come, and if it is right for us to have something, we will have it. All you need to do is to be aware of this, and know the truth, and if it is right, it will happen."

I had to admit she was right sometimes, and things did happen. Like the two houses in Cambria! We found out that any number of people had tried to get them.

"it was right that we should have them," Mona said, smiling.

She did not like argument or any form of competition. I thought about my days in art schools where competition and argument are the life blood of learning. I thought of the occasion Sam Kamen and I were standing on Fifth Avenue in front of one of those real fancy stores. I think it was my first year at the League, and he was trying to tell me the way the planes go on the side of a head. Pulling out a piece of charcoal, he started to draw a diagram of how he thought they were on the marble front of the building. Presently, the imposing figure of the uniformed doorman loomed beside us.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"I was just showing how the planes fit together," Sam answered and pointed at the doorman's head with his finger. "See, you can see it plainly on him." The doorman backed up so Sam's charcoal-covered finger would not mark the division of the planes on the side of his face.

"Get that off of here," he yelled.

It ended by Sam's taking off his coat and wiping the sketch off the marble wall. Sam was right and, together with his sketch, I had seen on that doorman's head the way the planes go that I had not understood before.

"I shouldn't have done that," Sam said sheepishly, as we walked up 57th Street.

"It's just," I consoled him, "that your name is not Maxfield

Parrish."

what wall?
I was thinking of the sketch on the wall, by that artist that we had seen carefully painted around everytime the room was redecorated. Now that Sam is a very well-known watercolorist, maybe the doorman would act differently, but I doubt it.

Mona's belief in knowing the truth, and what is right for us to have we will have, was borne out by a phone call from Florida one morning telling me that my aunt in Florida had died. We flew down, attended the funeral, and found out she had left us some money. While we would not get it for a year or so, it would help pay for furnishing the Cambria house the way we felt it should be done and pay for some other expenses we were to have.

Mona~~d~~ was paint~~ing~~ing the bathroom pink, and I was doing the large bedroom the same color, using a roller to do the ceiling. The paint was running down my wrists and dripping on me generally.

"I guess you are putting too much paint on the roller," Mona suggested, laughing.

I had seen Murray do a ceiling, and it had looked so easy. We had decided to ~~XXX~~ move to Cambria and rent Malibu.

"We have to have this room for Mother all perfect before she ~~is~~ comes up," Mona had said.

I did very little painting during the six months we were living in both blaces; too much driving and too many problems, among them Mona's mother having a mild heart attack and being in the hospital a few days.

I found cambria beautiful. I would take Skys out for a walk in the morning and bring a camera with me. We walked all around on the pine-covered hill above me, finding some wonderful old trees and light

effects with the sun filtering through the leaves. Everywhere I looked were subjects to paint, and the Grand Central had asked me for California landscapes. The atmosphere of the place was so peaceful and relaxed that I knew that when we finally lived here, it would be a wonderful place to paint.

I also discovered that several other artists had found it. Mrs. Martin, with whom we became very friendly, invited us to her home to meet the other artists. She lived right on the ocean, but in another part of town, in a house that looked like a boat, both inside and out. I found it was quite a landmark.

"There are three artists I want you to meet especially," she had told us.

There was Phil Paradise. I had heard the name before in Los Angeles. It turned out he had been director of Choinard School and lived in an old manorlike place which he had turned into a Gallery which he called Graystone. Actually, he had half the house. The other half was occupied by another of the artists we met, Arne Nybak. Then there was a Bob Clark who had painted the large Resurrection painting at Forest Lawn. We had a very pleasant evening and learned that there was an Allied Art Association that had seventy or so members. Without ~~KNOWING~~ knowing it, we had come to a growing art community.

We moved, taking Skye, the Siamese cat, two canaries and Mona's mother up in the Chevy. I had brought the 1908L up the week before. We stopped halfway and took a motel to ease the strain of the drive on everyone.

Bob Wessen did not marry Diane but rented the house himself. I had hesitated about having a bachelor in the house, as we had left

some of the good furniture. But I had promised them, really for Diane. We hoped for the best.

There is a certain feeling about owning ocean front property that none other has, and I set my easel up in the studio and looked out of the large window at the big waves coming in.

"It ~~was~~ is a spot for a great love affair," Mona had said one night when the moon was shining across the water. Diane, seeing photos of it, remarked it looked like Kent in England. "That's Thomas Hardy's country." It was far from the maddening crowd. I knew I could make some great paintings here, but we still had problems.

Mona's aunt's husband had had a stroke and was in the hospital for awhile and then in a rest home in Glendale. They lived in a big, old, two-story Spanish house overlooking Silverlake, an old section of Los Angeles.

We had been going over to see them ~~as~~ as often as we could while we were in Malibu, but now that we were in Cambria, "We can't leave Mother alone here like in Malibu," Mona said.

"We ~~will~~ will have to get someone to stay with her," I said wondering who that might be in a small town like this.

"I'll know the truth, and the right person will do it," she replied.

We had been having our cypress trees trimmed. The nurse had let ~~them~~ them get full of dead branches and overgrown. A fellow named Al Holloway was doing it on his day off. Casually we asked him if he knew of anyone.

"My wife Marion could do that," he said immediately. She had stopped working at the motel where he was employed just a few days before. The two of them came around that evening. His wife's name was Marion.

I would like to do it," she said at once.

"But she has no way of getting here," Al said. "I take the car, and, anyway, Marion does not drive."

"What about the little house?" Mona said. Next to the studio there was a little house, with two rooms and ~~an~~ a bath but no kitchen, that the previous owners had used when their grandchildren came to visit them. We showed them this.

"You could use our kitchen," Mona said, "and live there. It would save you rent. Al can work the yard, and Marion can do some housework. We were looking for someone, anyway. And then when we are away at nights, you can stay in the house with Mother."

This was fine when we were away, but when we were home it didn't work so well. Marian and Al were always in the X kitchen when we wanted breakfast in the morning, and it was no better in the evening when Marian was getting their dinner.

"This is too much," Mona complained.

"I remember some boarding houses I have lived in," I remarked, "where we had the same problem about the bathroom." Mona was not amused. "There is a little house for rent over on Leighton, about a block away.

"Maybe they would sell it," she said.

So we acquired our fourth house, and Marian and Al moved into it and out of our kitchen.

Things went along smoothly for a while Before we left Malibu, Diane had posed for some sketches which I made into paintings. But I felt they were not up to that last group I'd left at the Gallery. I found it hard to get centered and going again.

Our next-door neighbor spoke about a bedroom dresser she had

seen in an antique shop in Monterey.

"Let's drive up and see it," Mona said immediately.

It turned out to be a beautiful piece with carved wood around the mirror. We brought it back in our car trunk, with the mirror part inside.

"There's a ~~pin~~ place that looks interesting in Morro Bay," SHE SAID AFTER WE HAD RETURNED.

I had noticed it from the road because of the name Trash to Treasures. They had a Chippendale desk we liked.

"You should go to Abel's down on Adams Street in L. A.," the man there told ~~xxxx~~ us.

"We will the next time we see my aunt," Mona told me.

Abel's turned out to be an auction house where decorators bid on the pieces. We found they had some carved-wood dining room tables, and cabinets from Germany and Holland. We bid and bought quite a few pieces, furnishing both the house and studio. Now people coming into our home are apt to say, "Now we don't need to go up to the Hearst Castle."

Stretching a large canvas, I said to Mona, "I'm going to really start painting now." Blocking in a nude from sketches I had made back on Fairfax, I found the work went well. I felt the same kind of enthusiasm for painting that I had not had since the last group I had taken to the Gallery. I went over to the studio and picked up my brushes. Marian had brought Mona's mother over to the deck on the studio to sit in the warm sunlight. I heard a thud and, rushing out, saw her lying on the floor. She had started to cross the deck and had lost her balance.

"Just lie quiet," we told her while waiting for the ambulance.

The X rays showed her hip broken very badly, but, worse, her condition was not good, so that she would have to build up her strength before the doctors could operate and set the hip. Of course, Mona wanted to be with her as much as possible. She was ~~X~~ wonderful as she'd ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ been in the hospital in Hollywood when I met her. I think /that was one of the things that made me fall in love with her. The accident was naturally a terrible shock to her, and I was concerned at how tired she looked after staying at the hospital all day. It was a seventy-four mile drive each day to the hospital and back, so I insisted on driving.

"What will you do all day," she asked. "The hospital room is too small for both of us to be in at one time."

"I don't know," I said, but I knew I didn't want her driving back tired as she was after such a day.

"Well, don't stay in the hospital," she said.

We couldn't leave Skye home all day cooped up, so we brought him along. San Luis Obispo is a practically treeless town, and hot in July, but I found one tree about a block and half from the hospital under which Skye and I parked, out of the sun at least part of the day. Skye, I think, enjoyed it. He bounced around from side to side in the car, barking at passing people and dogs.

"Why don't you go someplace?" Mona asked.

"In San Luis?" I asked. "To Sears or Penney's?" She laughed.

"Anywhere."

"I have the coolest place in town," I said, "at least part of the day."

A blank white canvas or piece of paper always reminds me of what the painter, William M. Chase, said one day.

"I have a blank canvas, nicely framed, hanging in my studio," he said. "It gives me inspiration. When I look at it, I know that Rembrandt, El Greco, Shakespeare, and the lot had nothing more to start with than I have. With what I end up with I can only blame myself."

The second day, besides Skye, I brought along a writing pad, and now after two months of sitting out here, Mona's mother has had her operation. It was a success. She has recuperated enough to go home, and I have written what you have just read, and if there are some breaks in the story, that is where I had to stop Skye from chewing some other dog outside the car.

THE END

